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THEN AND NOW

by

Vera Gault

Columns in the Daily Astorian

1987 - 1990

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VERA GAULT'S THEN AND NOW COLUMNS
Daily Astorian

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 Sept. 22 140. Lar. Pole Finally Finds a Home
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Jan. 5 155. Wrapping up Last Year's Items
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 Feb. 2 159. When Horseless Carriages Hit Town
 Feb. 9 160. Remembering the Early Autos
 Feb. 16 161. Remembering Spirit of the USO
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A banner day for Clatsop County

EDITOR'S NOTE: Vera Gault is a distinguished graduate of Whitman College. She has taught elementary, high school and community college classes. She was public relations director for Crown Zellerbach Corp. for 21 years at Camas, Wash. She has been a resident of Clatsop County since 1937 and lives in one of Astoria's historic homes. As a popular writer she has focused on history. In that role she was the organizer of Clatsop County Historical Society's tours of historic homes. She will write a weekly column on subjects of her own choosing. It will be on this page each Friday.

broke the ground that brought the long-sought Columbia River Highway into Clatsop County.

It was nearly noon when the train chugged to a stop at Scow Bay station in Astoria where a crowd of

baskets for themselves and others."

Then festivities began. Clifford Barlow, president of the Warrenton Development League, introduced the roster of distinguished guests from all over the Northwest and

Once again the ceremony was brief. The celebrants quickly dispersed to various places of refreshment. Distinguished in-lowners hosted distinguished out-of-lowners at the new, ornate and elegant Weinhard-Astoria Hotel located on the corner of Duane and 12th Streets, where the Columbia Travel Bureau and adjacent shops now stand.

At the banquet that evening, Astoria's Mayor Edward Gray presided. The principal speaker was Marshall Dana, editor of the Oregon Journal. "Puget Sound did 62 percent of the shipping business on the West Coast last year," boomed the handsome orator, "but the natural advantage belongs to you right here on the Columbia River." The audience sprang to its feet cheering wildly.

Throughout the day's events and all around the town, musicians had energetically added to the festive air. William Haga, a wagonmaker at Lovell Auto Co. (which had been selling Reo Speed Wagons since 1910), had organized a group especially for this glorious occasion. All day they had looted up and down the streets and furnished fanfare for the speakers. Sometimes they had found themselves competing with the thump-thump of the Columbia Theater's drum corps, led by Louis Kinkela.

Moving picture men from Hollywood were on hand shooting in all directions. They told festival chairmen that they had some great pictures which would be shown on newsreels in 80,000 show houses across the country, thus assuring the continuance of this celebration for at least six months. The Daily Budget filled its pages with these great stories for the next two weeks.

Despite the largest assemblage that Astoria, with its population of approximately 11,000, had ever seen, Police Chief Leb Carlson and his officers proudly reported that only one arrest had been made during the entire time.

It was truly a great day in Astoria.

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Vera Gault
For The Daily Astorian



more than 3,000 lined the tracks cheering its arrival.

The first depot, built in 1898 to service the new railroad in Astoria, was replaced by the present structure in 1925. The place was referred to as Scow Bay station to differentiate it from the other stops along the line and because it bordered the backwater of the Columbia where scows anchored. Scow Bay covered the area of the present sites of Columbia Memorial Hospital, the athletic field and the fairgrounds.

The train on this special day paused only long enough for hundreds to board for the short ride across Youngs Bay to Flavel beyond Warrenton. There they witnessed the driving of the first piling for the terminal which Louis Hill, president of Great Northern Railroad, proudly proclaimed would soon become the largest on the West Coast. On the grassy expanse in front of the imposing Flavel Hotel, the Boosters' Club, all the way from Spokane, provided for out-of-town guests what next day's Astoria Daily Budget opined was the "finest lunch ever served in the Northwest." The menu: "roast beef sandwiches, salmon steaks, crisp ham, delicatessen, hot coffee, and Havana cigars." Early instructions had gone out, "We want the home people to come with well-filled

presented the honored speakers: Mayor P.H. Kuhn of Hammond; Mayor George Schmidt of Warrenton; Gabriel Wingate, vice president of the Port Commission; and again, Julius Meier, later governor of Oregon.

Fortunately, the speakers were mercifully short, for big events were still ahead. By four o'clock, the crowds were back in Astoria where more crowds had gathered, all eager to view the setting of the piling at the foot of Ninth Street for the town's first public boat landing. Hitherto, all landings up and down the river had been privately owned and operated.

With the Ninth Street event concluded, excitement grew, for the day's highest highlight was about to take place. The crowd, now grown to an estimated 10,000, surged along the streets graded about 20 feet above the mud flats, clattered over the Taylor Street trestle, walked the railroad ties and thronged the hillsides. Dignitaries were transported in decorated carriages and Model T Fords. All were pressing towards the new 41-acre port site which the commissioners had purchased for the extravagant sum of \$51,000. There at Smith's Cove (in the vicinity of the present Red Lion Inn), they were to watch the driving of piling to begin Pier 1, the magical first step in the development of the Port of Astoria.

In 1975, the late Russell Dark, well-known journalist and historian, compiled a history of the Port of Astoria. With deep appreciation for his achievement, this writer has selected portions of his work and expounded some points by additional research to bring this account of an important day in Astoria's history. Her excerpts from Mr. Dark's material will appear from time to time.

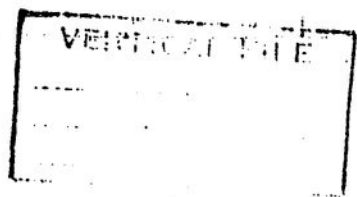
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The day was June 3, 1914.

The morning sun soon overcame the wispy fog and shone brightly on the oldest town west of the Rockies — Astoria, Oregon. Merchants closed their shops at midmorning and whooping children burst from their classrooms. This was a banner day for all of Clatsop County, for four long-heralded events were about to happen.

At Westport, 20 miles east, hundreds of county residents and visitors sent up lusty hurrahs when the special SP&S (Spokane, Portland and Seattle) train pulled up for a 15-minute stop (and stayed most an hour), while dignitaries alighted for a momentous ceremony. Julius Meier, of Portland's Meier and Frank store, grasped the lines of the waiting six-mule team, while C.C. Chapman, representing Gov. Oswald West, leaned on the handles of a walking plow. Together they

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Bringing the county's past alive ¹⁻²³⁻⁸⁹

Last week's column based on Russell Dark's history of the Port of Astoria described the great day when the first piling was driven for Pier 1. Mr. Dark's compilation relates not only to the history of the port but touches on many other activities of those early days. The following are condensed from his account.

Aug. 4, 1912: The Ports of the Columbia Association, headed by Dr. Alfred Kinney, also president of the Boosters' Club, met in Astoria to urge action on improvements at the mouth of the Columbia River. The impending opening of the Panama Canal with its expected increase in sea commerce made action imperative.

Aug. 7, 1912: The Astoria Sanitary and Reclamation Commission, created to deal with the problem of raw sewage on the tide flats, voted to issue \$100,000 in bonds to construct a bulkhead along the waterfront from Ninth to 23rd streets.

Army engineers announced that the South Jetty was completed after being under construction since 1885. Port authorities believed the jetty would soon scour out a deeper channel across the bar. The depth at low water was 28 feet. Depth of the Panama channel was 41 feet.

Aug. 16, 1912: The City of Astoria contracted with Palmberg & Wentjar to build the Taylor Avenue trestle along the waterfront to Smith's point.

The Van Dusen brothers, Brenham and A.G., offered to donate 1,500 feet of frontage on Cathlamet Bay, east of Tongue Point, as a site for proposed docks. D.H. Welch said he would give 20 acres, sites where the Maritime Commission would anchor its reserve fleet many years later.

Aug. 17, 1912: Attorney George C. Fulton filed a suit with the Interstate Commerce Commission demanding for Astoria the common point railroad rates enjoyed by Portland and Seattle. "The present rates are not justified by law or morals," Fulton declared.

Sept. 11, 1913: A.B. Hammond sold a portion of his waterfront property for \$6,000 to E.L. Smith Co. as a site for a flour mill. Aiding in the deal were George Sanborn, Frank Patton, George C. Fulton and Frank Parker.

Oct. 21, 1913: State Sen. Charles F. Lester of Warrenton died suddenly. Later, when the port auditor objected to a \$25 item for flowers

for Commissioner Lester's funeral, the surviving commissioners dug up \$5 apiece to pay the bill.

April 12, 1914: With election time approaching, two new candidates filed for positions on the Port

I add the following notes about where they lived and worked. Names listed below are only those mentioned in the preceding account. The addresses listed for their homes are the current addresses,

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Commission. They were George W. Warren of Warrenton, president of Astoria National Bank, and Henry Hoefler, whose ~~Cathlamet~~ Chocolate had become world famous three years earlier. He was known all over town as "the candy man."

Nov. 5, 1914: Voters on that Election Day approved the annexation of the communities of Skipanon and Flavel to the city of Warrenton. And Clatsop County was the only county in the state in favor of Prohibition, margin of 24 votes. The National Prohibition Act was to take effect Jan. 1, 1916. Also at this election, Fred J. Johnson was chosen mayor of Astoria on the campaign promise that he would rid the city of rats. Johnson served one term.

Mr. Dark concluded this section of his history with this summary, "With all the new organizations, the Boosters' Club, the new Port Commission, the Sanitary and Reclamation Commission, the Ports of Columbia Association and the committee to fight rats, Astorians were apparently in for a busy winter, especially since each group numbered many of the same individuals on its membership roll."

To most of the readers of this column, the years 1912-14 seem long ago and far away, but history provides a living continuity for the people of Clatsop County as is attested by the familiarity of some of the family names. At any rate, the leaders of that day were real people whose homes were on our streets. They carried on personal and civic activities trying to improve the quality of life in the community just as we do today. To make them seem more real to you,

for Astoria's street numbering system was revised in 1955.

Daniel H. Welch, son of pioneer James W. Welch, was a financier and land developer. His home was at the corner of 15th and Commercial about where the traffic island is now located.

Palmberg & Wentjar, builders. Charles G. Palmberg constructed many significant buildings in Astoria. The early family home was on the south side of Grand between 12th and 14th streets. The location is now a vacant lot. His son, Herbert Palmberg, pile driving and dredging contractor, lives in Warrenton. Andrew S. Wentjar was Palmberg's partner for a brief time. The Wentjar home still stands, a bungalow at 1525 Sixth St.

Henry Hoefler, "the candy man," had his home on the northeast corner of 11th and Grand. The house, vacant now, is undergoing some repair. Hoefler's store was located about where Newberry's store is now. His candy factory was near the depot.

Dr. Alfred Kinney, physician and surgeon, had his home and office at 641 Commercial St., adjoining the First Baptist Church on the west. The building is now an apartment house. The church was erected in 1923.

Brenham and Arthur Van Dusen, sons of pioneer Adam Van Dusen, owned and operated a mercantile and insurance business. Their home address was 1681 Franklin Street, just east of the Clatsop Care and Rehabilitation Center. The house, long the home of Arthur and Caroline Young, will soon become a bed and breakfast inn.

Attorney George C. Fulton, who

did much legal work for the city, lived at 707 Eighth St. In recent years the home of William, Margaret and Michael Foster. Attorney Fulton was the grandfather of our present attorney, George C. Fulton. His father was attorney A.C. "Dick" Fulton, making three generations of Astoria attorneys in the family.

A.B. Hammond, president of Hammond Lumber Co., located his industry on the riverfront below the present Crest Motel. The lumber mill was at one time the largest employer in Clatsop County. Hammond lived in San Francisco.

Charles F. Lester, real estate broker and state legislator, lived in Warrenton.

George Sanborn, owner of fish packing and cutting companies, lived at 1711 Grand, on the corner of 17th and Grand, one of the fine Victorian homes in that neighborhood. The house was occupied by descendants of the Sanborn family until 1978.

Frank Patton, banker and civic leader, whose home was on the corner of 14th and Franklin. The house was later enlarged to become the convent for Holy Names Sisters operating Star of the Sea School. The Rosebriar bed and breakfast inn now occupies the building.

Frank Parker, deputy customs collector and secretary-treasurer for the Astoria Hardware Co., lived in a large house on 15th Street on what is now the ballfield at the rear of St. Mary's church.

Fred Johnson, mayor of Astoria in 1914, had his residence and business in a building on the site of the present telephone operations building on the corner of 11th and Exchange. He was proprietor of the Johnson Phonograph Shop, quite an innovation in those days.

George W. Warren, son of D.K. Warren, founder of the town of Warrenton, lived in the family home next door to the Warren mansion which looks out to the Warrenton mooring basin. His grandson, George W. Warren, is chief pilot for the Columbia Helicopter Co. based in Aurora. He and his family live in the same family home.

According to an estimate reported by the Historic Landmarks Commission, 600 houses built in Astoria before 1900 are still in use as family residences. Many others are located throughout Clatsop County.

Opinion

1-30-87

Flour mill a beacon of history

Demolition of the flour mill and grain elevators at the Port of Astoria has been front page news in recent months. The following items bring additional insights.

The story of the flour mill began Sept. 11, 1913, when A.B. Hammond of San Francisco, landowner and leader of the Flavel development, sold a section of his Astoria waterfront property for \$6,000. The buyer was the E.L. Smith Co. of Pendleton with plans for building a flour mill. Port commissioners immediately decided to add a grain elevator. The story proceeds:

Oct. 27, 1913: Charles B. Stout arrived to become manager of the mill and to oversee construction. He and his wife, Warda, took up residence at 1237 Kensington St. (present street numbering), which in 1913 was a fine new development up on the hill.

Jan. 10, 1914: The steamship Anna Cummings arrived in Astoria with 10,000 sacks of wheat for the new flour mill nearing completion.

March 11, 1914: President Smith of the Astoria Flour Milling Co. announced that the first sack of flour from the new mill would be auctioned and the money donated for a children's playground.

April 1, 1914: Astoria Flouring Mills was incorporated for \$100,000; owners, E.L. Smith, Edgar Smith and Charles B. Stout. Allen C. Barron became head miller. Another 10,000 sacks of wheat arrived that morning for storage in the new five-story elevator.

April 14, 1914: Startup of the new mill called for an all-day celebration. Bill Haga's band played. Edgar Smith delivered a short address, then the machinery was turned on. Fred Johnson, later mayor, auctioned the first sack of flour: highest bid, \$75, a small start for a playground. The buyer was W.E. Schimpff, owner of the North Pacific Brewery.

Schimpff closed the brewery a

year later, before Prohibition took place in Jan. 1916. Twelve years later the interior of the building was redesigned by architect John Wicks to become the Uppertown fire station, now in use by the Astoria

Warrenton sawed its first logs on Aug. 14; Henry Makela drove the first piling for the John Jacob Astor Hotel; and the port was receiving between 25 and 30 carloads of wheat a day from Montana growers.

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Gymnastics Association. It has been accepted on the National Register of Historic Places.

Sept. 10, 1914: Some 8,100 sacks of wheat for the Astoria mill were lost when the steamer Peacock struck a rock and sank near Hood River.

Jan. 22, 1916: Activity in Astoria halted when three weeks of freezing weather climaxed in a bitter storm that raged across the estuary at 80 miles an hour. Huge cakes of ice slashed against pilings, snapping timbers like matchsticks. The Marconi wireless station near Youngs Bay went out, cutting the town off from the rest of the world. Plate glass windows crashed. Roofs were torn off; boardwalks ripped up and signs went hurtling through the air. Old-timers said they had never seen such a blast. The stalwart flour mill stood unscathed.

Sept. 21, 1916: The flour mill boosted its production to 1,200 barrels a day because of orders from New York and New Jersey for six carloads of flour. Astoria's chief exports had become wheat and flour.

The year 1922 had its ups and downs for Clatsop County. Among the ups: Prouty's Lumber Mill in

Among the misfortunes: The Elmore cannery closed after 40 years on the waterfront and Hammond's lumber mill located in Uppertown, largest employer in Clatsop County, burned to the waterline on Sept. 11, displacing not only mill workers but also the loggers employed in Hammond's 14,000 acres of timberland.

Then at 2 p.m. on Friday, Dec. 8, came the worst catastrophe of all. A fire began on Commercial Street between 10th and 11th, wiping out 24 blocks of Astoria's business district, left 2,000 homeless and caused a loss of more than \$12 million. Relief funds came from near and far. Portland residents contributed \$33,000. Vincent Astor sent \$5,000 from New York. The flour mill was out of the danger zone.

Oct. 6, 1924: The mill began marketing flour under the brand names of the Pillsbury and Washburn Crosby companies. By the middle of August 1925, 1,000 tons of wheat a day arrived at the port and the flour mill was operating three shifts.

Sept. 3, 1927: The steamship West Navaria crossing from Altona crashed into the Sanborn

dock. Capt. Fritz Hirsch escaped seconds before the crash, but retired Capt. Gustaf E. Anderson dropped dead when he heard the news.

Sept. 19, 1925: Astoria Flouring Co. merged with Kerr, Gifford and Co. Soon they were operating with a crew of 42 and a \$200,000 payroll.

Sept. 4, 1936: The 140 flour mill employees went on strike. Settlement was made Oct. 8, through the efforts of the Chamber of Commerce, J.C. Wright, president. In 1948 workers were out from Aug. 2 until Nov. 8 seeking a 20-cent raise above the hourly rate of \$1.29.

Aug. 23, 1961: Manager E.T. Christianson announced the flour mill would close on Dec. 1. Foreign countries, he said, were building their own mills. Also, Astoria's transportation problems caused unfavorable competition with other West Coast ports. Mayor Harry Steinbock and Chamber of Commerce president Tony Stramiello called special meetings to try to alleviate the situation.

Dec. 1, 1961: The flour mill closed. About 70 mill employees and many dock workers lost their jobs and the \$500,000 payroll was gone. For 25 years, the seven-story structure, bleak and empty, towered over the waterfront.

Feb. 17, 1986: Demolition crews moved in to topple the old mill. Port commissioners had decided the one-acre space should be cleared for log storage. After five days of work and six blasts of dynamite, (about 750 pounds) the structure still stood, supported by its heavy steel reinforcement bars and solid crossbeams. Then, after the crew had quit on the evening of the fifth day, all by itself, the old mill rumbled and collapsed. Now the old flour mill is reduced to rubble. But during its almost 48 years of operation, it supported many families and businesses and added much to the well-being of this community.

Portrait of a Northwest woman

She welcomed me into her pleasant apartment at the Owens-Adair, where she lives surrounded by treasured furnishings from earlier days. A large portrait of her husband hangs on the wall by the window. LaWanda Dark is the

joined The Daily Astorian. Russell started to work here the day after his 64th birthday. He also did feature stories for The Oregonian.

So the Darks got settled in Astoria, where they both soon immersed themselves in the com-

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widow of Russell Dark, distinguished journalist and authority on Northwest history. She is understandably proud of her husband's achievements, but LaWanda is also her own person.

Born LaWanda Melton in Molalla on Sept. 25, 1897, she cheerfully admits her 89 years, though she could easily pass for a lesser number. She married early. Her first husband, a millwright, died in an industrial accident, leaving her with their year-old daughter.

Through the years, LaWanda worked as a beautician in Portland where she developed artistry in making wigs and hair transformations. Later she took training to become a saleslady of women's ready-to-wear at Charles F. Berg's on Broadway, where she worked for 13 years. "It was just like going to finishing school," she recalls. "We were taught how to sit and walk gracefully, how to make the customers feel welcome, and how to dress in good taste." Upon conclusion of the course, she was awarded a certificate of merit, which she still treasures. It's no wonder that after all these years, LaWanda Dark still has style and grace.

In 1942, when she was already a very young grandmother, LaWanda and Russell Dark were married. He was on the staff of The Oregonian, where he had gone after graduation from the University of Oregon. When Russell went off to World War II, LaWanda immediately busied herself in related activities, feeling that was one way in which she could share life with her husband. She volunteered two nights a week at Good Samaritan Hospital, taught first aid classes and served as block warden. When Russell returned in 1948 after service in the Pacific, including three years in Guam, he took work with the State Accident Commission.

His first assignment sent them to Seaside, then Hillsboro, then on to Gladstone. There he took up newspaper work again, becoming editor of the Gladstone Review. The couple came to Astoria in 1968 and he

munity activities that interested them most. Russell began his research into the history of the area and LaWanda joined the American Legion Auxiliary Post 12, the Eagles and Moose lodges and the Methodist Church.

When the Darks had lived in Seaside after the war, LaWanda had wanted to continue her volunteer work, so she had first joined the Legion Auxiliary there. From those years until the present, she has been a dedicated worker in the service projects of the auxiliary. She has advanced twice through the offices of the organization, except for serving only one term as president.

The Legion Auxiliary has as its motto "For God and Country," a standard which LaWanda says, "I believe in with all my heart." Through the years, she has been a leader as members visit hospitals, make robes, slippers and laundry bags for veterans in hospitals and send cookies at holidays. "I can crochet a pair of slippers in three evenings," LaWanda says, "and I've made hundreds of them." Now with other past presidents, she shares in special projects supporting White City, the hospital for veterans in Medford.

On the first day of December 1980, LaWanda was in Columbia Memorial Hospital recovering from a broken leg. As Russell was leaving from his afternoon visit, he remarked, "I don't feel very well, but I'll come back again this evening," to which LaWanda replied, "Why not take it easy at home tonight and come back tomorrow."

But Russell didn't come back the next day. A neighbor at their home in the Illahee apartments became concerned because the morning paper still lay by the Darks' door at noon and went for the landlady, May Steele. Together they found Russell lying on the floor. He had died while removing his coat upon his return the day before.

This last September, LaWanda suffered another broken bone and, now back in her apartment, she uses a walker. However, she has



LaWanda Dark lives in the historic Owens-Adair.

everything she needs conveniently placed and is always ready to serve a hospitable cup of coffee to her visitors. Her daughter, Dorothy Verdeman (her husband, August, died in November), helps her with grocery shopping and other errands.

"I'm very lucky," LaWanda says. "I have so many friends like Don and Muriel Halker and their daughter, Carol Smith, and the other members of the auxiliary. They are like family to me. They take me for rides, and they brought me this," indicating her walker. "The Legion loaned it to me, and Legion members did all the moving for me when I came to this apartment." The auxiliary delayed its annual Christmas luncheon until Jan. 20, when LaWanda was sufficiently recovered to attend.

"Then there are all my friends in the Methodist Church," LaWanda continued. "Rev. and Mrs. Kingsbury and Ruth Maki have been wonderful to me, and Sam and Dorothy Churchill and Clare Ritter

and Helen Griffith. I couldn't have made it through these last few weeks without my friends and their help and their prayers."

As I was leaving, I took her hand. "You're quite a lady," I said, "with your brave spirit and lovely memories." Her reply was, "I've had my ups and downs, but I've always tried to smile."

The Owens-Adair, where LaWanda Dark lives, is the former St. Mary's Hospital, located on 15th and Exchange streets. Converted to 46 modern apartments in 1981, it is named in memory of Bethenia Owens-Adair, first woman doctor west of the Rockies.

I pay tribute to the late Russell Dark, whose painstaking work has provided a rich field for my own research. His complete history of the Port of Astoria may be found in the Astoriana collection at the Astoria Public Library.

YWCA had roots in early Astoria ²⁻¹³⁻⁸⁹

Since the YMCA is conducting a large campaign for much-needed community support, it seems appropriate that we take a look at its sister organization, the YWCA, with which it merged several years ago to form the present organization. Our account appears in two sections, today and a week from today.

The national Young Women's Christian Association began in Boston in 1866, but it wasn't until 1904 that the movement got any attention in Astoria. Then Mrs. Samuel Elmore hosted a meeting in her large home on the northeast corner of Eighth and Franklin streets to consider establishing a chapter, but apparently no action resulted. This is surprising, for the Elmores, large cannery owners, were leaders in many community services.

(The Elmore home, built in 1885, still stands. The two houses now only a few inches apart were originally a single dwelling. The Elmores' next home was the mansion on the corner of 14th Street and Grand Avenue, now known as the Elmore Apartments.)

It took World War I to bring the YWCA to Astoria, for the war created many problems in the town: housing for the influx of wartime population, recreational needs and emergency service. The national YWCA, recognizing the special needs of strategic communities, organized the War Work Council and sent two organizers to set up a Hostess House; then the local ladies took over.

The first location of this endeavor was two rooms on the second floor of the Young building on the corner of 14th and Commercial streets. The committee's enthusiastic description of the furnishings included "five brown wicker chairs with matching desk, a couch covered with flowered cretonne, blue carpet with draperies to match. Such a cheerful place," the committee said, "for wives and mothers of servicemen to come to rest," and they did hope that someone would soon donate a piano.

Within a year, the project had outgrown its two rooms and had been moved to the former Fred Johnson residence and phonograph

shop on 11th and Exchange streets, where the telephone building now stands.

Also that first year, the first of the Girl Reserves clubs was organized in Taylor School and later in

charter was granted and Astoria had an official YWCA chapter. The ladies promptly put on a fund-raising campaign.

The growth of the organization was awesome. With Mrs. W.S.

Space on 10th and Duane streets, back of the Troy Laundry, was donated (present site of U.S. National Bank parking lot). Now, instead of soliciting money, they sent out a plea for used clothing and household items. Profit for the year was \$184.99 so the ladies had another finance campaign.

The year 1922 started out to be their most successful in spite of the death in April 1921 of Mrs. Elmore, one of their most generous benefactors. Classes were organized in swimming, needlework, gymnastics, French, millinery and charm.

Then on Dec. 8 came the Great Fire. The house and furnishings were a total loss except for a few pieces of furniture the residents dragged out. Jobs were lost too as the Girl Reserve secretary, the house mother, the cafeteria women and the janitor now had no place to work. However, within three days, the director, Miss Grace Williams, had rented office space in a small residence on Franklin Avenue between 11th and 12th streets, and had obtained a building at 1834 Exchange St. (now an apartment house) for the YWCA roomers who had been displaced. A curtailed program was offered at once, staffed by volunteers who set up a registry of rooms available for rent and a job placement service. Classes were held at the YMCA which had survived the holocaust.

During this time, the director sent out an appeal, endorsed by the national board, to all the YWCA chapters in the nation. In response, a total of \$2,700 was contributed to the stricken chapter. "These gifts," said Miss Williams, "are gratefully received since no local drive can be made in a town where all are suffering from disaster."

During the months that followed, the women worked hard to replenish their treasury, organizing weekly food sales, a bazaar, an outdoor carnival and a cafeteria at the county fair. Thus they not only kept the YWCA operation but gradually restored many of its programs.

Then in November 1924, they were ready to take on the venture of buying a building for permanent headquarters.

(Concluded next week.)

5. ²⁻¹³⁻⁹⁷
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others. The girls joined the adults in Red Cross projects, bandages, cookies for servicemen and work parties to hunt and sort sphagnum moss used for surgical dressings in military hospitals. (Now, it's used chiefly to pack shipments of nursery plants.)

Many recreational activities were carried on for children and teens during the war years. Organized hikes were the favorite pastime, hikes to old Telegraph Hill (atop Smith's Point) and to the new wireless station near Youngs Bay, up Coxcomb Hill for bonfires and marshmallow roasts and for picnics at the city park near the new reservoir.

The YWCA brought in a professional director to produce in the city park a pageant performance of A Midsummer Night's Dream, replete with music and dancing. Young ladies were thrilled when men of the Pacific Fleet squadron in port were invited as guests.

At the close of the war, the Astoria Daily Budget reported that the effort of the national council would have been discontinued "except for a group of Christian women who recognized the services of the YWCA to the young ladies of the community." A national organizer came, did a survey, reported 1,188 girls in the community between the ages of 10 and 20, the very age group the YWCA proposed to serve. She praised the group, saying that in all the four Northwest states, the war work of the Astoria chapter was second only to that of Tacoma, Wash. The national

Kinney as president, membership grew to 300 and 20 Girl Reserve groups took root in the schools. A house on the corner of 10th and Exchange streets (where the Walters Apartments now stand) was leased and remodeled to meet the growing needs. Sixteen beds were in place for rent to working girls. The main floor provided a public cafeteria with seating for 49 with a dining room in the basement where Rotary, Kiwanis and Ad Clubs held their weekly luncheons. And the house provided the only public ladies' restroom in town.

One big affair that brought credit to Astoria was the well-publicized "Hoover luncheon." The luncheons, organized across the nation by Herbert Hoover, later President Hoover, were to raise money for overseas relief. Dignitaries at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York City each paid \$1,000 for a bowl of beef stew, bread without butter and hot cocoa. Astoria ladies offered a choice of stew or salmon. They said their cost per person was 22 cents, "but we hope our guests will pay as many more times above 22 cents as their purses will allow." More than 100 patrons filled both dining rooms and the fund for the starving was \$75 richer.

The women, in spite of their hard work, always needed more money. They were reluctant to put on another money drive, so they had a great idea; they would set up a "superfluity shop," a continuous rummage sale. Mrs. J.W. Tapscott, Mrs. Oscar Wirkkula and Mrs. Henry Hoefler were in charge.

Last week we traced the history of the Young Women's Christian Association in Astoria from its beginnings during World War I through the recovery of losses from the Great Fire in 1922 until November 1924 when the group was ready to buy a permanent residence.

Earlier, the ladies had purchased a lot on the corner of 11th Street and Harrison Avenue thinking to build headquarters which would precisely fit their needs. Then when some deemed that too great an undertaking, they sold the site to the Flavel estate, which in turn gave it to the Presbyterian Church where their education annex was constructed in 1936-37.

So, in November 1924, the YWCA bought a portion of the Kirchhoff estate located on the corner of 12th and Franklin. They paid \$7,300 for two residences built in 1905 for \$6,000 for the Kirchhoff family by C.G. Palmberg, contractor. The houses faced the present Hughes-Ransom Mortuary. The one on the corner, now standing vacant, became the YWCA headquarters. The other, known as the Olney house, was rented to Mrs. G. Hanson, who kept roomers. It stood on the site now occupied by the office of Peace Lutheran Church. For the purchase, the ladies used the \$2,500 fire insurance money they had collected on the loss of their furniture, \$1,500 they had in the bank at the time of the fire and \$1,500 they had collected in earnings and donations since the fire.

The house committee, with Mrs. J.C. TenBrook as chairman, (her husband was elected mayor that fall) worked hard to make the new home attractive, but they needed more money for remodeling, furnishings, and staff salaries. So, in June 1925, they organized a \$7,000 fund-raising campaign with 200 ladies in eight sections of 25 each with its captain. Mrs. Frank Woodfield and Mrs. W.E. Grace headed the winning sections; altogether they brought in \$8,200, so painting and remodeling proceeded with speed. The place had an attractive reception room with fireplace and rooms to rent to young women who shared the kitchen to prepare their own meals. Just two years later, Jan. 25, 1927, they burned the mortgage.

Board members delayed the official open-house reception until all the furnishings were complete. At one meeting, finance chairman Mrs. D.W. Appleton plead for the donation of a badly needed outdoor

took visitors into their own homes. One young girl from Virginia came to meet the soldier she was to marry. A board member took her home, arranged the wedding and her husband gave the bride away.

speech and Nancy Lovell introduced the guests. Geraldine Beemer and Gloria Stiger provided the music.

The YWCA residence on the corner of 12th and Franklin was the scene of many festivities through the years, including at least one wedding. On June 20, 1948, a young lady resident, Miss Audrey Broce, secretary at Tongue Point Naval Station, was married to Charles A. Paetow. The Rev. David Hunter, naval chaplain, performed the ceremony and Miss Bess Spicer played the piano. The Paetows have made Astoria their home these 39 years. "Chuck" Paetow retired in 1978 after 24 years on the Astoria police force, the final eight as chief.

One of the big projects of the YWCA was participation with other community groups in the preparation of Christmas food baskets. This was always preceded by the "hanging of the greens." This festivity was one of the last held in the old house, for on June 3, 1955, The Daily Astorian carried this story: "It is good news that the YMCA and the YWCA are going to merge their operations."

The YMCA had been shut down since August 1954. The YWCA had managed to stay open with minimal programs. Now they decided to reopen as one unit to start summer programs. The Rev. Paul McFarlin, Presbyterian pastor, and Mrs. Leroy Steinmann became the committee to choose supervisors for summer activities for both boys and girls.

The YWCA building was sold to the Knights of Columbus, the men's organization of St. Mary's Catholic Church. They used it for church and community activities until August 1966 when they in turn sold the building to the Zion Lutheran Church. The Zion Church became Peace Lutheran Church after its merger with Trinity Lutheran in November 1974. The Lutheran congregation utilized their purchase as an education annex and meeting place for some community groups for several years.

Now, the 82-year-old building stands vacant, a forlorn reminder of the useful and happy activities that took place there during the 30 years it was the YWCA residence and in more recent years as the location for church-related functions.

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sign and a bulletin board for the entrance hall. At the next meeting, Bess Spicer, secretary, reported, "Mrs. Appleton thanked Mr. Appleton for the splendid new sign and bulletin board," revealing that husbands of 60 years ago were just as supportive of their wives' projects as they are today.

When the open house finally occurred, it seemed that half the town came to admire the well-furnished rooms made more festive by decorations supplied by Erickson's Floral and Seed Co. A poster on the new bulletin board reported that the YWCA now had 190 adult members and 150 Girl Reserves.

Another big event that year was the mother-daughter banquet. When 200 reservations were received, the affair was moved to the Methodist Church, where 50 more hopefuls were turned away. Among those in charge were Mrs. Harry Burke, Mrs. F.C. Green and Mrs. G.W. Spicer.

Then came the 1930s and the Great Depression. The chapter kept its roster of officers but in July 1932 doors were closed for lack of funds. However, in 1933 they had a Christmas celebration rejoicing that all their back bills were paid. Many meetings were held to try to find ways of staying open.

The 1940s and World War II brought renewed activity. Once again, the ladies of the YWCA were needed to help wives and mothers of servicemen who thronged the area, raising the population to more than 20,000. Every corner of the YWCA residence overflowed with women needing lodging. Members often

Another girl, this time from South Carolina, came to marry her sailor boy who had been shipped out the night before she arrived. The weather was hot when she had left home and cold when she got here and she had no money. Y women gave her warm clothes and lodging and found a job for her. A mother from Minnesota arrived late, spent the rest of the night on the YWCA couch and had a quiet place next morning to visit for one precious hour with her son before he went overseas.

In the midst of 1943, the board had to find a new secretary-hostess. Their choice was Violet Bowlby Chessman, a native Astorian, daughter of Judge J.Q.A. Bowlby. The June 16 tea to welcome her was described as the "outstanding social event of the season." The affair was held at the home of Mrs. W.F. McGregor on 45th Street, whose house was "resplendent with summer flowers." Among those in charge were the mesdames J.P. Trullinger, Albert Engbretson, Garnet Green, Don Mitchell, Ward Quarles and Henry Leinenweber.

At the membership tea in 1946 the committee included Mrs. James Bowler, Mrs. Harley Slusher and Mrs. Fred Hellberg. Past presidents poured: Mrs. J.C. Ten Brook; Mrs. John Acton; Mrs. E.B. Hughes; and Mrs. Garnet Green.

At the Tri-Y banquet held May 5, 1945, Annie Jean Jarvis was chairman and Anna Marie Friedrich conducted the installation. On May 6, 1947, when ceremonies at the Episcopal Church honored graduating members, Loraine Allen gave the welcoming

Scouting has distinguished past

This is a tribute to the 608 Cub Scouts and Boy Scouts and their leaders in the Fort Clatsop District who along with Scouts around the world have been observing February as Boy Scout month.

In Clatsop County, the adage "Boys will be boys," should read "Boy Scouts will be Boy Scouts" for they have carried on in a continuous line of honor and achievement since they earned their first merit badges until they became Scoutmasters themselves. That's the way the Scout movement has persisted in the Fort Clatsop District for more than 70 years.

Ralph Stevens, an Astorian whose chief interests were music and the outdoors, had been following the growing Scout movement ever since the first Scout troop was organized in the United States in 1910. Finally, in October 1916, he called a meeting, told about Daniel Beard, one of the national founders, discussed the Scout Law, talked about hiking trips and merit badges, and signed up 30 lads, enough to start four patrols. A little later, the YMCA enlisted 14 of their members. Scouting in Astoria was on its way.

In February 1917, the City Parks Commission, meeting in the office of Attorney Frank Spittle, gave the Scouts a great boost. The Astoria Daily Budget reported, "The Boy Scouts of Astoria will have the most unique headquarters in the Northwest, none other than old Fort Astoria now standing in the most conspicuous place in the City Park on the hill."

Just six years earlier, the city, with John Wicks as the architect, had built a replica of Fort Astoria in what is now called Shively Park as a feature of the big Centennial celebration in 1911. Now the news story effervesced, "The old stockade will welcome the lads to their permanent Scout home and every morning's sun will revive memories of pioneer days to inspire them until they are called to take their places in the industrial and social community where they live." The stockade was torn down three years later because of unsafe understructure and rotting walls.

The Scouts' first organized field trip occurred on Memorial Day, May 31, 1917, when they climbed Saddle Mountain and firmly planted the American flag atop its highest point.

After the demolition of their headquarters in the City Park, Scouts were given another meeting

place. On Aug. 2, 1920, the City Council voted unanimously to "turn Liberty Temple over to the Boy Scouts for permanent headquarters with the edifice to be moved from the courthouse lawn to the city-

side of the building so the Y structure, still in use, was saved from the holocaust. Later, the boys worked long hours carrying coffee and sandwiches to sailors who had been called in to help patrol the

recent times, Scout Floyd Holcom saved a man from choking to death by applying the Heimlich maneuver which Dr. Charles Linehan had taught him in earning a merit badge.

Ever since Scouting began, parents have been needlessly anxious about the comfort and safety of their sons who leave home boisterously and joyfully to face the rigors of Scout camp. (With three Scout sons and a grandson, I know the feeling!) So it must have been thus when on Aug. 5, 1924, 52 lads gathered their gear for the biggest encampment Fort Clatsop troops had ever had. They camped the first night in Astoria, marching through downtown in uniform to the beat of drums and flags unfurled while proud fathers, misty-eyed mothers, admiring sisters and envious small brothers lined the streets. Early next morning with Stevens in charge, they boarded buses for Seaside, then hiked over the mountain and through the woods to Cannon Beach, where for two hours they were given the freedom of the new natatorium. Scouts who had passed their Red Cross tests demonstrated life-saving techniques for vacationers on the beach. Then on to Arch Cape, where they made camp along Arch Cape Creek for a two-week stay.

One week later came the word which worried parents always fear — a disaster. A violent thunderstorm and sudden freshet had washed out the camp. The boys had grabbed what clothing and bedding they could and waded to higher ground. Next morning, local residents dried them out and fed them, and the boys salvaged shoes and canned food along the creek banks. "All the boys are safe," Stevens phoned back to Astoria, "and none of them wants to come home." Among the boys at the camp were Sam and Jack Spittle, Joe Boyington, George Flavel, Harley Slusher Jr., Carl Thorsness, Robert Carruthers, Lester Butterfield, Ted Stokes, Emil Leppla, Ralph Driskell, John Hagmeier and Hal Snow Sr.

Interest in Scouting rose and fell in the years after 1925. In fact, a news story in July 1926 announced that Scout activities in the county were being suspended because of lack of interest. Then with new volunteers came increased participation and in April 1931, Fort Clatsop District had its first candidate for the Eagle rank, highest award in Scouting.

(To be continued.)



owned property at Ninth and Duane." Ed Ross, a Scout at the time, now living with his wife, Eda, on West Lexington Avenue, remembers the building was moved to the corner now occupied by the parking lot of the U.S. National Bank. The structure was built on the courthouse lawn to serve as headquarters for the sale of Liberty Bonds to help finance World War I.

In December 1924, Scouts in Astoria were given another "permanent" home. The evening paper reported, "The biggest boost came to Scouting when Executive Ralph Stevens announced the donation of the use of a log cabin in the deep woods at the head of First Street." The article went on to say that the donor wished to remain anonymous, but that the cabin with living room, bedroom, kitchen and a spacious attic would provide lodging for 30 boys. Stevens further said that three troops at a time would alternate weekends there where they could practice their Scout crafts in the dense woods without ever leaving town.

Whenever disaster hits, Boy Scouts are often among the first volunteers on the scene. Of course, Astoria's greatest disaster was the Big Fire of 1922, when most of the downtown area went up in flames. Scouts gave great service during the crisis. Herbert Palmberg, now of Warrenton, recalls that when he and his brother, Bill, looked out from their home then at Fourth and Franklin and saw the soaring flames in the town below, they raced down to the YMCA building to retrieve their basketball. They were immediately commandeered into a bucket brigade and for hours passed buckets of water from the swimming pool to the roof and north

streets. Palmberg tells that when he and a companion were hurrying around charred piling, they saw a dead man hanging from a stringer above. Others saw him, too, but no one took the time to cut him down.

Ed Ross remembers his Scout service during the Big Fire. As merchandise and household items were rescued from burning, they had to be carried to a safe place. Ross and his fellow Scouts, Mortimer Brown and John Verschuere, helped with the carrying and then were placed on guard. Ross remembers he was handed a gun and told to spend the night guarding the collection stored in the Presbyterian Church. Later, Executive Stevens presented him with a gold Elgin watch in appreciation of his services. Ross still treasures the watch but is having it inscribed to pass along to his grandson, David Haskell. Ross also tells about having lost a gold stickpin sometime before the fire. He had been sorry to lose it for it was a gift brought from Finland by his friend, Kasien Fellman. Days after the fire, as he was scuffling through the ashes, he saw something bright and there was his gold stickpin.

Through the years, Scouts have helped in other emergencies. In March 1943 Sheriff Paul Kearney and his deputy, Myron Jones, asked the Sea Scouts and older Boy Scouts to help search for a young woman missing from her home near Youngs Bay. A group led by Scoutmaster Lester Horton outfitted themselves with heavy boots and warm clothing, carrying axes to chop out the thick underbrush. They found the girl at noon the next day in the deep woods southeast of Lewis and Clark School. In more

Scouting has lifelong benefits

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is Part Two of a two part series on Scouting in Clatsop County.

After years of ups and down in scouting interest, Fort Clatsop District achieved a milestone. On Thursday evening, April 16, 1931, in the circuit courtroom of the county courthouse, the district's first Eagle Scout presentation was made. The recipient was 15-year-old Arthur C. Johnson, member of Moose Patrol, Troop 211. To attain Eagle rank, he had earned 21 merit badges as he proceeded all the way from Tenderfoot, Second Class, First Class, Star, Life and finally to Eagle, the highest rank to be earned by any Scout. Now a lifelong resident of Clatsop County, Johnson lives with his wife, Thelma, in the house where he was born. Since retiring on Dec. 31, 1986, after 10 years as appraiser and 12 years as county assessor, he devotes his time to raising beef cattle on his Youngs River farm.

When Johnson was asked about memories of his Scouting years, he recalled summers at Camp Meriwether south of Tillamook. On one occasion, he and a dozen other older lads in the group agreed to hike from Meriwether to a camp near Lincoln City. To get the feel of pioneering, they avoided open roads, hiking over dense mountain terrain and wading rushing streams; only near Neskowin did they charter a boat to cross a river. Remote was their route that their supply truck didn't catch up with them until the afternoon of the third day.

In the 56 years since Arthur's achievement, dozens of other Clatsop County Scouts have become Eagles. Ralph Olson, George Peeke and Donald Riswick followed Arthur in 1932 and '33. Robert Lovell received his Eagle rank in 1937. Judge Thomas Edison and Bryson Lausch completed their work in 1942. Jack Lundeen, Westport, was the first to attain the award in his community, later becoming an executive in the steel industry on the East Coast. Paul Reimers, Leonard Vernon and Bob Drucker carried on active Scouting in the Olney community for many years. Reimers remembers that he once had nine boys in his Troop 181 and five of them became Eagles, his own son, Paul, Phillip White, Henry Tongess, Mike Jensen and Lee Fisher. Fisher has said that Scout training helped him cope with the rigors of Vietnam. Craig Johnson, Eagle of '74, is now in mission work in Brazil in preparation for full-time ministry. Jack Phillips, Seaside, became an Eagle in 1952, about the time that Hugh Kerwin, Seaside

druggist, achieved Eagle rank.

Several pairs of brothers have entered the honored list of Eagles. Two sets of twin brothers from Seaside top the list. Chris and Greg Cole, sons of Judge and Mrs.

Jon Levy, director, (retired) of Camp Kiwanlong; Dr. Eric Rehorst, U.S. Coast Guard dentist; William Reuter, retired educator; Dr. Raynor Smith, adjutant of American Legion Post 12; Thomas

Local Scout leaders are proof of the saying, "Once a Scout, always a Scout." Take Bob Lovell for example. He received his Eagle award in 1937 at the national jamboree in Washington, D.C., with Daniel Beard himself, one of the founders of Boy Scouts of America, as the presenter. In the 50 years since that day, Lovell has worked continuously in Scouting, so that one of his colleagues said the other day, "Bob Lovell is Mr. Scouting personified in the Fort Clatsop District." Take Duncan Law for another example. He spent 30 years in Scouting, including portions of 19 summers as counselor at Camp Baldwin. Now he says, "I'm supposed to be retired, but I can't stay away from Scouting." And then there is Leland Westley, who during his years as Scoutmaster took all the work along with his boys and became an Eagle at age 30. (Now Eagle work must be completed by the age of 18.) Such is the dedication of the leaders who are keeping local Scouting alive and well.

Scout work in Fort Clatsop District (Clatsop County) is carried on by Don Cornell, district executive, and by many volunteers. Ernest Davis is chairman of the district. District officers and advisers include Bob Lovell, Dale Collins, Thomas Edison, George Cole, Kathleen Sibson and Tom Scoggins. Others who have served in various capacities through the years include John and Anita Finel of Knappa (their son, Larry, is an Eagle); John Royce and Jack Phillips, Seaside; Ward Buell of Gearhart; and Nick and Phyllis Dubb, Astoria.

In addition to the volunteers mentioned, there are 10 Cubmasters and 10 Scoutmasters in the district. Executive Cornell says all the volunteers are the backbone of the organization and there is always need for more. Often there are boys who want to become Scouts, but leaders can't be found to organize them.

However, Cornell and Davis are encouraged. They say membership in the district has increased 30 percent in the last two years as more parents become aware of the values of Scouting.

...

My thanks go to the several Scout leaders who cheerfully answered my questions during the preparation of this recognition of worldwide Scout month. Because of the innumerable persons involved in Scouting over the years, it has been impossible to give credit to all who deserve it. For these omissions we are truly sorry.

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For The Daily Astorian



George Cole, became Eagles in 1966. Twins Delbert and Robert Barnard believed Eagle about 1950. Robert was a member of the first graduating class of the Air Force Academy and arranged for his Scoutmaster, John Royce, to attend the ceremonies. (Royce, now deceased, was the "patron saint" of Eagle Scouts in Seaside for 30 years.) Warrenton brothers, Ward and Gale Plummer, sons of Emily Plummer, became Scouts in 1954 and '57. Ward, with his doctorate in physics from Cornell, is on the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania. Gale, now of Portland, has his own statewide business in scales service and sales.

Duncan Law, Astoria Scout volunteer for 30 years, recalls that in the 1970s there were at least five pairs of brothers who attained Eagle rank: John and Richard North, Olive and Kyle Campbell, Michael and Steven Dubb, Allan and Lauren Linehan (1981) and John and Billy Webb. Then there were the three brothers in the Clare Edwards family, Jeffrey and Steven Edwards and half-brother John Corbin.

Scoutmaster Victor Kee almost has a pair of Eagles in his family. Son Robert received his award in 1981 and younger son Roger has his papers in and is preparing for the Board of Review. Another name being added to this long line of honor is that of Dale Searles, son of Michael and Arloine Searles and grandson of Dale and Jean Curry. Young Dale has already passed his Board of Review.

Another pair of brothers earned their Eagle rank in Vancouver, Wash. Obie O'Bryan and his brother William became Eagles in the 1940s when their father, Obie Sr., was their Scoutmaster. Other residents of this community who earned their Eagle rank elsewhere include Dr. Timothy Borman, orthopedic physician and surgeon;

Scoggins, unit manager of the state Forestry Service; and the Rev. Bud Coates, pastor of Immanuel Lutheran Church in Knappa.

Throughout the years, camping experience has been one of the strengths of Scouting. Early campsites were located in the county. In 1932, Edward M. Cherry, local shipping magnate, made available an acreage on the trail between Lewis and Clark and Seaside. This, named Camp Cherry, was for use by all the Scouts of the district. A cabin was built for meetings, a flag pole erected and the grounds prepared for camping and outdoor activities. The camp was later phased out when the Cullaby Lake area was developed.

In 1940, Scouts leased a plot on the northeast corner of Cullaby Lake. For two years they held work parties and campouts to prepare the grounds for Scout activities. On July 12, 1942, the first encampment was held there with 50 boys enjoying fishing, games, hiking and working for merit badges. This camp was in use for a number of years.

Scouting, now a worldwide organization, has demonstrated over and over again that it has a lasting, beneficial effect upon its members. A survey reveals that 33 percent of Cubs become Scouts. Of that number only about one out of 200 achieves the Eagle rank. However, there are many fine Scouts who for various reasons had to give up the effort. To attain that final honor requires energy, persistence, strength of character, and the support of dedicated Scoutmasters and the candidate's family. The Eagle Scout must have earned 21 merit badges in such areas as health, communications, lifesaving, and citizenship. The final step is the planning and completion of a community project and the vow to give back to Scouting by his own service the benefits he has received.

First train ride unforgettable

3-13-1987

Are you interested in railroads?

If so, you will enjoy the next meeting of the Clatsop County Historical Society. The speaker, Walter B. Grande, retired executive of Burlington Northern, will show slides and talk about early railroads in Clatsop County.

The announcement of this meeting set me to recalling my first train ride. I am sure many readers of my vintage have similar memories. I was four going on five, but I remember the trip clearly and hearing my parents' conversations in later years kept the details alive.

The year was 1909. My parents had struggled on a 160-acre farm in Kansas for the nine years of their marriage. Now because of the glowing accounts of free homestead land in Montana and the urging of relatives located near Glendive, my parents decided that was a chance to get ahead. So my father and my uncle chartered space on one of Jim Hill's immigrant trains that were moving settlers to the West by the thousands.

On a bitter cold day in March a boxcar for moving stock was switched to the siding in our small town of Mont Ida in eastern Kansas. The men, along with kind neighbors, worked all night loading a cow, a team of horses, pigs, chickens and as much farm equipment and household stuff as the shipping rules and space would allow, along with buckets to carry water to the animals at every water stop. Lastly, they had to stow their own clothing, bedrolls and food for the men could not travel with their families in the day coaches; they had to take care of the animals and protect their possessions.

At noon the next day, the long train from Kansas City, with immigrants already aboard, made a brief switch to hook onto our stock car. This barely gave my father time to hurry my mother, my nine-month-old brother and me with

all our baggage onto one of the passenger coaches. He turned one worn green velvet seat to face another, then raced back to the stock car. That double seat was our home for the next four days and

was warmer than we were.

The trip was rough and noisy as the train jerked and clanged at switching points. Inside the car was the quarreling of exhausted mothers, the crying of car-sick

grandparents of Norman and Bill Ritter and their sister, Jean Smith, left Kansas to settle in Kelso, Wash., settling a second time near Pasco, Wash. In 1909, Kristina Berney's mother, Esther Palmrose Pernu, at age 2, came with her mother and older brother through Ellis Island all the way from New York to the very end of the line, Holladay Station in south Seaside.

Then travel began to change. When Mary Mason left Kansas with her parents in 1922, they traveled in the family touring car with the back seat piled so high that little Mary and the dog bumped their heads on the top all the way to Portland. But the piano came by train.

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Vera Gault
For The Daily Astorian



three nights.

The day coach had flimsy walls and small dirty windows which were iced over most of the time. A pot-bellied stove at the farthest end of the car furnished the only heat. It was flanked by a stack of kindling on one side and a sack of coal on the other. The car was not crowded at first, but along the way, other families were hustled on, all laden with boxes of food and valises of clothing. The children usually dragged flour sacks bulging with towels, washrags, homemade soap and dildies (diapers), all for ready use.

The pot-bellied stove had two flat lids on top providing space for heating food. I was glad when it was our turn to go to the stove so I could get warm. My mother had prepared a good supply of bread and butter, fried chicken and navy beans, but those nearer the stove usually crowded in first, so we often ate our food cold while mother nursed the baby. We were glad when my father came to eat with us sometimes and to share the events of the inbetween times. Mother worried that he was cold in the stock car, but he said that with the heat of the animals and his bedroll deep in the hay, he

children and the morning retching of three women "in family way." Worst of all was the vile odor in the coach caused by unbathed humanity, burned beans and unwashed diapers hung on a line over the stove to dry so they could be pinned on again.

In St. Paul, my father's car was switched to another train, so he couldn't come to see us any more. I think my mother cried all the way to Glendive, where my father arrived two days after we did.

Well, so much for my first train ride. Thousands of families were on the move in those days, getting off at stations all along the line. Sam Churchill's father, "Big Sam," left Maine in 1902 and rode the train to St. Helens, then in 1911, with his wife, Caroline, came on to Astoria. Dorothy Churchill's parents traveled from Illinois and detrained in Mabton, Wash. The mother of Ethel Wicks and Ebba Wicks Brown came across Canada by train to Vancouver, B.C., then down to Kalama, Wash., across by boat train to Goble, then on to Astoria.

Many immigrants, including the Hildebrands and the Frickes, took the central route to San Francisco, then up to Astoria. The

The first passenger train from Portland to Clatsop County and the beaches arrived on May 16, 1898. Hundreds of exuberant passengers filled its 16 coaches, with crowds cheering at every stop. Fares were \$3 each, though later in fierce competition with steamer service, they dropped to 50 cents for the round trip and even for a brief time to 25 cents. Some people rode to Portland most every day.

In 1951 when the SP&S (Spokane, Portland and Seattle) Company announced plans to terminate passenger service, coastal residents were dismayed. A large group of concerned citizens traveled to Portland to protest the closure. When the railroad spokesman asked how many had made the trip by train only one hand went up. On Jan. 15, 1952, the last scheduled passenger train made its run into Clatsop County.

To hear more about railroads in Clatsop County, make reservations for the historical society luncheon at the Sunset Empire Room, 2813 Marine Drive, Astoria, March 18 at noon. Phone the Heritage Center, 325-2203.

Red Cross offers range of services

March is American Red Cross month. Our Clatsop County chapter, with others across the nation, has been marking the month with special events. One was the highly successful CPR training school on March 7 at Camp Rilea where 95 volunteers gathered to receive free instruction in lifesaving techniques.

Another special event was the open house held this week at chapter headquarters at the Carriage House on the grounds of Flavel Mansion. Linda Ornelas, chapter manager, and volunteers were on hand to welcome the guests and explain highlights of the organization. One area of information was that chapters everywhere carry on five major services.

Service to military families: The Red Cross assists active military personnel and their families with emergency communications and may make small emergency loans, also providing counseling services.

Disaster relief: The Red Cross is the primary voluntary disaster relief agency in the nation. Assistance covers immediate needs only. Since 1950, the National American Red Cross has provided \$137,718 in disaster assistance to residents of Clatsop County, such help coming when local funds were exhausted.

First Aid and CPR: The Red Cross is famous for its first aid assistance and for its instruction classes. The local chapter is always in need of more instructors. Training classes will be scheduled any time when at least eight candidates are available.

Water safety: Classes are taught at Sunset Pool in Seaside and at Tapiola Pool in Astoria. Programs progress from beginners to advanced techniques with classes for the handicapped.

Blood services: To meet the needs of patients in 74 hospitals in Western Oregon and southwest Washington, the Red Cross must gather an average of 545 units of blood per day. Our chapter participates by sponsoring bloodmobiles around the county — 18 last year, collecting 1,600 units of whole

blood from volunteer donors. This year so far, 12 bloodmobiles have collected 777 units. Eight more visits are scheduled.

Administering local programs is the executive committee with Jack

27, 1,502 members were signed up.

B.F. Stone, manager of Elmore Cannery, was elected president. Vice presidents were chosen to represent the various communities. Drs. R.J. Pilkington and J.A.

through the years note many persons who have helped the Red Cross give effective service to the area. A few of these are Mrs. F.H. Haradon, daughter of the Samuel Elmores, committee chairman, 1920; Ira Miller, treasurer, 1923; Bill Seeborg, membership chairman in 1931 and '38; John W. Halderman, chairman in 1935; Mrs. Vernon Fowler, 1941; Dr. Ed Harvey, drive chairman in 1944; Daniel Webster, chairman, 1972; Pat Barnum, 1978; and Obie O'Bryant, 1980. Edna Ohlmann and Janet Boyd were honored in 1981. In 1982, Jan Kalmbach, Luise Tetzlaff and Sue Casberg were credited with many accomplishments and the blood donor program received three regional awards.

Also in 1982, the local chapter faced one of its greatest challenges. Relief efforts required when a Youngs River flood control dike broke exhausted the funds budgeted for disaster relief, but volunteer help and money was gathered to assist the 30 members of 13 families who had to evacuate their homes. Later one of the victims said, "The Coast Guard helped, and so did the Red Cross. They were beautiful."

In another instance, the Red Cross took care of a family, which included six children from age 11 months to 6 years, when the home was burned. Since July 1, the local chapter has given assistance to five families whose homes burned at an expenditure of \$1,911, besides soliciting food, clothing and volunteer help.

Funds for carrying on local Red Cross programs are provided by the United Way drive, membership fees, memorial gifts and personal donations and by the fees charged for some of the training classes. At the present time, the Clatsop County Chapter has 58 certified instructors to give training in the wide range of lifesaving techniques.

"Clatsop County people are wonderful to help in our programs and emergencies," says Ornelas. "The more help we get, the more help we can give."

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Vera Gault
For The Daily Astorian



McRae as the very active chairman. Manager Ornelas says the chapter will miss him greatly when he leaves Astoria, but she has already alerted Tillamook that he is moving to their territory. Other executive members are Rachel Lundell, Waverlie Warila and Diana McAlpin.

The blood donor program is one of the most publicized of the Red Cross services. McRae and his executive committee administer this with the additional help of George Gunn and Martha MacDonald, health and safety services are headed by Mary Gabriel, Dick Ford, Doris Girard and Mary Blake.

The American Red Cross took root in 1904 when Clara Barton needed funds to care for Civil War wounded. She started selling memberships at \$1 each. I was amazed to learn that never during the intervening 83 years has the cost of membership risen. Clatsop County Chapter presently has 400 members.

The Astoria Chapter got its start on the afternoon of April 3, 1917. Mrs. E.M. Cherry and Miss Sadie Crang called a meeting at the Cherry home in the newly built Franklin Apartments. Within the week, they had 80 names on the membership roll. When permanent organization was completed on July

Fulton represented Astoria, along with Mrs. A.A. Finch and Mrs. W.F. McGregor. Seaside representatives were Sarah Middleton and L.L. Paget. George Warren, Warrenton; Mrs. Hurlburt and E.A. Taylor, Pacific Grange; Mrs. W.S. Kinney, Lewis and Clark; Mrs. J. Jameson, Jewell; and Mrs. K.F. Johnson, Youngs River.

The activity of the local chapter expanded dramatically during World War I. Henrietta Hobson Prael, daughter of Richard Hobson and early cousin of Marjorie Halderman, performed devoted service as chairman of military relief. Volunteers gathered sphagnum moss for surgical dressings and bushels of fruit pits for medicinal use. Bandages by the mile were cut and rolled.

The Great Depression in the 1930s imposed new duties on the Red Cross as it, along with other county agencies, administered relief programs such as WPA and CCC. In 1933, Miss Patricia Flavel gave the Flavel Mansion to Clatsop County to be used "for Public Philanthropic Enterprises," specifying the Red Cross as one of these. In the 1950s when the mansion became a museum, the Red Cross renovated the carriage house into attractive headquarters where its offices are today.

Minute of the local chapter

Riding the rails in Clatsop County

Railroading was big business in Clatsop County early in this century. That was the word brought by Walter B. Grande, guest speaker at last week's luncheon of the Clatsop County Historical Society.

Railroading history in this area began in 1889 when a line was being built from Portland through Hillsboro to Tillamook. The Seashore Railroad built from Youngs Bay to Seaside was intended to meet the other line at Hillsboro, but the plan was abandoned. Then in 1897, Andrew Benoni Hammond, Northwest lumberman, bought the Seashore line and connected it with the Northern Pacific at Goble, 40 miles downriver from Portland. He named it the Astoria & Columbia River Railroad. On May 16, 1898, Clatsop County held a rousing celebration when the first passenger train made the 122-mile trip from Portland to Seaside with hundreds of exuberant passengers filling its 16 coaches.

What a boon this new transportation was to the North Coast! Service soon expanded to six trains a day. Riders could take an early train to Portland, have breakfast in the dining car at tables set with fine linens and silver served by white-coated waiters, then enjoy a sumptuous dinner as they returned on one of the evening trains.

Heavy competition developed between river steamship passenger service and the railroad, with \$3 round-trip tickets dropping, for one brief period, to 25 cents as each company tried to win patrons from the other.

Competition also grew between the Portland-Seaside run and the Portland-Tillamook line. Flashy ads appeared extolling the scenic attractions of each. The Clatsop ads flaunted the beauty of the beaches and gave Astoria the dubious description, "that city in the romantic history of which the flags of Spain, France, Russia, Britain and America mingle, and over which Astor's men and Hudson's Bay wrangled." Tillamook people waxed poetic over their region as "the land of cheese, trees and ocean breeze."

During Mr. Grande's talk, he showed a slide of the Portland-

Seaside timetable. Fortunately, I later found a copy of the schedule in a volume at the Astoria Public Library, "Stations West," by Edwin D. Culp. It listed 58 stations, including flag stops, between Port-

land and Seaside with a travel time of a little less than five hours. The stations nearest our area were Knappa, Svensen, Burnside, Fern Hill, John Day, Tongue Point, Hume, Astoria and Sunnymeade, named for the nearby farm of Bethenia Owens-Adair.

Stations on to Seaside were Meriwether, Warrenton, Skipanon, Carnahan, West, Clatsop, Butterfield, Gearhart, Necanicum, Seaside and Holladay.

Train travel reached its heyday in 1915 when the Panama Canal opened, and San Francisco staged the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Grande showed slides of the competing ships built by the Great Northern and Northern Pacific Railroads at a cost of more than \$3 million each. Narrow and sleek, they were called the greyhounds of the Pacific as they raced from the new docks at Flavel, west of Warrenton, to San Francisco, reducing travel time to 26 hours.

By coincidence, my family and I traveled from San Francisco to Flavel on the Northern Pacific steamship in November 1915. My parents had harvested two or three good wheat crops on a tableland of eastern Montana, so they decided my brother and I should have the experience of travel. (He was 7 and I was 11.) So we set out for the World's Fair by taking the train in the little town of Lamberg. The train was three days late because

the crew had to shovel snowdrifts. In San Francisco, we had four days of sightseeing, then at noon on the fifth day, we boarded the ship bound for Flavel-Astoria. (We pronounced it Flay-vel.) Poor

retired in 1977." He went on to say with pride that no bad train wreck had ever occurred in the county, "but," he added, "there were plenty of minor derailments." These were caused chiefly by faulty switches and mudslides. Animals often obstructed the rails, especially the elk around Wauna.

Howell especially recalls the blackout rules during World War II, when the Coast Guard completely shut off all lights along the waterfront. "Can you imagine," he asked, "running a train filled with war materials and military personnel without headlight or even switchlights? I tell you it was eerie." (Mary Mason remembers that black shades had to be pulled down over windows as the night trains approached Tongue Point.)

Howell remembers one famous passenger who was as gracious as she was beautiful. That was Claudette Colbert, the actress who starred with Clark Gable in the movie, "It Happened One Night." In 1943, she came in on the train to be with her husband, a ship's doctor who was going out on one of the small flat-tops launched here. Howell made coffee for her while she waited in the depot for a staff car to pick her up. I suppose Clark Gable rode a train to Astoria, for in 1922, he was leading man in a theatrical stock company that put on plays at Walluski Grange Hall.

The train history that Howell likes best to remember took place on July 4, 1937, the day he married his Astoria High School sweetheart, Eileen L'Amie. She graduated in the Class of '36, and he in '37. After the ceremony was performed in the Presbyterian manse by the Rev. David Ferguson, the couple boarded the train for Bend, to go to Bud's railroad job there. They found the crew had decorated the rear end with flowers, bunting and a big "Just Married" sign. In the dining car, the bride and groom were treated to a royal wedding dinner served in high style complete with finger bowls.

"Oh, my," Lloyd Howell sighs happily at the memory. "I tell you that was a great day and a great train ride!"

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Vera Gault
For The Daily Astorian



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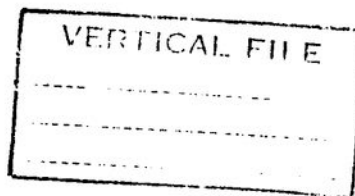
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mother soon became so violently seasick that she stayed in the cabin for the entire trip. My brother too was indisposed, but my father and I had a fine trip. Later he liked to tell my mother, with a twinkle in his eye, about the great meals we enjoyed. My chief recollection of Flavel was the crush of the crowd as we transferred hurriedly from the ship to the train waiting to take us to Portland.

When Mr. Grande was telling about trains, he said, "If you really want to know about trains, you should talk to Bud Howell. He knows more about trains than anyone." So after the meeting I went to see Lloyd "Bud" Howell, recovering from surgery, and his wife, Eileen, at their home near Astor School. What a delightful hour that was! Both are from longtime local families. His father, Ernest, was a railroader. Her father, Jack L'Amie, was plant superintendent for Columbia River Packers Association. Lloyd's sister, Ruth (Mrs. Lloyd) Halsan, lives on Lelf Erikson Drive. Daughter Linda (Mrs. Kenneth) Johnson, lives in Gearhart, and son Mike has migrated to Portland.

Reflecting on railroading, Howell said, "Glenn Davis of Warrenton and I are just about the only old-timers left. He was section foreman in Seaside and later in Astoria until he retired in 1984, and I was chief clerk at Astoria until I



Sale puts spotlight on library

Books, books, books — and magazines too. The Flag Room of the Astoria Public Library will be filled to overflowing Thursday, Friday and Saturday of next week. The event is the 14th annual used book sale sponsored by the Astor Library Friends Association.

Through the years, book lovers have looked forward to these sales to pick up a supply of good reading matter at little cost. Books displayed on the table will be priced at 25 cents each and magazines at 10 cents. Some special volumes will be found in the Flag Room shelves; they go to those persons who place the highest written bids. These often include sets of encyclopedias, classics of prose, poetry and history and sometimes attractively bound children's books.

Books for sale are donated by interested citizens, an excellent way to clear out one's home library, making the books useful to someone else. Donations of books are being welcomed at the library this weekend through Wednesday, so they can be ready for the sale which begins Thursday at 10 a.m. and continues on Friday and Saturday from 10 a.m. till 5:30 p.m. each day. The library magazines on sale are from before the year 1981 because the library retains for five years those magazines indexed in Reader's Guide, such as Popular Photography, Good Housekeeping and Yachting. Such magazines of more recent years are gladly accepted from donors for the sale.

Libraries have always been an important part of our culture, filling such needs as informational reading, recreational activity, source of research material and a location for discussion and meeting groups and art displays.

The first mention of a local library occurred in the Weekly Astorian, Dec. 8, 1877. The article stated: "The Good Templars Association met Monday evening to report the result of their labors in establishing a free library ...

measures were then taken to proceed with the work and soon we will have a long-needed necessity, a fine free library in a popular location accessible to all."

The newspaper went on to men-

brate 20 years in the new building. Bruce Berney came as its director in January 1967.

Throughout the years, the library has received faithful public support. In the 1890s, ladies gave elegant

counted by Muriel Simpson of Astoria. When she and her husband, Charles, then living in Monterey, Calif., were seeking an interesting community in which to retire, they narrowed the search to a half dozen places, then subscribed to the local newspapers. By reading The Daily Astorian, they became aware of the assets of this community, the frequent mention of Astoria's scenery, history and its up-to-date library.

It was a lucky day, 13 years ago, when the Simpsons arrived and immediately began to make their own contributions to the community. Charles, as a volunteer, supervised the installation of the communications systems at the city police/fire station complex being built at the time. Now he is chairman of the extensive restoration project going on at the century-old Grace Episcopal Church. Muriel immediately offered volunteer services to the library, where she served for several years on the board, as she had when they had lived in Kansas and California. Some of the most desirable books in next week's sale have been donated by the Simpsons.

ALFA is in charge of the three-day sale next week. Bill Reuter, retired high school instructor, is the new president. The Rev. William Arbaugh is vice president; Mary Stickney, secretary; and Barbara Wagner, treasurer. The last three are comparative newcomers to the community who immediately became active supporters of the library. Proceeds from the sale are used for library enrichment programs and new equipment, such as the microfilm reader-printer.

Chairman of the sale is library board member Donna Gustafson who, upon returning from vacation, is working energetically with volunteers to get the books in order. They are anticipating a flood of customers eager to get the best bargains when the sale opens at 10 a.m. Thursday morning.

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Vera Gault
For The Daily Astorian



tion an additional use for a library — that a public reading room would reduce drunkenness because drinkers could choose to spend their time reading. Apparently this prediction didn't happen, for six months later, a news item reported that the free reading room no longer existed. An open letter by E.C. Holden stated, "Billiard tables and other games have moved into the reading room and so changed the character of the institution that I as a Good Templar can no longer have any stock in the place."

Other events in the progress of the Astoria library system:

1892 — Incorporation of the association at \$3 per member. Reading room in the Page Building at 11th and Duane (present location of the chiropractic center across from City Hall.)

1905 — Moved to second floor of old City Hall (now the Clatsop County Heritage Center).

1934 — Moved to main floor, Elks Building.

1958 — Moved to Sheahan Building, 11th and Exchange (now the Astoria Senior Center).

1967 — Moved into present building on 10th Street between Duane and Exchange.

This October, ALFA will cele-

teas, asking a donation of one book as admission. The first tea recorded a list of 125 donors. Ladies of the Women's Christian Temperance Union organized a fair for the benefit of the library. Musicians of the town produced Gilbert and Sullivan's "Mikado" to the delight of a large crowd giving an ample contribution. A year later, alas, a news item reported that from then on, only the librarian would have access to the shelves because of "too much theft."

A good library is an asset to any community and the Astoria Public Library ranks high among those in towns of this size. Many visitors and newcomers express surprise and pleasure at finding such a comprehensive collection. Scholars doing research, especially in Northwest history, come from great distances to use its resources. The Whitney Genealogical Library, founded by generous contributions by Dorothy Whitney of Seaside and aided by annual donations from Tau Chapter of Delta Kappa Gamma, as well as other donors, is widely used by visitors researching their family roots. One such pair last summer came all the way from Georgia.

Speaking of the influence of a good library, one instance is re-

The mystery of Coxcomb Hill

Have you ever wondered about the origin of geographic names in our region? How did Saddle Mountain get its name, or what is the meaning of Walluski?

A man is coming to town next week who has answered these questions and more in his book "Oregon Geographic Names." He is Lewis A. McArthur, featured speaker at the April 15 luncheon meeting of the Clatsop County Historical Society. McArthur's volume identifies 2,000 place names in Oregon and is a best seller in Oregon markets and an essential research tool for students of Oregon history.

I had occasion to use the place names book last week as I have on many other occasions. I received a phone call from a downtown shop and a trusting voice said, "I have a tourist customer here who asked me why Coxcomb Hill was given such a name, and I know you can tell me." I couldn't, but my curiosity sent me scurrying to the public library and to the exact shelf where I've learned McArthur's book is placed.

I immediately located the item about Coxcomb Hill. I read that it is the highest point in Astoria located midway between the Columbia River and Youngs Bay and that it has an elevation of 595 feet with the Astoria Column at its crest adding another 125 feet. Then the author stated, "The compiler has been unable to learn who first applied the name."

Undaunted, I went to the index files. They led me to a wealth of information about Coxcomb Hill. I read that as early as 1898, a committee suggested building an observatory tower on the top, and James Welch offered to donate the land. John Chitwood, energetic supporter of many public affairs, wanted the county to build a vault in there for the safe storage of

historical and legal documents. Someone else suggested building a cemetery there in memory of Comcomly, the great Chinook chieftain who had befriended Lewis and Clark.

Astoria Daily Budget, Oct. 8, 1914. I sensed victory at last.

Apparently, as plans for the new city park were going forward, a controversy had developed over the selection of a name. Edward E.

and is part of the achievements of the historical archivists of two great nations. Let us then guard zealously the name of Coxcomb Hill."

After that eloquent plea, Mayor Gray continued to pursue the subject by saying in effect that those who wanted to give fitting honor to the respected name of Astor should build themselves another park somewhere else. Then the mayor closed his letter with the simple, blunt statement, "I do not like the name Astor Heights and Judge Bowlby endorses my views."

In 1914, Mayor Edward Gray and Judge J.Q.A. Bowlby were neighbors. Gray lived in the historic Fisher house on the corner of 12th and Grand streets now being restored by Ralph and Roberta Wirts, while the judge lived a half block away on the corner of 12th Street and Franklin Ave.

I can imagine that those two distinguished gentlemen carried on many animated conversations on the problems of park names and other civic matters. But somewhere along the channels of time, mediation between "factions" must have occurred; for now, 75 years later, we have Coxcomb Hill with the Astoria Column at its crest. Nearby is the replica of an Indian burial canoe honoring Chief Comcomly. Tourists visit the park by the thousands so it seems everybody's wish came true.

Now after all the fun I had doing my research, I must agree with Mr. McArthur's statement which I read in the beginning; we do not know the origin of the name Coxcomb.

Those who would like to hear Mr. McArthur at noon on Wednesday at the Pacific Room of the Astoria Red Lion Inn may make luncheon reservations by calling the Heritage Center, 325-2203 by Monday noon.

Then and Now

Vera Gault
For The Daily Astorian



In 1911, Chitwood hacked a trail up the hill. That led to talk about making the eminence a city park. But first, the city had to acquire the property. So, in 1914, the city fathers authorized purchase of 16 acres from the owners, James Welch and Simpson Lumber Co. at a cost of \$175 per acre. Five months later they bought 10 acres from Capt. G.W. Wood and his wife and jubilantly announced, "Now we own the hill." Yet, in February 1915, they bought four additional acres, making a total of 30 acres to be developed as a city park.

In 1916, the city acquired land for the access road leading from Niagara Street, and in June 1917, Chitwood and August Hildebrand, founder in 1905 of Hildebrand's Furniture, drove the first car to the top of Coxcomb Hill. A few exuberant citizens then wanted to establish a tourist campground up there.

Well, I was fascinated to read all this, but I still found no mention of the origin of the name of Coxcomb. Finally, a reference card with the note "E.E. Gray writes about the history of the name Coxcomb Hill," led me to the microfilm of the

Gray, mayor at the time, could maintain a neutral stance no longer, so he wrote an open letter which was printed in a full-length column on the front page of the Oct. 8 issue of the newspaper and extended to an inside page. In impassioned verbosity, Mayor Gray pleaded for the city council to retain the name Coxcomb Hill and not to submit to that faction who wished to name the new park Astor Heights.

Gray said he did not know the origin of the name Coxcomb Hill. He thought maybe Capt. Robert Gray who discovered the Columbia River might have named it, since the ridge above the river was long and narrow like a cock's comb, or maybe Lt. William Broughton of George Vancouver's Canadian expedition had named it while he was naming Tongue Point and Youngs Bay. Or maybe, Gray's letter continued, Lewis and Clark had named it, or Astor's men, or the Britishers of Fort George.

"At any rate," he went on, "this venerable name of Coxcomb has been on maps and mariners' charts since the 1840s and '50s. It is fixed there by the long process of history

Strangers in a strange land

Astorians are accustomed to seeing people from other countries and to hearing them speak in different languages. Usually they are dressed in western style and are a natural part of our street scene. But early in this century, some stood out. Their brown skin was accentuated by the white garments they wore and the white turbans wound around their heads.

These were Hindoo (Hindu) men. They had come all the way from their native India seeking a better life, or at least to earn money to send back home. Or maybe they were political refugees. They worked at Hammond's lumber mill and at Hume's cannery, both located along the river in Alderbrook. They lived in bleak little row houses belonging to their employers.

For one brief moment, the spotlight of Astoria's history was turned on them. On the back page of the Budget, Oct. 31, 1906, in a crowded column headed City Briefs, appeared this item: "Sunday Sing has died of consumption. He was found on the street in serious condition and taken to the hospital, where he was a county ward. Nothing is known of him except some Hindoos working at Hume's cannery visited him."

We could shed a tear for poor Sunday Sing. He was 10,000 miles from his sunny homeland dying from the dread lung disease then so prevalent in damp climates. But, at least in his last days, he had the compassionate care of the Sisters of Charity at St. Mary's Hospital, and he had friends.

The next day's paper added details, including the man's real name, Rauma Singh. When his countrymen learned of his death, the paper said, they immediately stopped their labors at the mill. When Coroner Max Pohl was requested by the men for the body of their friend for the burning of it on a pyre according to their religious

beliefs, the request was naturally refused.

But the Hindoos wanted all to be done in a proper and legal manner. They went to Peter Cherry, British vice-consul, whose home still stands

He repeated all the details of this extraordinary case, concluding, "I respectfully petition the court to issue an order in this matter."

Judge McBride's response was immediate and to the point. "I order

seven feet long and two feet high. The body, wrapped in a sheet, was placed on top. The cordwood was then extended to a height of 5 feet. The fire was started with pitch blocks and melted butter at nine o'clock and burned nearly all day.

At the start of the ritual, 10 persons were present. These included the Rev. William Short of Grace Episcopal Church and the Rev. W.S. Gilbert of the Presbyterian Church. Later in the day, the spot was visited by many curious people, but the Hindoos were not interfered with, and they paid little attention to the spectators.

At the end of the day, the friends, as they returned to their little shacks on the riverbank, must have had a good feeling because they had carried out their duties in a legal, proper and respectful manner.

So, too, the consul, the coroner, the doctor and the preachers, as they returned to their homes on the hill, must have had a warm feeling because they had carried out their duties legally, properly and respectfully.

Such nice people, all of them, doing their duty in kindness and consideration.

Then, on the back page of the next day's Budget, in the middle of a crowded column marked City Briefs, appeared this item: "The aftermath of the Hindoo cremation is not as pleasant as the affair itself, as a vulgar curiosity seeker has already dug up from the ashes of the pyre a portion of the skull and several bones of the body of the man who was cremated by his Hindoo countrymen."

...

Some Hindu workers continued in areas along the coast until 1947-49 when India severed ties with Great Britain. Then they chartered planes at Seattle and San Francisco and returned to their homeland.

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For The Daily Astorian



at 836 15th St. They sought his help because India was a part of the British Commonwealth and they therefore were British subjects. They explained they wanted to give their friend a proper burial. Cherry understood, for he had lived in India, so he went with them to see Coroner Pohl. Pohl was perfectly willing to grant their request if he received the proper legal papers. So the whole group journeyed to the office of Judge Thomas McBride.

In the judge's office, Cherry wrote a request for the Hindoos to sign, which read in part: "We the undersigned hereby ask you to surrender to us the remains of Rauma Singh for the purpose of disposing of same in accordance with the customs of his country and his religion, that he be burned on a pyre and his remains be converted to ashes."

The request was signed by three Hindoos. Then Consul Cherry followed with a formal petition to Coroner Pohl, "I most respectfully request that the above demand be granted."

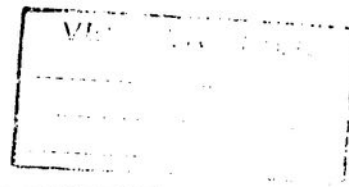
Now, Coroner Pohl, wanting all to be legal and proper, wrote a formal letter to Judge McBride who was sitting on the other side of the desk.

you to surrender the body of the deceased to his countrymen for cremation according to the rites of his and their religion."

The newspaper concluded that day's story. "As soon as the order of the court was received, the Hindoos took charge of the body and no one will be permitted to touch it or the pyre until the ashes of both are blown to the winds. After that, the men will return to their daily tasks and praise Allah that they are still faithful altho strangers in a foreign land."

In the next day's paper, Nov. 2, 1906, Rauma Singh rated headlines. The cremation, "the first ever solemnized in this country," had been held in the center of the deep forest above the bay near Williamsport. The ceremony, the paper said, had lacked the gruesomeness that had been anticipated. The Hindoos had gone about the matter as though performing a daily task.

The body had been taken to the scene by Coroner Pohl accompanied by City Physician Voss Mohn, then turned over to those who were to conduct the cremation. They had already constructed a pyre of cordwood three feet wide,



Names reflect region's history

We live in familiar surroundings and use familiar place names every day. Usually we take them for granted, but sometimes we wonder how such names ever got started.

Lewis L. McArthur, speaker at the April luncheon of the Clatsop County Historical Society, whetted interest in the origin of geographic names and the sources from which they came. He explained that Oregon names can be traced to the Indian period; early exploration; the pioneer period, often using names of settlers; Indian wars and mining days; the homestead era from 1875 to 1925; and the modern period of made-up names usually attached to new real estate developments.

McArthur is the author and compiler of the new fifth edition of the book, *Oregon Geographic Names*, which his father, Lewis A. McArthur, developed in 1928. This latest edition contains more than 5,000 place names in Oregon, more than doubling the number contained in the first edition. Of this most recent number, 124 Clatsop County place names are listed.

From the book *Oregon Geographic Names*, I have chosen descriptions of some of the local names which may offer most interest. These are not direct quotations. In some instances, I have shortened the accounts; in others I've added an item or two that I ran across elsewhere. I shall not dwell on the name of Astoria, for most everyone knows it was named for John Jacob Astor, New York fur merchant whose men established the first trading post west of the Rockies. However, for the benefit of some newcomers, I'll start with Clatsop County.

Clatsop County: The Clatsop Indians were a tribe belonging to the Chinook nation. Their area was on the south side of the Columbia River from the ocean to Tongue Point and south to Tillamook Head. Their most numerous camps were situated around Tongue Point, on the south side of Youngs Bay where the airport now stands and at the confluence of the rivers in the Seaside area.

Tongue Point: Lt. William Broughton of Capt. George Vancouver's Canadian expedition, brought his armed tender, the *Chathan*, into the river on Oct. 22, 1792, and noted "a remarkable

Vernonia, reached from Astoria by traveling Highway 202 about 60 miles southeast into Columbia County, was first settled in 1876 by two pioneers from Ohio, Judson Weed and Ozias Cherrington. When

Columbia, they were attacked by hostile Indians who robbed them, even taking their clothes. They were rescued by Robert Stuart's party which was descending the Columbia. Now his name is perpetuated by two Oregon rivers, the John Day Dam east of The Dalles, and the towns of John Day and Dayville in Central Oregon.

Bradley Hill: The name came from the Bradley-Woodard Lumber Co., incorporated in 1930. A small river port developed around the mill, which was called Bradwood, a combination of the names of its owners. The location is 20 miles east of Astoria on Highway 30. Its elevation is a few feet higher than Coxcomb Hill, so when road conditions seem risky, travelers do well to ask, "How's the road on Bradley Hill?"

I can't end this listing without adding a name which is less familiar. Did you know that Clatsop and Tillamook counties share God's Valley? It lies east and south of North Fork Nehalem River. Many years ago, John Hunt and E.K. Scovell, elk hunters badly in need of food, followed a trail over the ridge and down into an unknown valley, where they shot several elk. "What shall we call this valley?" one of them asked. To which the other replied, "We needed meat and God led us here, so let's call it God's Valley."

...

Suggested name changes or names for unnamed geographic locations are presented to the Oregon Geographic Names Board before being officially adopted. Bruce Berney, director of the Astoria Public Library, is a member of the state board. He invites residents to come to the library to make use of McArthur's book, which is a publication of the Oregon Historical Society. The book may also be purchased at Flavel House Museum and at local bookstores.

...

We'll list more place names in a later column.

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projecting point that obtained the name of Tongue Point on the southern shore, appearing like an island."

Youngs River: On the same day that Lt. Broughton spotted Tongue Point, Oct. 22, 1792, he also explored Youngs River and Youngs Bay. He named them for Sir George Young (1732-1810) who became an admiral in the Royal Navy. The river is a short stream, rising on the northeast slope of Saddle Mountain.

Smith Point: Named for Samuel C. Smith who took a donation land claim which included what is now the most western point of Astoria. Many fine homes are built around its crest. Highway 30 meets Highway 101 at its base. During the years, common usage has sometimes referred to it as Smith's Point. The Lewis book omits the apostrophe and s.

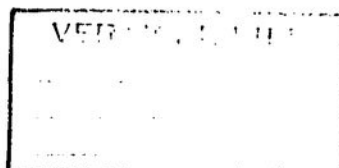
Smith Lake: This lake is south of Astoria on the west side of the highway on the way to Seaside. Solomon Smith was first employed by Dr. John McLoughlin to teach school at Fort Vancouver. When he settled in Clatsop Plains, he married Celiast, daughter of the Clatsop Chief Coboway. Together they started the first school on the north coast. Smith, one of the organizers of the provisional government, died in 1891.

Vernonia: The community of

the time came to name their settlement, Cherrington chose the name of his daughter, Vernona, back in Ohio. When the post office was established on Jan. 11, 1878, with David F. Baker as postmaster, the sign read Vernonia, so the name was not exactly that of the daughter, after all. Cherrington never saw his daughter again after coming West. He was killed in a haying accident on Sauvie Island in 1894.

Jewell: This community in Clatsop County was named by its first postmaster, W.H. Kirkpatrick, who opened the post office in 1874. He chose the name to honor Marshall Jewell, U.S. postmaster general from 1874 to 1876.

John Day River: Two rivers in Oregon bear the name John Day, one in Central Oregon and one in Clatsop County east of Astoria. Both were named for John Day, a member of Astor's overland party with Wilson Price Hunt in charge as they sought to open an overland trail to the Pacific Coast. Day was a Virginia backwoodsman. He, with a companion, got lost from the Hunt party in the winter of 1811-12 and suffered untold hardships crossing the Blue Mountains. Friendly Walla Walla Indians rescued them and set them on their way down the Columbia River. When they reached the point where the Clatsop County John Day River flows into the



Headstones reveal old stories

I had not been aware of the Lewis and Clark cemetery until I went to the Astoria Garden center on Niagara Street before Christmas. There the Madsens told me about a meeting to be held to form a cemetery association. They explained that the land had been donated almost a hundred years ago by John W. Reith. Now his son, 68-year-old John H. Reith, who had been directing affairs of the cemetery for years, had decided he must relinquish the responsibility.

Then a couple of weeks ago, a phone call came from Betty Dybvik. As we talked about her genealogical interests, she mentioned that there were more than 1,000 graves in the Lewis and Clark cemetery, the location of which I didn't even know. Naturally my curiosity was whetted and out I went to find the spot.

I located the entrance, a little road on a sharp turn to the left, just past the Reith home. I've traveled that road dozens of times but had never noted that turnoff. I suppose my attention has always been focused on the Reiths' impressive Victorian house which I have admired for years.

There at the top of the steep little road lay the cemetery. I was amazed at its expanse, hundreds of gravestones and markers, some imposing, others fallen over, some so weather-worn that inscriptions were obscure, others bright and shiny.

The air was sharp and chill. The ground was spongy with moss and rain, and dried blackberry thorns lying flat caught at my feet. But the view was awesome. The Lewis and Clark valley with its dikes and the river lay below, while fat, black cows grazed quietly in the brilliant green pasture alongside. What an idyllic spot.

At some of the graves I found evidence of plantings that had once been made, a struggling heather, a

clump of scilla. Dandelions bloomed here and there, and a few wisps of Scotchbroom.

Weather-beaten artificial bouquets were being blown around on the brown grass that at some time

start a dairy farm perhaps where they raised their children and grew old together?

Another stone bore the name and inscription "Arne Jokl, 1896-1965, Oregon Coast Guard Artillery,

poetic farewell: "Alice A. Carter, Died Nov. 10, 1905, Aged 31 years, 6 mos. Like a flower she passed away, destroyed in all her bloom. She left this world and all her friends to molder in her tomb."

Prominent on the hill is the splendid red granite stone of the Reith family engraved with Masonic symbols. There is the name of John W. Reith, (1856-1950) and wife Emma (1855-1933). He gave the land for the cemetery and had it platted in 1896. His son's name, John H. Reith, is there with only his birthdate, 1897, as John still lives in the family home across the road. He is the only one of seven children who stayed to take over the family farm and dairy operations and to follow his father's profession in building dikes. Both he and his father were known as the expert dike builders of the lower Columbia. John's wife's name, Helen Gronholm Reith, is on the stone with dates, 1900-1982. With her resting in such a lovely spot just across the road, it must seem that she never left home.

Just as I was leaving the quiet hilltop, a car parked and an elderly couple walked over to a gravesite to do some cleaning and to bring alive again loving memories of earlier days.

The newly formed Lewis and Clark Cemetery Association and the Netel Grange with Jorgen Madsen heading up both groups, have scheduled a clean-up day at the cemetery at 10 a.m. this Sunday. All are invited to bring rakes and other garden tools to join in the work and the potluck dinner to follow at 1 p.m. at the Grange Hall. A Memorial Day service will be held at the cemetery on May 24 at 2 p.m. Madsen says that in early days, folks used to keep the grounds beautiful and have picnics there and that can happen again.

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For The Daily Astorian



had been slashed down. The oldest grave, genealogist Liisa Penner tells me, was dug in 1880. A few burials still take place there each year.

As one browses in a cemetery, so many thoughts come to mind. Behind every name on every stone lies a lifetime. As I read, I could only guess at the stories. One of the oldest birthdates I happened to find was that of David Heckard, 1840-1891. Several other Heckard stones were nearby. Had they maybe come by boat to this peaceful valley?

On another plot, a handsome stone was centered with the name Boudreau and the insignia of the Odd Fellows Lodge. A headstone, badly weathered, said, "Abbie, wife of Napoleon Boudreau, b June 20, 1896; d July 18, 1917; in memory of my beloved wife..." followed by some terms of endearment that I couldn't decipher. Next to Abbie's stone I found a small slab, "Norman Napoleon Boudreau, b and d June 3, 1917." One can sense the grief behind those simple statements.

Then there was "Kersten Olson, mother, 1845-1935" and "Lars Olson, father, 1811-1918." Did they make a clearing in the valley to

WWI." So young when he went to war. But, at least, he came back.

The Harder family stone had several headstones clustered around it. The earliest birthdate I found in the cemetery was Carl F. Harder's, 1838. Next was Louis Harder, born 1847. The most recent burial date for the family was that of Arthur Harder, 1872-1974. Close by was the imposing stone of the Ellason family. It recorded "Father, 1861-1931" and "Mother, 1863-1930." They died within only a few months of each other.

Then there were markers indicating that persons far from home had found their last rest in this peaceful spot. Two names suggest Japanese ancestry, "Shinichi Nakamura, died 1938," with the notation, "By Soko GloGyo Club." The other name, K. Kawamura, was followed by a vertical inscription in Japanese symbols. What had brought them to this peaceful valley? Maybe to work on dairy farms or help build the dikes? Another inscription indicated foreign origin, "Ilans F. Bruhn, Born in Schleswig Holstein, Sept. 21, 1812; died June 5, 1906. Gone but not forgotten."

One stone was embellished with a

Canoe pays tribute to chief

At the top of Coxcomb Hill near the Astoria Column stands a seven-ton rock in which is carved the name Comcomly. On the frame above the rock rests the replica of an Indian burial canoe.

When families visit this park, the first thing the children do is to scamper up the 165 steps of the column to wave to their parents below. The second thing they do is scramble up the framework of the canoe to see if there is a body inside. There isn't now, and there never was, but the canoe is an authentic symbol of history.

The legend of one side of the frame reads: "Comcomly — 1765-1830. Great Chief of the Chinook Nation. Known to Lewis and Clark. Honored and Respected by the Founding Astorians, the Northwesters, and Hudson's Bay Furtraders."

The canoe, dedicated in 1961 as a memorial to Chief Comcomly, is much like the one in which he was buried; for it was the custom of the Indians to wrap the body in blankets and place it in a canoe raised above ground level on posts and facing west.

Comcomly was the chieftain of the Chinook nation which was made up of the several tribes speaking dialects of the Chinook language. In general, they occupied the territory on either side of the lower Columbia River ranging from Shoalwater Bay north of the Long Beach Peninsula south to Neahkahnie Mountain and inland to Wishram, Wash., and across the river south to Wasco.

Headquarters for the Chinooks were across the river from Astoria at the present town of Chinook, Wash. From there, Comcomly reigned over his subjects, estimated at the time of Lewis and Clark to number about 10,000 in the immediate area and 16,000 over all. With royal skill, he kept his tribes living in comparative peace and prosperity. Inland Indians came from as far east as the Dakotas to trade for the Chinooks' salmon and furs.

The tribe that we feel closest to was the Clatsops with Coboway as their chief. They lived on the south side of the Columbia River. Their

most numerous camps were set up around Tongue Point, on the south shore of Youngs Bay where the airport is now, and at the confluence of rivers in the Seaside area. Their tribal name is perpetu-

Still another daughter, El-lo-wa-ka, married in her tribe and died in 1861 at Ilwaco, Wash., the town that bears her name. Another daughter married Thomas McKay, the son of Alexander

fashioned by Tostum, the last chief of the Clatsops, and given to Burnell Bell's grandfather in 1853. He passed it along to Bell's mother, Polly McKean Bell, who died in 1964. Tom Dyer, son of Joseph Dyer, did the drafting for the replica while he was an engineering student at Stanford, using the scale of one foot per inch. Rolf Klep, nationally known artist and founder of the Columbia River Maritime Museum, made the drawing for the artwork from the symbols on the model.

Construction of the memorial then proceeded on a non-profit basis with many donating time and skills. City employees Dan Brownson and Larry Snider installed the base. Denny Thompson, of Astoria Granite Works, did the engraving. Joe Dyer and Astoria Marine Construction Co. built the frame. Materials and parts were transported by Bob Larson and Crown Zellerbach. Finally, local artisan Gene Ettro laid three coats of concrete over the steel mesh canoe frame. Thus the memorial canoe became a real community tribute to a great chief. Bell, who initiated the project, died in 1968.

At the dedication ceremony, Comcomly's family and the Chinook people were represented by J. Grant Elliott of Skamokawa, Wash., a descendant through the line of Comcomly's daughter, Princess Margaret. Ten years later, at the time of the burial, Elliott's daughter, Jean Elliott Wakefield of Portland, wrote an open letter to The Daily Astorian, (Aug. 6, 1971) describing her grandfather four generations back as "a king, a leader, the first bar pilot and a grandfather who wanted better things for his grandchildren so much that he sent them away to school."

This, in brief, is the story of the Chinook Chief Comcomly, an essential figure in Northwest history. The symbolic burial canoe on the crest of Coxcomb Hill is a tribute to him and to the Chinook Nation whose burial canoes always faced the Pacific Ocean from whence came the life-sustaining salmon runs.

Then and Now

Vera Gault
For The Daily Astorian



ated in the name of our Clatsop County, Fort Clatsop National Monument, Clatsop Community College and Clatsop Plains.

Chief Comcomly, though his headquarters were across the river, was close to the Clatsop tribe. His eldest daughter, Ilchee, married Duncan McDougall, factor at Fort Astoria. Comcomly was proud of his son-in-law until one day when he rowed across the river he found McDougall hoeing potatoes. Angriely the chief returned to his tribesmen proclaiming that Ilchee had married a squaw.

Another daughter, Princess Raven, married Archibald MacDonald, a later factor at the fort. Their son, Ranald was sent to school at Fort Vancouver then on to Montreal. At age 24, he became the first teacher of English in Japan, thus enabling Commodore Perry to open trade with Japan in 1854.

A third daughter, Princess Margaret, Kau-at-lau, married Louis Rondeau, a Hudson's Bay trapper. Their daughter, Mary, educated at Fort Vancouver, married Rocque Duchenev, both names well-known in early settlements on both sides of the river and in the Willamette Valley. A descendant of the Duchenev family lived in Astoria at 697 38th St. until his death in 1970. He was Joseph Howe Elliott, professional snag and salvage diver until his later years when he made money for fishermen.

McKay, Astor partner who perished with the Tonquin. Thomas McKay was a Hudson's Bay employee.

Chief Comcomly died in 1830 at age 65. He was the victim of a plague which swept through the tribes. Some say it was smallpox; others claim it was a form of malaria. At least 80 percent of the Indian population succumbed to the fever. It is believed the chief's body was brought across the river for burial, probably in the woods near the fort.

Sometime later, a Dr. Meredith Gairdner, surgeon employed by Hudson's Bay Co., invaded the burial spot in the dark of night, severed the head and sent it to England as a medical curiosity because it had been flattened according to Indian custom as a mark of aristocracy. It was displayed in the Hasler Royal Naval Hospital Museum for 114 years. In 1953, through the efforts of Burnby Bell, local historian, and the Clatsop County Historical Society, it was returned to Astoria and displayed in the Flavel House Museum until 1971. It was then returned to his native land across the river, where Chinook descendants quietly buried it in the Ilwaco Cemetery.

The memorial canoe near the Astoria Column was dedicated in 1961 as a feature of Astoria's sesquicentennial year. The model from which the replica was made was a hand-carved 26-inch canoe

Day dedicated to bawdy maid

Saturday is Jane Barnes Day in Astoria. The celebration begins at 10 a.m. when the Coast Guard Air Station opens its doors for public tours and the ladies stage a bazaar. The day hits a high point at noon with a flag-raising ceremony at Fort Astoria, 15th and Exchange streets. There the British flag will be hoisted alongside the Stars and Stripes recalling the 32 years it flew there after Fort Astoria became Fort George in 1814 until the 49th parallel was established in 1846.

The gala day will end with the crowning of Miss Jane Barnes. Barmaids of Astoria, Warrenton and Hammond are selling \$1 festival buttons. The maid who sells the greatest number will be crowned at midnight at the Elks Lodge.

Between noon and midnight will be a parade, walking tours of historic downtown Astoria, ice cream social by the "Temperance League" at the Methodist Church where documentaries of early Astoria will be shown (from 6-8 p.m.) and tavern tours of Astoria, Warrenton and Hammond with free shuttle bus service from 7:30 to 10:30 for those wearing festival buttons. The celebration is a project of the Clatsop County Historical Society, so follow the program and have fun.

Who is Jane Barnes, many will wonder, and why does she have her own day? In 1813, Jane Barnes was a lively, 18-year-old barmaid in the English seaport of Portsmouth. She had blue eyes, golden hair and a "comely figure." Kenneth Foster, writing in the June 1930 issue of the Oregon Historical Quarterly, observed that "the character of Jane Barnes may be described as much more interesting than inspirational."

At any rate, the beautiful Jane caught the fancy of the aging, portly Donald McTavish, about to sail on the Isaac Todd to take charge of Fort George, the newly acquired trading post at the mouth of the Columbia River. McTavish had provided for the long, tedious journey by "stocking bottled porter, excellent cheese and prime, tinned English beef." Now he added Jane Barnes to supply all the comforts of home.

Jane was signed on as the ship's seamstress "to do any needlework that may be necessary on the passage or elsewhere." He evidently gave her ship's credit to go shopping for "necessary articles of

protectors, for while going from the fort out to the Isaac Todd, Donald McTavish, Alexander Henry and all boatmen but one were drowned when their boat capsized. The body of McTavish washed ashore two

beauty. At appropriate times, she arranged herself prettily to scan any old newspaper at hand, but a clerk observed that she often held the paper upside down.

The men at the fort could see that keeping Jane meant trouble. In fact, when officials of the North West Fur Company in Montreal heard there was a white woman at Fort George, they were aghast. They sent word to put that woman on the next ship going out, no matter what its destination. Accordingly, Jane left in August on the ship Columbia or in September on the Isaac Todd (the records are not clear as both ships were bound for China). Two years later, the agency in Portsmouth sent a letter to the fur company in Montreal "regarding Jane Barnes." It deals with "to whom should the very heavy expense of her passage be charged" and "the poor woman further desires to know where and to whom she is to apply for the annuity promised her."

Through the years Jane Barnes has received a surprising amount of attention from numerous historians considering that she graced these shores for no more than six months 173 years ago. But such is the stuff of history.

When preparation for Jane Barnes Day began last February, Bruce Berney, committee member, wrote to the mayor of Portsmouth, England, sending literature telling the story of Jane and Astoria's plans for the festival. The letter of response and greeting will be read by City Council Chairman Willis Van Dusen at tomorrow's flag raising. An attractive booklet depicting the town of Portsmouth, which received its charter from King Richard I in 1191, was enclosed and may be seen at the Astoria Public Library.

A cover letter accompanying the mayor's letter on the booklet reads in part, "It is always good to hear from our friends across the Atlantic, and I was very interested to learn something about a former Portsmouthian who obviously caused quite a stir on her visit to your shores... I have no doubt your celebration will be a success." (signed) Miss Marie, Councillor, Guildhall, Portsmouth.

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Vera Gault
For The Daily Astorian



clothing suitable for the country," and he promised "to procure her a passage home when suitable to both parties." By now, we may deduce that Miss Barnes was a young lady with a fair amount of courage to brave the dangers of sea, war and unknown land with a benefactor whom she had met only four days earlier.

After a voyage of 13 months, some of which were spent seeing the sights of San Francisco, the Isaac Todd entered the Columbia River on April 17, 1814, with McTavish ready to take regal command of Fort George. Then to the wonderment of all eyes on shore, who should disembark with him but the flaxen-haired Jane, wearing ruffled skirts and a hat with plumes. She thus became the first white woman to set foot in Astoria, 30 years before the arrival of the proper wives of the pioneers.

Within a few days, for whatever reason, McTavish arranged for Jane to live on shore under the protection of Alexander Henry Jr., official at the fort. This new arrangement went into effect on Sunday when "the longboat came with Jane, bag and baggage, and at about sunset, the jollyboat took Mr. D. McTavish back on board alone."

On May 17, the account relates, McTavish proceeded to temper his loneliness by taking on shipboard a Chinook Indian woman, whom he clothed "in fine black broadcloth which cost 23 shillings a yard."

Then, less than a week later, both women were deprived of their

days later and was buried in "the northeast corner of the grounds of the Fort" probably about where the Heritage Center is now, at the corner of 16th and Exchange streets. The worn, gray headstone, moved several times as the area expanded, is now an artifact at the Heritage Center, museum of the Clatsop County Historical Society.

During the summer, Jane Barnes doubtless had many offers of protection. One admirer, mesmerized by her blond beauty, came from across the river. He was the son of Chief Comcomly, Cassakas, crown prince of the Chinook nation. He had often watched Jane on her daily strolls along the river bank, dressed in the finery she had bought before leaving Portsmouth. So Cassakas came courting one day, his head arrayed with eagle feathers, his body glistening with red paint and whale oil. His princely offer was that if she would become his wife, he would make her mistress over his four other wives, would never ask her to carry wood or water or to dig for roots and she would always have an abundance of fat salmon to eat. Jane rejected this royal proposal several times before Cassakas angrily retreated to his own side of the river.

The summer may have grown tedious for Jane. Her daily walks along the river, elegant in her ribbons and ruffles, were restricted because of a rumor that Indians were planning to kidnap her. She sought to impress the men at the fort with her intellect as well as her

Indian woman wins acclaim

Last week the community gave lighthearted attention to the venturesome Jane Barnes. This week we turn another page in history to a woman who made a more sobering imprint upon the early days of this area. Madame Dorion, an Indian woman, lived in these parts at the time of Jane Barnes' sojourn. In fact, they probably knew each other.

In 1810-11, when John Jacob Astor sent his ship the Tonquin around Cape Horn to set up a fur trading post on the Pacific Coast, he also sent a party overland to determine the better route.

The overland party, headed by Wilson Price Hunt, was such a disaster that little has been written about it. If reports had been published, as were those of Lewis and Clark, Madame Dorion would doubtless have become as well-known as Sacajawea.

When Hunt's expedition was assembled in St. Louis, Pierre Dorion, a French Canadian, was recruited as interpreter. Like Lewis and Clark's interpreter, Charboneau, Dorion insisted on bringing his Indian wife with him. Marie Dorion was of the Iowa tribe, many of whom had migrated to the St. Louis area.

The trip, with inexperienced leaders, was badly managed. Reports touch on many hardships, but interspersed throughout are brief mentions of the helpfulness of Marie Dorion. She skinned the game the men caught; she sewed the hides into clothing, and administered medicines from herbs and roots. Besides that, she took care of their two little boys, ages 2 and 4. Besides all that, Marie was pregnant. But never a word of complaint is mentioned as she endured the hardships of the trip.

The party had left St. Louis late in the summer. After several delays along the way, they found

themselves in the Grand Tetons of Wyoming in midwinter. Pierre traded the old horse he was riding for a buffalo robe to keep his little family from freezing. On Dec. 30, near present-day Baker, Ore.,

snow for 2½ months. She killed their one horse for food and used the skin to cover the boys. Finally, at mid-March, Marie dared to venture out. She left the boys in the hut and found her way down the

older sons, Baptiste and Paul, who had suffered so much with their mother, became well-known guides and trappers, ranging all the way from the Pacific Ocean to the Missouri River. Paul is often mentioned as guiding distinguished mapping parties.

Marie Dorion progressed with the times. She became a highly respected member of the community north of Salem, now known as St. Paul and St. Louis. So generous and helpful was she that her neighbors gave her the title of Madame Toupin or Madame Dorion. She died in 1850 at the age of 66 and was buried in the churchyard of the original log church of the Catholic mission at St. Louis, an honor reserved for only the most highly respected members of the parish.

The history of Madame Dorion and her family is preserved in the church records by the entries of their births, baptisms, marriages, and deaths. Many were signed by Father Blanchet, later bishop of the Portland Diocese, and by Father Demers, early Northwest missionary.

Madame Dorion has been honored by the placement of a bronze plaque at her church and at the Vista House on the old Columbia River Highway. She was mentioned in the works of historians Washington Irving, Francis Parkman, Gabriel Franchiere, in the diary of Narcissa Whitman and by T.C. Elliot, well-known historian of Walla Walla, who lived across the street from my parental home when I was a student at Whitman College.

So the name of Marie Dorion lives in our history. She was courageous, resourceful, patient and devout, the only Indian woman known to be honored with the title of madame, bestowed by respectful, appreciative neighbors and historians.

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Then and Now

Vera Gault
For The Daily Astorian



Marie gave birth to a daughter. Seven days later, the baby died and was buried somewhere in the Blue Mountains.

A month later, in February 1812, the party straggled into Fort Astoria, more dead than alive. The Dorions lived here until the summer of 1813. During those months, Dorion worked for Astor's men, hunting and trapping all over the coastal and mountain regions, always taking his wife and sons with him. When they were at the fort, Marie worked as cook and dressed pelts. She was often helpful in dealing with the Indians.

In the fall of 1813, Pierre Dorion was one of four trappers sent to the Boise, Idaho, area. Marie and the boys went with him. They built brush huts for shelter while the men went hunting. Indians of the region were incensed at their encroachment. One day the men did not return. When Marie went out searching, she found her husband and the others scalped and dismembered.

Fearful that the marauders would find them as well, Marie and the boys hid in a brush hut banked by

Blue Mountains to a camp of the Walla Walla tribe.

They retraced her steps, which was not hard to do, for, in her weakened condition, Marie had crawled the last few miles. The children were in a stupor of hunger and chill, but they were alive. The Walla Wallas placed the little family on a raft and took them downriver to Fort Astoria, where all were amazed at their survival. Marie Dorion thus became a legend among the mountain men and fur traders.

Marie and the boys lived at Fort Astoria, later Fort George, until she remarried and moved to the area of St. Paul, near Salem. Her husband was a French Canadian, Jean Baptiste Toupin. He was one of those who testified at the Whitman massacre trials held in Salem.

Marie and Jean Toupin (his name became familiarized to John Torpin) had a daughter, Marie Anne, and a son, Jean Toupin (John Torpin). Descendants are still living in Southern Oregon. Daughter Marie married David Gervais, for whose family the town of Gervais north of Salem was named. The two

Unusual names dot county map

Judging from the response to the column on geographic names which appeared here a few weeks ago, many readers are interested in the origin of the familiar names in Clatsop County. Some asked, "Why didn't you mention our community?"

Here, then, is the history of additional place names that we hear frequently. Much of this information is taken from the book, *Oregon Geographic Names*, by Lewis L. McArthur. His book is available for use at the Astoria Library or for purchase at local bookstores. A few details I have added from other sources.

Walluski River: This is a tributary of Youngs River, entering the river near the Lee dairy farm. It was named for a small tribe of Chinook Indians who lived along its banks east of Tongue Point.

Wauna: The name comes from an lore representing the Spirit of the River. In the early years of this century, it was a lumber mill town on the banks of the Columbia. Its post office was established Jan. 21, 1911, with James Pollock as postmaster. Later, it became part of the Clatskanie postal service. Now the former townsite is the location of one of the West's largest pulp and paper mills, operated by James River Corp. The mill has 1,000 employees and is undergoing plant expansion.

Saddle Mountain: This peak was given its descriptive name in 1841 because of the outline of a saddle that it casts upon the horizon. It is the highest peak in the northern coast range, rising to an elevation of 3,282 feet. Indians had a legend that one of their great chiefs, after being killed by enemies, took up his abode on the mountain in the form of a powerful eagle, creating thunder and lightning.

Svensen: The community east of Astoria was named for Peter Svensen, a seafaring man who settled with his family on the bank of the Columbia. They built a dock and a general store and delivered freight

brought in by boat to settlers inland. Mary Riddle, a Svensen pioneer, wrote in her diary, "Last Saturday, June 7, 1884, was the first time a team and wagon was ever driven to our place. Over five years

with the Anglo-Saxon word *mead*, meaning meadow, gave this community its name.

Fort Stevens: Isaac Ingalls Stevens was governor of Washington Territory 1853-58, then delegate

and shortened to Seaside on March 29, 1882.

Cannon Beach: This resort town and cultural center (pop. 1,250, 1980 census), is located at the south end of Clatsop County. On July 1, 1846, the U.S. Navy schooner *Shark* arrived to survey the Oregon coast. Two months later, while attempting to cross the Columbia River bar, the *Shark* was wrecked. Debris including a small iron cannon drifted ashore south of Tillamook Head. The cannon, now displayed at a highway marker on Highway 101, gave the location its present name. The first post office was established May 9, 1891, and closed in 1901.

The office was re-opened in 1910 with the name *Ecola*. Capt. William Clark in 1806 had given the name *Ecola* (meaning whale) to the small stream now known as Elk Creek. The re-opened post office took the name *Ecola* with Lester E. Bill as postmaster. But the mail of *Ecola* was often confused with the mail of *Eola*, south of McMinnville. So the U.S. Post Office took a hand and the name was changed to Cannon Beach on May 25, 1922, with Eugene Lamphere as postmaster.

Now for a Clatsop County name you may or may not have heard of, Dog Thief Point overlooks the Sunset Highway about seven miles east of Elsie. It is near the old Tualatin Plains Military Road of 1855. A few years ago, Henry Reiersen, a longtime resident of the area, stated that about 1900, two men from Astoria were walking east over the military road. They stopped for the night at Joe Lynch's place near Elsie. After they left the following morning, Lynch missed his shepherd dog. He gave chase and later found the men with his dog camped in a leanto on the mountain. Lynch, taking his dog back with him, proclaimed the hill should be called Dog Thief Mountain.

And so another unusual name was added to the roster of unusual Oregon geographic names.

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For The Daily Astorian



we have been without a road to our house — and a woman as the first to drive a team in here. Mrs. Svensen came to haul in our stuff that we had gotten in Astoria." Moses and Mary Riddle lived two miles straight south of Svensen store at the end of what is now called Market Road, one of the main roads of the Svensen community.

Burnside: A settlement named for David Burnside, an Irish immigrant who took up a land claim east of Astoria in 1855. Mary's Creek, crossed by Highway 30, was named for his wife.

Knappa: A well-developed community in east Clatsop County was named for Aaron Knapp who settled there in the 1870s. Its first location was along the river with a dock for freight and passengers, a store to serve ships and loggers, a bank, a hotel and a few houses. When the railroad arrived in 1898, a depot was added. Now all that remain are some rotting timbers and the concrete vault of the bank mostly obscured by brush and vines.

Brownmead: In the Burnside-Knappa locale, this community was developed on the bank of the Columbia River as the result of diking and reclamation carried on by W.G. Brown, well-known engineer of Portland. His name coupled

to Congress 1857-61. He did much surveying of the Northwest and participated in Indian councils. He was killed in the Civil War. His route to the Northwest was largely followed by the Northern Pacific Railroad. Stevens Pass in Washington was named for him. Fort Stevens, the bastion guarding the mouth of the Columbia River on the south side, was named for him by Capt. George Elliot, who was the Army officer in charge of building fortifications at Fort Stevens on the Oregon side and Cape Disappointment on the Washington side in 1864. Fort Stevens State Park, the largest camping and recreational state park in Oregon, also bears his name.

Seaside: The town with a current population of 5,439 is the second largest in Clatsop County. Originally, it was the site of a large village of Clatsop Indians which, through the years, has yielded countless artifacts. It is also the site of the salt-making cairn set up by men of the Lewis and Clark party in 1806. The name Seaside was derived from Ben Holladay's famous resort hotel named Seaside House and located at the site of the Seaside Golf Course. The first post office was named Summer House in 1871; changed to Seaside House in 1873,

Two cultures joined by Smiths

On Sunday afternoon of Memorial Day weekend, a friend and I paid a respectful visit to the Pioneer Cemetery adjacent to the Pioneer Presbyterian Church on Clatsop Plains. I was looking for a particular stone, and there, beyond the back of the church, I found it. The inscription read: "Beneath this stone lie Oregon's first school teachers, Solomon Howard Smith of New Hampshire, pioneer, missionary, millwright, farmer, merchant, state senator, and his wife, Helen, born Celiast, princess-daughter of Coboway, Chief of the Clatsops. Solomon Howard Smith, 1809-1876; Helen Celiast Smith, 1801-1891."

and go to live with her sister, who was married to Joseph Gervais at French Prairie. Whenever McLoughlin made a suggestion, his subjects knew it was an order, so Celiast moved.

crop of wheat, barley, vegetables and apples. He was co-owner of the first sawmill in the area, which eventually turned out finished lumber. He brought two horses by raft from Fort Vancouver to work

meeting to elect the first county officers was held in the Smith home. In 1874, he was elected to the Oregon Senate from Clatsop and Tillamook counties.

While Solomon was attending to all these enterprises, Celiast was a busy pioneer homemaker, caring for their own seven children and three others who were homeless. She managed the farm when her husband was away, often cared for the sick, and mediated quarrels among the Indians and settlers. One historian wrote, "Smith owed much of his personal safety, as did the whole community on many occasions, to the fact that his wife was a Clatsop woman and the daughter of Chief Coboway."



The Smiths are important in our history because they were the living bridge between the Indian culture of the earliest days and the culture the white settlers introduced. He was an educated New Englander; she an Indian princess. Together they were among the first home-making settlers on Clatsop Plains.

Solomon Smith had studied medicine in Vermont, but in 1832, at the age of 23, he joined the Nathaniel Leitch overland party to seek his fortune beyond the Shining Mountains. Of the original 21 in the group, only seven arrived at Fort Vancouver a few months later, more dead than alive. Dr. John McLoughlin, chief factor, took care of their needs and later installed Smith as teacher to follow John Ball.

Ball had decided he would rather do farming in French Prairie than try to teach the 25 half-breed children at the Fort, who were accustomed to running all over the place. Smith soon mastered the Chinook jargon and managed to organize classroom procedures, teaching at the first school west of the Rockies.

It must have been during this time that Solomon Smith met Celiast, daughter of the Clatsop Chief Coboway. She had been living at the fort, married to a French baker, Porier. Dr. McLoughlin, determined to bring law, justice and morality to his domain, had learned that Porier had a wife and family back in Montreal. According to the suggestion that she separate herself from the man

Apparently, Solomon could not forget the Indian princess, who was described as having flowing black hair and a smile as warm as summer sunshine, a young woman of "grace, determination and rare courage." He, too, soon went to live at French Prairie where in 1833 he and Celiast entered into a contract marriage. (No other kind was available in those days.) Four years later, in 1837, marriage records reported briefly: "Mr. Solomon Smith was married to Miss Ellen of the Clatsop tribe at the house of Mr. Smith, Willamette settlement, by Jason Lee." (Lee had come West in 1834 with Wyeth's second expedition.) Celiast always dated their marriage from the 1833 contract.

Solomon Smith immediately set up a school in the Gervais home, later teaching in the Methodist mission school with Jason and Daniel Lee. However, he had no sense of achievement, for as the missionary Cushing Eells observed, "Indian children do not lack the ability to learn, but rather the inclination." Also historians believe that Celiast wanted to return to her own people at the mouth of the Columbia.

So the Smiths sold their French Prairie farm to Ewing Young, another early settler, and moved to Clatsop Plains where Solomon filed for a land claim "extending from Skipanon creek to the ocean beach." There they started a mission school, but Solomon rapidly developed other interests as well. He became an innovative farmer, introducing to the plains the first

on the farm, the first horses on the plains.

In 1840, Jason Lee sent the Rev. John Frost as missionary to the Indians. He and Smith soon became fast friends and partners in many projects, with their two homes built side by side. The two soon decided they needed dairy cows, so they opened an overland trail to the Willamette Valley by following the beach to the Tillamook area, then slashed through timber along the Salmon River to Yamhill country and on to the valley, encountering many dangers throughout the trip. Near Cape Falcon and Neahkahnie, sometimes the path was only "two hands wide." In the valley, they bought 55 head of cattle and horses, returning home by the same route, "losing only five animals when they fell off the cliff."

Opening the overland trail boosted the economy of the land south of the Columbia. Gold fever had hit California, and Oregon products were in great demand. In addition to his farming, Smith opened a mercantile store at Skipanon (now Warrenton), built a large storage warehouse, and encouraged dairy farming. By 1850, his own herd had expanded to 75 head of cattle and 12 horses. He employed both Indian and white workers in his projects.

During all this development, Smith took a lively interest in community affairs. He attended the provisional government meeting at Champoe May 2, 1843. He was Skipanon school director and Clatsop County commissioner. The

As more settlers arrived, more tensions developed. It was during this period that the Smiths were the bridge, for they represented both cultures. Solomon was devoted to his family and faithful always to his Indian relatives and friends, yet he vigorously promoted the new government which stripped the Indians of their land and power. Solomon and Celiast never forgot that she was the daughter of the Clatsop chief, yet in times of stress, she ministered fairly to both peoples.

Solomon Howard Smith, 67, died of pneumonia at his home Aug. 14, 1876, ending, as one writer expressed it, 39 years of marriage by doctrine and 43 years by love. His wife lived 15 years longer, during which time she is said to have reverted largely to her ancestral ways, continuing kind and gracious to the end of her 89 years.

If you travel four-tenths of a mile beyond Ocean View Cemetery and turn left onto Ridge Road for six-tenths of a mile, you will find a granite stone partially obscured by tall grass amid a cluster of locust trees. The inscription reads SMITH MISSION. Beyond it, through the trees and brush, you can detect the west bank of a lake. This, too, denotes the dual culture. Settlers named it Smith's Lake because it was on Solomon Smith's farm. Indians called O-ma-pah (Happy Lake) because their Clatsop princess lived there.

(More about the Smiths and Clatsop Plains next week.)

Neighbors laid the foundation

Last week we told the story of Solomon Howard Smith, educated New Englander who came West in 1832 and married the Indian princess Celiast, daughter of Clatsop Chief Coboway. After living near Salem where Smith taught at the Methodist mission school, they moved in 1840 to the land of the Clatsops, becoming the first settlers on Clatsop Plains. The Smiths' land claim extended from Skipanon Creek to the beach. It was bounded on the north by what is now the Ocean View Cemetery road and on the south by the Columbia Beach road.

Solomon, Celiast and the first of their seven children arrived in May and built their new home, a log cabin 20 by 30 feet, located on the west bank of Smith's Lake. The location now is marked by a rough granite stone on Ridge Road west of the cemetery. It bears the inscription "Smith Mission" and identifies the Smiths as Oregon's first teachers. Their permanent family home was built a few years later when lumber was available.

While being recognized as the first teachers in Oregon, the Smiths also deserve credit for promoting development on the Plains. By 1841, several families had filed on adjoining claims. By 1850, the census reported 24 owners of farms in Clatsop County. Some Clatsop Plains farmers were W.W. Raymond, Solomon Smith, William Gray, Thomas Owens, father of Bethenia Owens-Adair, and William and John Hobson, early kin of Marjorie Halderman of Astoria.

Others on the list were names still well-known in this area because descendants reside here: Philip Gearhart, A. Condit, Robert Morrison, John Adair, J.M. Shively and Bartholomew Kindred. These early families, along with the Powers, the Perrys, the Farnsworths and the Ebermans with their 16 children were all neighbors who worked together to survive and progress. Smith built a sawmill on the Lewis and Clark River.

William Hobson sent to England for flower seeds, thus introducing foxglove and Scotch broom to the Plains. The women swept their

house with the broom and the men planted it to bind the drifting sand dunes. Gray made a trip east to purchase sheep for his farm but the animals all drowned when a sudden storm upset the barge when he was

hungry gold rush workers welcomed them so eagerly that they unloaded the cargo of farm stuffs at a good profit, even selling the ship. Soon three cheese factories were operating on the Plains. Josiah

Silas carried on a successful law practice in Astoria for 25 years. Widely recognized as a talented writer and orator on matters of history, he was invited to deliver the address at the first annual meeting of the Oregon Pioneers Association in Portland in 1899. He served as secretary of the Oregon Historical Society which in 1901 published his treatise on "Primitive Customs and Religious Beliefs of the Indians of the Pacific Northwest," one of the most authoritative writings on the subject. During the years, he served as clerk of the Skipanon school board as Clatsop County assessor and justice of the peace.

Silas B. Smith, 63, died of tuberculosis at St. Mary's Hospital on Aug. 22, 1902, leaving his wife, three daughters and two sons. The obituary reports that the funeral cortege left Astoria on the 11:30 a.m. train for the Clatsop Plains Cemetery with the members of the pioneer and historical societies attending in a body.

Not many descendants of Solomon and Celiast Smith reside in this area now. Keith Day, great-grandson, lives in Warrenton. Gertrude Walker and Beryl Depping are great-granddaughters. Pearl Biddle, Astoria, is a great-great-granddaughter. Her son, Ron Biddle, lives in Astoria and her daughter, Kathy Link, in Seaside.

When one strolls through the Pioneer Cemetery next to the church on Clatsop Plains, the Smith family plot marked by a large native stone and tall shrubs is easy to find a little to the south of the church. Other familiar names are on gravestones nearby — Morrisons, Taggs, Carnahans, Pooles, Parkers, Kindreds. There they all are, neighbors in these quiet grounds as they were on the Plains. So as one generation flows into another, we think of these pioneers and their descendants. Each reaps from the labors of those who have gone before and strives to improve the quality of life for those who follow.

So history hastens on.

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For The Daily Astorian



almost home.

The Morrisons planted the first flax crop with seeds they had brought from Missouri, so housewives' spinning wheels started whirling again. In 1845, Morrison built a sawmill on Wahanna Creek, thus providing logs for the first Skipanon School near Warrenton High School. The Morrisons also gave land for the Clatsop Plains Presbyterian Church and the Pioneer Cemetery. The first meeting to organize the church was held in their home. Part of their land later became the site for Camp Clatsop, now Camp Rilea.

The first crop all settlers planted was potatoes, for potatoes and salmon were their first staple foods. Other vegetables and fruits were added, but some were soon given up because the climate was not suitable for ripening. Sheep, swine and cattle provided meat in such abundance that markets had to be found. Likewise with dairy products. That raised the problem of transportation.

In 1847 B.C. Kindred, living with his family in the Fort Stevens area, helped transportation by running a boat on the Columbia from Astoria to upriver points as far as Oregon City. The fare was \$20 with passengers helping to row the boat. In 1848, some settlers built a ship at Lexington (now Warrenton). It was a two-masted, 40-ton craft called the Skipanon. Their first and only voyage was to Sacramento where

West operated the largest, milking 100 cows on his farm and buying milk from other dairymen. Both Indians and whites helped develop these enterprises, and teams of oxen were widely used for farm work and in the timber.

All these neighbors cooperated in community endeavors. The problem of large gray wolves attacking the livestock led to "wolf meetings" to try to find solutions. Those soon became political forums as well, with the settlers involved in governmental matters. Gray was elected to the first state Legislature. In 1874, Smith was elected senator from Clatsop, Tillamook and Columbia counties, but died in 1876 before finishing his term.

Getting back to the story of the Smiths, apparently their seven children lived quietly in the community, eventually spreading out as families so often do. Daughter Charlotte Oeffler served as a midwife in the community, caring for her mother Celiast in her last years. However, it was son Silas Smith whose name appeared most often in the news. His father sent him back to New England from whence he returned in due time with a law degree and a bride. His professional notice appeared in The Daily Astorian of May 26, 1876, as LaForce and Smith, attorneys at law. Their office was on 10th and Commercial where the Eagle Lodge is now.

Angora Club still blazing trails

This weekend is homecoming for the Angora Hiking Club. Members past and present are assembling tonight at Shively Hall in the city park to renew friendships and talk about old times and current plans. The Angora Club, organized in 1920, is one of the oldest clubs in Astoria.

The idea for a hiking club began on July 4 of 1920 when members of the Knights of Pythias Lodge decided to celebrate the holiday by climbing Saddle Mountain. Once on top, they listened to the reading of the Declaration of Independence and sang patriotic songs. Later, over coffee served by the fire warden in charge of the lookout station, the climbers said in effect, "This is such a great climb and a marvelous view, let's form a club and do it again." By the time they started back down the trail, they had chosen the name Angora Club, because, they said, it takes mountain goats to make this climb.

Soon they held a meeting in the upstairs office of Dr. F.C. Johnson on Commercial Street in Astoria where the Boy Scout office is now located and where they elected Johnson president. Other officers were Joe Mannix, J.A. Ostrom, Dr. M.R. Smith and Mark Siddall. Chairmanships went to M.R. Brown, Fred Planting, John Berry, Jalmar Erickson, Robert Anet and David McCroskey. Club formation was patterned after the Portland Mazama Club with whom some members had shared hikes.

Enthusiasm for the new club was demonstrated when 82 names were added to the membership roll the first year. However, some soon discovered that the rigors of the trail were not for them, so the list has come down to a steady 30 to 40.

Members decided they should have a meaningful initiation requirement, so they, recalling the exuberance of their sunrise hike up Saddle Mountain, decreed that all newcomers should make that same hike. They also chose a motto, "We blaze the trail."

Through the years, members have taken their motto seriously. The first project was working with Seaside folks to clear the old Indian trail over Tillamook Head. This trail is used by hikers today as part of the Pacific Coast hiking trail.

Next they hacked out a trail from a high logging road to scale Onion Peak in south Clatsop County. Throughout the club's 67 years, hikes have been regularly scheduled; at first one a week, now one

now they were ready to build. They cut logs on the site and peeled them. Dick Fisher and Ed Morkel used their caterpillar to pull the logs into place. Little by little, enthusiastic members built their dream cabin.



every other weekend the year round. Favorite treks are up Neahkahnie Mountain, Cape Lookout, and of course, Saddle Mountain at sunrise. Esther Jensen, a member since 1936, says she and her late husband, Reuben Jensen, climbed Saddle Mountain more than 50 times. Esther Juntti made it to the top at least 50 times as did Axel and Agnes Ramvik.

Among the most dangerous trips, oldtimers say, have been those up Box Canyon on the Lewis and Clark River and Deathtrap Rocks along the base of Tillamook Head. But during all the years and hundreds of hikes, the only accident was a broken ankle. This remarkable record is due to rigid observance of safety rules. Members must wear suitable clothing and shoes, must have taken shorter hikes to gain experience, and must always travel between the leader and the rear guard.

In 1945, Angoras celebrated their 25th anniversary. Officers then included Charles Johnson, Charles Erickson, Ida May Jarvis, Agnes Ramvik, Ralph Horton, Arthur Stangland and Gwen Craft. Those officers had a big job to do, for the club had always wished for grounds and a lodge to call its own. Accordingly, in 1942, the members had bought 40 acres of heavily wooded land on the north slope of Tillamook Head.

Through the years they had widened and improved the trail,

They tolled up the trail with rocks from the beach and built a huge fireplace. They carried in furnishings and kitchen equipment, even managing to struggle up the slope with a kitchen range. Only handtools were used in all the projects because there was no power then on Tillamook Head.

All this endeavor took three to four years, during which time hiking schedules were given up to work on the cabin. Finally the building was completed, but the time of enjoyment was brief. Vandals soon found the spot and when members went there, they had to rebuild broken doors and replace shattered windows. Finally when they found furnishings trashed, the fireplace demolished with the stones rolled down the hill and the iron range lying in the creek below, they gave up. In 1964, they sold the 40 acres to the state, which now administers it along with Ecola Park.

As a memorial to their efforts, the Angoras wanted to fairly and usefully distribute the \$12,000 they cleared from the sale. They then allotted it to three principal projects. They donated a sum to the Astoria Public Library, thus supplying a valuable collection of books dealing with nature and the environment. They provided funds to build and furnish the mezzanine viewing area at the top of the ramp in the great Hall of the Columbia River Maritime Museum. A plaque

near the picture windows reads, "River Overlook. Gift of the Angora Hiking Club."

The third gift provided the bronze relief map near the Astoria Column. Committee members Reuben Jensen, Jim Jarvis, Arthur Stangland and Esther Juntti planned the project. Jensen, manual arts instructor at Astoria High School, made the relief model according to scale, so that each point on the map represents the exact elevation of the site it signifies. The map was presented to the City of Astoria Sept. 10, 1965, with Mayor Harry Steinbock giving the acceptance speech. This unusual map attracts much attention as it helps visitors identify landmarks visible from the spot where they are standing.

Angora projects through the years have always been related to the preservation and improvement of sites of natural beauty and interest. Through letters to Congress, members have been instrumental in maintaining the natural state of the wooded area of Tongue Point. Now they are giving their attention to improving trails around Coffenbury Lake.

Current officers of the club are Ellen Endicott, president, Ann Ferguson, secretary; Doris Stalcup, treasurer; and Helen King, chief guide.

Out-of-towners expected for the weekend's events include Portlanders Melvin and Martha Becker, Sylvia Hiltunen Hansen and Dick Fisher. Those from other points: Herman and Margy Johansen, McMinnville; Margaret Ray Spang, Forest Grove; Lloyd Craft, Salem; Margaret Jo Roach, Corvallis; Beatrice Gunter Cornilsen, Roseburg; Helen Staadt Kling, Grants Pass; Lousie Bolton Nikolaieff, Vancouver, B.C., and Ed Morkel, Bishop, Ga.

At the meeting tonight they will talk over old times and view old photos that Esther Jensen has assembled and Leonard Vernon has made into slides. Tomorrow they will attend the Scandinavian Midsummer Festival and visit the museums.

Then what else do Angoras do when they get together? On Sunday morning, they will climb Saddle Mountain to see the sun rise.

Lakes contain historic ripples

Lakes in Clatsop County. I thought I'd write about two or three of them. Then I found there are two or three dozen. Almost every one has an interesting story about its location or its name.

In the first place, lakes through the years may change their shapes or even their locations. For instance, an 1856 map, one of the first after Clatsop County was established, showed the location of Coffenbury Lake in Fort Stevens State Park to be only a swamp. Now it is one of the largest lakes in the county. Whenever winds swept dunes into higher formations, many of the depressions became lakes.

Sometimes forces other than weather changed the surface formation. Construction of Battery Russell during World War I rearranged the dunes there. When the parade ground was built at Camp Rilea, lakes were filled in. When the Warrenton Civilian Conservation Corps in the 1930s worked to prevent the encroachment of the dunes, a new chain of lakes appeared between Clatsop Plains and the beach.

Early settlers on Clatsop Plains and along the beach found the high water level to be a boon. Paul See, local geologist and retiring Clatsop College faculty member, is a specialist on the geology of the Plains, where his grandfather, Josiah West, settled in 1870.

"Clatsop Plains was a great place for pioneers to settle," See said. "It was a grassy expanse with little clearing required, and all a settler had to do to get an abundance of fresh water was to dig down 20 feet and set a hand pump."

"The Plains and the beach areas are relatively new," he added. Less than 4,500 years ago, the east bank of Cullaby Lake was the ocean line. All along the coastal hills, logs have been uncovered that were washed in by ocean waves. In the early 1900s, when cranberry bogs were being developed, redwood logs were discovered that had been deposited by ocean action hundreds, even thousands of years ago.

In earliest years, Clatsop Indians

paddled their canoes all the way from Skipanon (Warrenton) to Seaside through a chain of lakes and streams with only an occasional portage. Then, with the coming of the settlers, many

bury Lake, (USGS spelling) named for G.W. Coffinberry, pioneer of the 1850s.

Continuing with lakes in Warrenton, we have Long Lake, the site of Camp Kiwanalong. Don Mitchell



drainage patterns were changed. In a clipping from an early Portland paper which Herb Palmberg supplied me, I read that William H. West, son of the pioneer, was employed to dig a ditch deflecting east Neacoxie Creek into the Skipanon (near present-day Fenton's market). Ben Holladay wanted to transport his Seaside hotel guests by boat instead of the uncomfortable 20-mile stage journey over rutted or muddy roads. The railroad eventually solved Holladay's problem.

As I studied a county map in the library, I was struck by the number of lakes in the Warrenton area. I phoned Jim Rankin, Warrenton city engineer, to ask how many were within the city limits. He called me back to report there are 13, then helpfully supplied other interesting information. The city limits of Warrenton encompass 13.8 square miles, making it in area the fourth largest city in Oregon. When D.K. Warren platted the town in 1890, he had great dreams for its future. By contrast, the city of Hammond sits tidily on one square mile.

Because Warrenton city limits reach roughly from the airport to Hammond and points south, the 13 lakes fit comfortably within its boundaries. These include Shag Lake (or Burke), Kyle, Pond Lily, Leinenweber, Wild Ace, Crabapple, Clear, Abbot, Beaver, and Coffen-

tells me the name was the winning entry in a school contest when the camp was dedicated in 1938. It combines the names of the sponsoring Kiwanis Club and the lake. Cemetery Lake is the source of the water system serving Ocean View Cemetery.

When I was talking with Warren Knispel of the Hamlet fish and wildlife station, he mentioned Creepy Crawly Lake. Surprised at such a name, I exclaimed, "How did it ever get a name like that?" I received a perfectly logical answer. "I don't know. I suppose it was because hunters had to creep and crawl through the brush."

When we think of Clatsop County lakes, we usually think first of the largest, Cullaby Lake, the only place in Clatsop County where speedboats may frolic. This lake has a story all its own, which we shall recount next week. Other lakes in the county are Lost Lake, south of Elsie, Swash Lake west of Hammond, Middle Lake near Svensen, and Wickiup Lake, headquarters of Bear Creek and part of the Astoria watershed.

Stanley Lake, northwest of Seaside, was named for S.K. Stanley, early-day farmer. During the 1880s, he raised as many as 2,000 chickens each season and still didn't have enough to supply the Seaside summer trade. Fishhawk Lake, on the border of Clatsop and

Columbia counties near Birkenfeld, Slusher Lake near Camp Rilea was named for the Slusher family. Harley Slusher was county sheriff in the 1920s and early '30s.

Soapstone Lake is located up a logging road on state Highway 53 which connects Nehalem with the Sunset Highway. The Lindgren cabin was removed from this area to Cullaby Lake and restored to its original Finnish, hand-crafted condition. Grassy Lake is near Soapstone Lake. West Lake, first called Summit, is a long, narrow body on Clatsop Plains named for Josiah West, who developed a large dairy farm and cheese factory there.

Neacoxie Lake crosses Clatsop Plains as the highest water level in the county, according to See, and has the unique feature of draining from either end. The Indian name is said to refer to the small pine trees in the area. Neacoxie Lake is sometimes erroneously referred to as Sunset Lake. The confusion has developed because the community along its west bank was named Sunset Beach. Maps and the Oregon Geographic Names book carry the name Neacoxie.

Smith's Lake, west of U.S. Highway 101 between Astoria and Clatsop Plains, was named for Solomon Smith, first settler on the Plains (1840) and first school teacher in Oregon. Taylor Lake lies on the east side of the highway, east of the Astoria Golf & Country Club.

When one thinks of lakes, one thinks of fishing, so I asked two experts about fishing in Clatsop lakes, Warren Knispel and Quentin Smith, manager of the Klaskanine hatchery out Olney way. Both said that practically all the county's lakes are well stocked with fish suitable for warm water — catfish, bass, yellow perch, blue gill and crappie. They added that some lakes are privately owned and there are always a few rules to be observed.

So this is what I learned about lakes in Clatsop County. I hope I didn't overlook your favorite spot.

Sailor originated name for Cullaby Lake

In last week's column I listed the lakes of Clatsop County with a brief description of some of them. Because there is more to be said about Cullaby Lake, I saved it for this week.

Cullaby Lake, east of U.S. Highway 101 about halfway between Astoria and Seaside, lies along the eastern border of Clatsop Plains. It is the largest lake in Clatsop County, about 1½ miles in length. In earliest times, the land around the lake furnished a favorite location for the winter camps of the Clatsop Indians. Protected from high winds, it was tucked away in dense forests, yet with easy paths to the sea and a waterway down Neacoxie Creek to a large village called Nicotat or Quatat (Seaside) at the mouth of the Necanicum.

The lake provided a sure food supply with an abundance of bass, crappies, perch, catfish and huge frogs, with bear, deer and elk in the surrounding woods. That the population was large is attested by this report of oldtimers: when the drainage of the lake was changed in the late 1800s, the level of the water was lowered by several feet, opening up a marsh to the south. This exposed as many as 50 cedar dugout canoes sunk in the mud where they had been buried for several years.

Later, trappers found three others further south. The supposition is that they were all burial canoes used at the time an epidemic had ravaged the Indian population in the 1930s.

Now for the legend of how Cullaby Lake got its name. Actually, this is oral history passed along from one generation to the next, told to the settlers on the plains and finally printed in the Seaside Signal on Sept. 16, 1955. About 20 years before Robert Gray discovered the Columbia River in 1792, a ship, probably a Spanish galleon, was wrecked on a Tillamook beach. An Indian maid, Ona, and her father found the sole survivor, badly injured, and nursed him back to health. Upon his recovery, he taught the Tillamook chief the use of firearms, which he undoubtedly took from the beached craft. The sailor demonstrated such prowess that some young men in the tribe became jealous. Then Ona's father decided they should leave the tribe and travel north to Clatsop country. Ona became the sailor's wife, and the three made the trip, choosing the west bank of the big lake, then called Clatsop, to be their home. They spent summers at Quatat (Seaside) where they gathered mussels and berries, but Ona liked their lakeside home best. There were plenty of reeds for

weaving baskets and mats and plenty of fish for trade.

The Clatsops received the white man into their tribe and gave him the name Telehonnipits, meaning

the chief up the Netul River (now Lewis and Clark) where he told them they must remain isolated. Then he went back to Quatat to care for the sick and dying and where he, too, died, never seeing his family

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"of those who drift ashore." He and the chief's son became great friends and adoptive brothers. He taught his adopted tribe how to use, clean and repair guns and improved their hunting skills. The Clatsops showed Telehonnipits great honor, for they were sure he must have been the son of a great chief among his own people.

Along in the late 1700s, a strange ship landed near Tillamook and hurried away after depositing on shore two men who soon died. Then an epidemic broke out among the Tillamooks and spread to the Clatsops. Telehonnipits hurriedly moved. Ona and his son and the families of

again. Later his son married the daughter of his Indian brother, and they had a son named Cullaby.

While Cullaby was still a youth, he became the gunsmith of the tribe like his half-Indian, half-white father before him, and like his white grandfather, the sailor, before that. One historian has attempted to keep the generations clear by calling the white man the sailor (Indian name Telehonnipits). The son of Ona and the sailor he had dubbed Cullaby I, and the son of the third generation Cullaby II. This last is the person who was living by the lake when the settlers arrived, and they gave the lake his name. Cullaby I visited Lewis and Clark and is mentioned

in their diaries.

Paul See of Surf Pines, whose grandfather, Josiah West, settled on the plains in 1870, says the location of Cullaby's grave was pointed out to him some time ago. It is near one of the little park areas. Mr. See hopes that some day the spot may be suitably marked. It is interesting to know that the lake's name is meaningful and that by the use of the name we give thought to the lives and loves of the three generations of the Cullabys who lived on its shores.

Just as Cullaby Lake was the center of life and activity for the Indians in the early days and later for the settlers, so it is now an important feature of life in Clatsop County. The body of water itself is administered by the State Marine Board, while the land around the lake has various uses and owners. Two county parks are located on the shoreline. Cullaby Lake Park is widely used for recreational activities. It also provides the site for the Lindgren log cabin, moved there from its original location near Soapstone Creek and restored in 1981.

Carnahan Park at the north end of the lake consists of 30 acres donated by the heirs of the Carnahan estate in 1938. They stipulated that the plot must always remain in its natural state to be used

mainly for hiking. A former Boy Scout camp is also in the north area.

About three-fourths of the shoreline property is privately owned, according to Curt Schneider, planning director for Clatsop County. A well-developed residential area borders the west shore. Across on the east side, the former Crown Zellerbach timber holdings are now controlled by Cavenham Forest Industries.

Some time ago, Schneider says, a group of citizens petitioned the county commissioners to appoint a committee to develop a long-range master plan for comprehensive use of the area. Committee members are Pat Wallace and Neal Maine, Seaside; Dave Johnson, State Forestry Department; Mike Stanley, Cannon Beach; Richard Fencsak, Astoria; Janet Goolsby, Cullaby Lake; Mary Blake, Sunset Park Recreation District; and H. J. Trevillian, county park superintendent and road commissioner.

The final draft of the master plan is nearing completion and will soon be presented at public hearings. In the meantime, Trevillian says he anticipates that Cullaby Lake will be a busy place this summer with folks from near and far enjoying the recreation of fishing, boating, swimming, water skiing and picnicking.

Bits and pieces of local history

Once in a while I run across some bit of history or item of interest that entertains me, but it doesn't happen to fit the column I'm writing. So perhaps this week's offering should be called "This and That." The following is a collection of those unrelated items I'd like to share.

Astoria's first sawmill was located along the riverfront at about the location of what is now the foot of 10th Street. Capt. Asa Simpson, a name well-known in Northwest timber history, got his start in Astoria, living here until he expanded his holdings into Grays Harbor and Coos Bay. He acquired considerable property including Coxcomb Hill which the Astoria Park Commission bought in 1914 for \$175 per acre. Simpson was proud to recall his early days in Astoria when in 1852 he operated the town's first sawmill. He didn't have to go far to get his log supply because the slope behind the mill was deep forest. His first clearing went back as far as the present library location and that of the U.S. National Bank. Simpson, age 89, died in San Francisco on Jan. 10, 1915.

On July 15, 1937, Astoria Elks Club staged a picnic at Tongue Point. More than 2,000 people attended. Even in Great Depression years folks had fun.

In March 1914, Gov. Oswald West authorized the additional use of prison labor at the rock quarry at Tongue Point. Accordingly, Sheriff J.V. Burns brought five convicts from Salem, making 13 state charges at the county rock crushing plant. A later item noted that some county prisoners and state convicts were transferred from their work at the county poor farm to work at the county rock crusher. When their prison terms expired, others would be brought to replace them. The county poor farm was a large white building and acreage near the intersection of state Highway 202 and Walluski Road, close to the present State Department of Forestry station. Its operation was

closed in the early 1940s.

A woman phoned the Astoria Public Library asking what is Astoria's official flower. No one knew. As far as I know, none has

streets in Astoria were plank roads and boardwalks built on piling over the water. Franklin Avenue was the first solid street above the backwater. After the fire, sand was dredged and pumped in to keep the

The building was located at the corner of 12th and Exchange streets across from the YMCA where the optical clinic stands now. Reserved seats were bought ahead of time for 50 and 25 cents at Griffin's and Reed's book and stationery store on the corner of 11th and Commercial where the dress shop is located.

The entertainment was a series of short scenes. One showed the rescue of a woman from a burning building. Another was three rounds of the Fitzsimmons-Sharkey fight. Others were a watermelon eating contest and a romantic kissing scene which seemed openly to offend some and secretly delight others. The newspaper commented the following day: "The house was a rather poor one — not more than 200 persons being present . . . It is hoped that the defects of last night's showing will be rectified tonight."

I saw my first movie at the Princess Theater in Sidney, Mont. The entire film showed one man chasing another over fences and rooftops and falling into puddles. I was usually a quiet child, but I laughed at that film till my sides hurt.

John Griffin, co-owner of the Astoria bookstore where the movie tickets were sold, was the father of Margaret Griffin Green. She recalls her first movies with delight. She says that they soon became so popular that the Star Theater, located on Commercial Street where the Brass Rail restaurant now is, became Astoria's first all-movie theater, while the Fisher Opera House specialized in plays and musicals. The finest stock companies brought shows from San Francisco to Portland, where they were not allowed to play on Sunday nights. The companies took the Sunday morning train to Astoria, performed on Sunday night, and rode the late train back to Portland. Those were the days when Astoria had six trains a day to Portland.

More bits and pieces some other day.

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ever been designated. It seems the obvious choice would be the hardy and colorful aster.

Sometimes there is confusion about the spelling of the name Comcomly, the great Chinook chieftain. In an open letter to The Daily Astorian, Aug. 6, 1971, his granddaughter four generations removed, writing from Portland, emphasized that the correct spelling is Comcomly. In the same area of correct usage, the column on Coxcomb Hill is often mistakenly referred to as Astor Column. The structure was formally dedicated on July 22, 1926, as the Astoria Column.

In January 1926, when the Astoria Column was nearing completion, Attorney Frank Spittle, chairman of the City Park Commission, wrote to Vincent Astor, New York City, a generous donor. He announced the city's decision to name the city park on the crest of Coxcomb Hill the John Jacob Astor Memorial Park and to name the new junior high school the John Jacob Astor school. The Astor School was changed in 1968 to an elementary school, housing kindergarten and the first four grades, when the present middle school was opened.

Before the 1922 fire, downtown

river within its present banks. The first paving of Commercial Street was completed in 1925.

When you travel on Franklin Avenue between 12th and 14th streets, you will notice the contours of bricks showing through the worn black-topped surface. Old timers report that tempers flared when automobiles began to compete with horse-drawn wagons and carriages for space on the graveled streets. Who should turn out for whom?

The city fathers provided a diplomatic solution. They decreed that a brick strip should be laid down the center for the horses, with the graveled strip on either side for the cars. Franklin Avenue was thus surfaced in 1916. Some early bricked areas may also be seen on Jerome and Astor streets.

Astoria Daily Budget, Sept. 18, 1920: "With only six to eight miles of the lower Columbia River Highway between Astoria and Portland remaining to be hard-surfaced, Astoria motorists are eagerly looking forward to a spin from here to the Rose City over a highway entirely paved."

The first moving pictures shown in Clatsop County appeared at the Fisher Opera House Feb. 12, 1897.

Bridge testimony to dedication

BRIDGE WINS — That happy announcement was made in red letters 4 inches tall on the front page of this newspaper 26 years ago. Below the banner headline was a sketch printed in blue depicting the proposed bridge across the Columbia River. Those two color splashes took up half the front page on April 18, 1961. Next came the bold headline, ASTORIA-MEGLER SPAN BILL LEAPS LAST OF HURDLES.

This was the news which told Astorians that after 53 years of struggle and disappointments, their dream of the "big bridge" was about to come true, for at 2:45 that afternoon the Oregon Senate had voted 26-1 in favor of the Astoria-Megler bridge bill.

Sen. Dan Thiel, who had been guiding the bill through the Senate, had been told that it would come to a vote on that Tuesday afternoon. One can only imagine the tension and suspense Thiel must have felt when he took the floor (though the news account stated that he was "outwardly calm") and began his presentation by listing the benefits of the proposed bridge.

Several anxious citizens had traveled from Astoria to hear the senator's presentation and anticipated debate. But when Thiel had finished speaking, Sen. Dwight Hopkins of Baker-Wallowa leaped to his feet saying he would approve the bill, "so those folks from Astoria can get a night's rest." Sen. Alfred Corbett, Portland, moved for a vote, and Sen. Tom Mahoney, Portland, seconded it. Now the moment for decision had arrived. The Daily Astorian continues the account:

"Then came a bit of horseplay that shook Sen. Thiel anxiously awaiting the outcome.

"Several senators had slipped

from the floor during the discussion. By the time the roll call on the bridge bill came, a good half were hiding out in phone booths back of the Senate hall.

"As silence greeted name after

erably." Fred Andrus, editor, headed the next day's issue with the blaring headline, ASTORIANS GO WILD AS SENATE VOTE ASSURES SPAN. Most of the front page was taken up with pictures

way through the crowd, in and out of stores and around parking lots.

An editorial of April 19 thanked many people who had worked to help the great project to succeed. These included Oregon Governor Mark Hatfield, Gov. Albert Rosellini of Washington, Astorians Richard Bettendorf, Charles DeVoe, and Norris Johnson who had worked for the bridge bill in Salem and, of course, Thiel and Holmstrom.

The editorials also expressed deep appreciation to members of the Senate, but added this light-hearted jibe: "We also want to compliment members of the Senate on their sense of humor in spite of the fact that it nearly caused our good senator to have a stroke . . . We in Astoria were also sweating it out with Dan until it dawned on us what little game you were playing. From now on, we recommend Russian roulette."

An editorial on a more serious note cited the benefits which the bridge would bring to the community when it would be finished three or four years hence. The writer noted it would bring a psychological boost to the entire community. "We have fought against many disappointments for many years," he continued. "People who started the fight for the bridge with the enthusiasm of youth have become old and gray in the struggle. Many times it seemed that none of us would ever see the bridge in our lifetimes. Now it is at hand, and the revival of spirit around here will be immeasurable."

The Astoria bridge, 4.2 miles long, was completed and dedicated on Aug. 27, 1966.

My thanks to Thelma Clark who lent me her carefully-preserved copies of The Daily Astorian which were my source for this story.

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name called by the reading clerk, Thiel rose slowly to his feet midway of the count and quavered out, 'It doesn't look as though we have a quorum.' Mrs. Thiel, his secretary, fled from the room close to tears.

"As the roll call concluded with less than a quorum, suddenly the hall was filled with laughing senators pouring in from the phone booths, clamoring to be recorded as "yes" voters.

"As Sen. Mel Goode, Albany, in the president's chair, called for a new vote, Pres. Boivin, who had been circulating on the floor all afternoon, smilingly told the Astorian reporter, 'If we didn't like Dan Thiel so much, we wouldn't have done this to him.'

"Thiel said afterward he hadn't realized the whole thing was a gag and that he was really shaken by the absence of most of the senators."

Meantime, when Astorians at home got the word, they were ecstatic. Morgan Coe, publisher of The Daily Astorian, rejoiced in a front page editorial. "This is a great day in Astoria . . . We can be pardoned if we jubilate consid-

and plans for the celebration, leaving only a little space for reporting a revolution in Cuba and the science fair at the 4-H fairgrounds. Sub-headlines were, "City Plans Welcome for Solons, Victory Celebration for Bridge."

The celebration was set for Friday night when Sen. Thiel and Rep. Bill Holmstrom, who had ushered the bill through the House, would return from Salem for the weekend. And what a celebration it was!

The Chamber of Commerce sent a radio-equipped party to meet Thiel, Holmstrom and Robert Holmes, ex-governor and former Astorian, who was accompanying them. The party was to meet the men at Oney's restaurant on U.S. Highway 26 and use the radio to keep the folks at home informed of their progress so the high school band would be ready to greet them. But the band was not the only welcoming group. Sidewalks were crowded with old and young waving flags and blowing noisemakers. Cars with horns blaring packed the streets, bumper to bumper. A long line of celebrants led by Mayor Harry Steinbock serpentineled its

Astorians rejoiced over span

Last week this column described jubilation in Astoria when on Jan. 18, 1961, the Oregon Senate approved the building of the 4.2-mile bridge across the Columbia River.

The rousing celebration was an expression not only of the joy of success but of the release of tension that had built up because that success had been so long in coming. The following is the calendar of the project:

Jan. 16, 1928: A representative of E.M. Elliott & Associates of Chicago, nationwide bridge builders, met with Astoria city commissioners to propose the building of a toll bridge across the Columbia River at Astoria.

Jan. 24, 1929: Bill introduced in Congress to authorize building of Astoria bridge.

April 2, 1930: U.S. Senate passed Astoria bridge permit bill.

June 11, 1930: President Hoover signed bridge bill.

Aug. 13, 1930: Pen used by President Hoover in signing bridge bill displayed at the Chamber of Commerce.

For 25 years through the Depression and World War II nothing happened.

Feb. 9, 1955: Feasibility study set estimated cost at \$25 million.

April 18, 1961: Bridge bill approved by Oregon Senate setting great celebration in Astoria.

Aug. 11, 1962: Gov. Mark Hatfield broke ground for the big bridge, longest continuous truss span in the nation.

July 29, 1966: Bridge was opened for one-way traffic.

Aug. 27, 1966: Bridge was opened for two-way traffic with gala ceremonies.

So, for almost 40 years, the building of the bridge had been a goal of Astorians. It's no wonder that when final go-ahead was given, The Daily Astorian announced in big headlines, "ASTORIA GOES WILD..." Five and a half years later, an even bigger event took place when 15,000 people celebrated the completion of the structure.

As opening day approached, the need for the bridge became increasingly acute. Low tides and shoals delayed the operation of the ferries. At the same time, their usage increased as many people came for a last sentimental ride. As a result, long lines of cars, trucks and campers waited for hours each day on both sides of the river with

impatient travelers moaning, "When, oh, when, will that bridge ever open?"

Finally on July 29, the word quickly spread that the bridge was open to one-way traffic and that

Saturday of Regatta weekend. What a week to prepare for — the Regatta, the entertainment of dignitaries from Astoria's sister city, Walldorf, Germany, and the welcoming of all the official guests

Department of Highways. And, of course, Sen. Dan Thiel and Rep. William Holmstrom, who were savoring the sweet success for which they had labored over the years.

When the speeches were made the assembled officials stepped up to the decorated gates set across the ramp near the toll booth. Miss Washington, Sandra Lee Morth, and Miss Oregon, Estrellita Shiel, untied the ribbons and stepped back. The two governors opened the gates and walked through. A great roar went up from the crowd. The big bridge was open!

The crowd quickly dispersed (2,000 went to the salmon barbecue at the fairgrounds). Cars that had been held up on both sides of the river during the parade and ceremonies started bumper to bumper across the bridge as toll that day was free till midnight.

I had been taking in the day's events with great interest. Now as I turned to go to my car, I heard a man say to his wife, "Let's go across the bridge." To which she replied, "Are you crazy? I wouldn't think of driving on that bridge the first day it's open. Let someone else fall in first." But 9,400 cars crossed the bridge that day and not one fell in.

Curious about bridge usage since that gala day, I contacted the district maintenance engineer's offices of Eldon Everton and Nels Osterholme, State Highway Department. There Osterholme and staff members Melissa Vedenoja and Louise Reed reported that during the recent Fourth of July three-day weekend, 15,000 vehicles crossed the bridge. They also supplied this information:

In 1967, the first full year of service, 419,000 vehicles made the crossing. Last year (1986), the total was 1,150,692. Daily 1965 total after the bridge opened Aug. 27 was 1,322. Daily average for 1986 was 3,153. The peak month on record was August 1986 when toll was paid for 166,474 vehicles with Aug. 16 setting the one-day record at 6,331. This heavy traffic was probably due in part to travel to Expo '86 in Vancouver, British Columbia.

Records show that bridge traffic has increased approximately 250 percent since the span opened in 1966. No wonder Astorians worked hard to get the project completed and rejoiced when it was completed.

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ferry service was discontinued. That day's Astorian stated, "The Astoria bridge was opened at 6 a.m. today with little fanfare except the sounding of the sirens of the two Astoria Clown cars that headed a 20-car caravan across the span."

Behind the clown cars rode Mayor Harry Steinbock and a representative of The Daily Astorian. Next was a family from Raymond, Wash., who had ridden the ferry across the night before and stationed their car in line at midnight. The next car was driven by Dave Wilson of Astoria Speedways with Harold Symmonds as passenger. The first motorcycle to cross was ridden by Toivo Lahti and his sister, Veja. Other cars were filled with reporters, highway officials and early-rising citizens, all paying a toll of \$3 to ride across the bridge and back again.

Not much time could be spent in joy-riding, however, for troubles soon began to appear. First there was a high incidence of flat tires; so the highway department brought in a traveling magnet to remove nails and metallic rubble from the bridge deck. Painting being done on the bridge brought wails from auto owners and insurance agents as prevailing westerly winds blew dots of green paint onto cars parked in cannery lots and even as far east as the post office lot. Also spray painting done on the bridge superstructure sometimes sprayed cars traveling below. The contractor handled that complaint by placing men at either end of the bridge to inspect cars as they passed along and wipe them off if necessary.

In the meantime, dedication ceremonies were being planned for the

coming for the opening of the bridge, and then the dedication ceremony itself.

An editorial in The Daily Astorian, Aug. 26, 1966, noted the importance of the dedication: "Tomorrow is the great day Astorians have been looking forward to since way back in 1929 when the first organized effort began to obtain a bridge across the Columbia here... Already more than 75,000 paid vehicles have crossed since the bridge was unofficially opened 26 years ago," days ago

That evening Marjle Huhta was crowned Regatta queen with princesses Jackie Singleton, Liisa Rautio, Alide Sullivan and Jan Lovvold. Their chaprone was Mrs. Gene Nadon. Don Newhouse was admiral for the day and his aide was Morgan Coe. Regatta chairman was Evor Kumpala.

Saturday was the Great Day. The ferry M.R. Chessman was recalled to duty to offer free rides for pedestrians only. It made eight round trips that day, carrying 2,659 passengers. Astoria's railway station, closed for passenger service since 1952, was swamped as a 15-car excursion train brought hundreds of visitors from Portland. The Grand Land Parade wound its way with bands, floats and general hoopla from 17th Street along Marine Drive to the site of the bridge.

Then came the event that had been years in the making. Dignitaries mounted the reviewing stand set up near the highway building at the bridge approach. Glenn Jackson, chairman of the Oregon State Highway commission, introduced Gov. Mark Hatfield. Washington's Gov. Dan Evans, and Elmer Huntley, chairman of Washington

Past enriches efforts of present

Have you ever thought about the continuity of history, how it flows from one generation to the next? The accomplishments of folks decades ago are affecting us today. Let me give an example.

I recently happened onto the following annual report which the Clatsop County Historical Society submitted to the Oregon Historical Society in 1949. It was signed by the president, Walter Johnson, Warrenton, with a list of other officers: Michael Cosovich, Barbara Bates, Richard Boyle, Mrs. J.H. Cellars, Fred Hurlbutt, Eric Hauke, George Corrigan, Mrs. Emma Warren and Mrs. Harold Turley.

"The Society held a picnic in June, at which one of our 'light mists' slid in and prevented a large attendance, but our hardy historians made an extensive cleaning anyway at the site of Fort Clatsop. . . We located an old brickyard and found various pits from which clay had been dug, but no kiln, though we found stacks of old bricks, both red and tan. It was suggested that these bricks were cast in a mold and dried in the sun — but when have we ever had enough sun to dry bricks?

"We have started a program to complete our work on Fort Astoria (15th and Exchange). Mr. Charles Dodge of the Astoria Garden Club and I sprayed to kill the weeds and blackberry vines. In another week or two, we will rake the dead material and set more shrubs.

"We had a fine meeting in July and publicly announced that we would maintain a museum in the first city of the county that would offer us a suitable building.

"Mrs. E.M. Cherry, widow of Edward M. Cherry, donated a cannon that came off some British sloop. She also donated a nickelodeon from the old Louvre saloon, a cabinet and a ball from the Peter Iredale, and a copy of Maritime History of the Pacific Northwest.

"We also requested the County Court that we be given funds to clean up the Pioneer Cemetery and fill in some of the graves that have sunk, and straighten some grave-stones."

As I read this account of nearly 40 years ago, I was fascinated that every item that concerned those people is part of our community today, expanded and enriched. Back then, they hacked blackberry

with picks and rakes to clear the ground and plant grass. They were also deeply involved with the park at the Astoria Column. Now thousands each year enjoy these sites.

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vines away from a tangle in the woods where Fort Clatsop had stood 144 years earlier. In 1958 the site became a 125.5-acre National Monument depicting the terminus of Lewis and Clark's 18-month journey of discovery. In 1986, 173,778 visitors enjoyed its history and its beauty.

In meeting the historical society's challenge to procure a suitable building for a museum, Clatsop County responded by making the Flavel house available. The mansion was dilapidated and at one time had been scheduled for demolition. With little money and few active members, the society led chiefly by May (Mrs. Ira S.) Miller, undertook the renovation and administration of the 1885 structure organizing work parties to clear the grounds and paint the interior, room by room.

Now this architectural treasure is restored and furnished as an elegant Victorian home, toured last year by 25,297 visitors. The society's branch museum, Heritage Center, still in restoration, received 14,066 visitors. And the early, small society now has 1,000 members.

The marking of the site of Fort Astoria established by John Jacob Astor's fur traders in 1811 began as the dream of one man, Burnby Bell, local historian. He and Charles Dodge, ardent member of the historical society and Astoria Garden Club, recruited helpers and worked

The magnificent Columbia River Maritime Museum and its chief relic, the Columbia lightship, are a reality because one man had a vision. Rolf Klep, native son and New York artist, returned to pilot the planning and construction of the imposing edifice with its roof lines simulating ocean waves. More than 90,000 visitors from across the nation and many foreign countries toured the maritime museum last year.

None of these people lived to see the present results of their labors. Charles Dodge died in 1968 at age 96; Burnby Bell only three months later. Rolf Klep died in 1981, the year before his dream museum was dedicated, while May Miller passed away in August 1985 after spending years in the rescue and restoration of the Flavel mansion. The work of these dedicated people and those who worked with them lives on.

Likewise other projects in the area have been developed because some individual or group saw the opportunity to fill a need or highlight history. Fort Stevens State Park and Interpretive Center have been established because persons valued their historical significance. Now operated by the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers and the Oregon State Parks and Recreational Division, they hosted 180,500 sightseers last year. The camping area, largest state park in Oregon, rented 53,947 campsites through the

year.

On the Washington side of the Columbia River, dedicated citizens are also preserving and improving significant sites. Fort Columbia has been open since 1951. On the ocean side of Ilwaco, Cape Disappointment Historic District with its superb Lewis and Clark Interpretive Center opened in 1976. The district includes North Head and Cape Disappointment lighthouses, Fort Canby State Park, North Jetty, Walkiki Beach, and the interpretive center. This unique complex relates history from 1788 when Capt. John Meares was disappointed at failing to find the mouth of the Great River of the West and where 230 ships have since met their doom. The park historian reports that in 1986 more than a half million people were awed by the rugged beauty of this historic area.

More history of the peninsula is being preserved at Oysterville, in the mini-parks of Long Beach, and by the Ilwaco Heritage Center. This museum, now in its third year, hosted 20,000 visitors in 1986.

Amazingly, every project mentioned in the 40-year-old report is still being carried on. The parks are expanded; Flavel House is restored; Mrs. Cherry's gifts are on display and the cemetery still gets periodic cleaning. Thus the efforts of those people who dreamed and dared are making a difference today. Besides preserving history, they have provided jobs for hundreds of people and information and enjoyment for hundreds of thousands.

Today's professionals and volunteers should have satisfaction that they are passing these benefits to others who will carry on. As a poet once said, "... for in today already walks tomorrow." So history flows along.

(Readers who are keeping scrapbooks of this column may wish to correct a date mentioned in last week's story of the dedication of the bridge. The sentence regarding 75,000 crossing should read "since the bridge was opened 26 days ago.")

Family was toast of Astoria

One of the First Families of Astoria for about 50 years was the Cherry family, first and second generations. In their imposing home high on the 15th Street hill overlooking the river, Peter Lacy Cherry, wife Ellen Rogers Cherry, and their four lively sons, Edward "Ted," Harry, George, and Philip were always newsworthy. With their energy and varied activities, they made news aplenty.

Peter Cherry, British to the core, was born in India, educated in England, and served in Her Majesty's Army in Australia and New Zealand in the Maori War of 1868. His tall, slender figure, ramrod straight and faultlessly attired, his trim goatee, and clipped British accent gave him an international air which commanded respect.

At age 23, Cherry arrived in Astoria in 1871 aboard the barkentine Jane A. Falkenberg, one of Capt. George Flavel's ships. He became manager of the farmers' dock, then bookkeeper for Kinney's cannery, and eventually head of the shipping firm, Cherry, Rexford & Company.

In 1882, when Cherry was appointed British vice consul with offices in Astoria, his career took on new status. At the same time, Lloyds of London chose him to serve as their local representative. Thus he was connected with British shipping on the west coast, and actively involved in salvage efforts and negotiations for settlement of British shipwrecks in the north Pacific. Matters involving the wreck of the Peter Iredale in 1906 were a part of his responsibility.

In 1877, Peter Cherry married Ellen Rogers, daughter of sea captain Moses Rogers and Willamina (or Philipina) Boelling Rogers, sister of Mrs. George Flavel. In about 1880, they built their imposing home which still stands at 636 15th Street. The place rapidly became a center for social and diplomatic events to which the elite of the town loved to be invited. Their host was an impressive figure as he came down the winding

stairway, his formal attire livened with colorful military and consular decorations, to greet his guests in the broad hall within the double front doors.

Guests often described the foods

influence in the development of this community was inestimable.

After Peter Cherry's death, the family lived on in the house until the sons branched out for themselves. Eldest son Edward was



piquant with spices from India served at the Cherrys' long table set with fine crystal and china, but their host never shared the recipes. Members of the British Benevolent Society which he had organized in 1885 were frequent guests, prefacing each meal with raised glasses, "To our gallant Queen Victoria."

At the time the Cherrys built their house, their lot took in the half block from Irving Avenue down the hill to Grand. An English formal garden surrounded the house; some shrubs and trees still survive. Prominent in the front yard was a feature for which Cherry was known all over town, an old cannon which he had fired whenever a British ship was coming into port.

Peter Lacy Cherry, age 60, died July 9, 1908. Next day's paper gave this account in part. "... one of the most widely known and highly respected men in shipping and business circles died at his residence here about 7 o'clock last evening after an illness of but a few hours. He had risen in the morning in apparently good health and spirits, but shortly before noon grew ill with neuralgia, growing worse until the end came."

At his request his ashes were scattered in the ocean. He had lived in Astoria for 31 years, had been vice consul for 26 years. His

appointed vice consul to succeed his father, serving until the office was closed in 1931. In 1909, he married Mary Christine Gregory whose family home was at 1085 Eighth Street. Harry Cherry married Helen Houston, daughter of the Charles Houstons, 1393 Franklin St. Philip, the youngest, never married. These three brothers remained in Astoria and carried on extensive shipping and tugboat interests. Brother George moved to Portland where he went into business apart from the family. His children included a son named Peter Lacy. Edward and his wife adopted a son whom they named Scotty.

Nearly 80 years have passed since the death of Peter Cherry, but some friends of the second generation share their memories. Arthur Hildebrand, Seaside, comments that the whole town knew that when Mrs. Peter Cherry was about to give birth, her husband hurried her off to Canada so his children would be born under the British flag. After their father's death they eventually became naturalized citizens. Hildebrand recalls that it was a family tradition that the ashes of the deceased be scattered at sea; the deaths of the sons followed that tradition. Hildebrand himself helping to scatter Edward's ashes in 1939, two years after his death.

Don and Ann Mitchell remember that Edward and his wife were a lively young couple whose first home was in the Franklin Apartments, which were Astoria's newest and best. They remember too that their daughter, Donna (Mrs. Chuck Gustafson) and Scotty Cherry were among the neighborhood children who walked to Central School together. Don recalls that Harry Cherry was secretary of Kiwanis Club for many years.

Margaret Griffin Green (Mrs. Garnet) remembers that when her mother, Mrs. John N. Griffin, would come home from tea parties, she would remark that poor Mrs. Peter Cherry had to leave the party early because her husband always required her to be home when he arrived.

Such an active, vibrant family, the Cherrys. Now there are only memories and a few reminders. The cannon that boomed out the arrival of British ships is now stationed near the front entrance of Flavel House. The crystal set and some china pieces are on display inside.

Fortunately, the grand family home maintains its Victorian style and dignity on the 15th Street hill. After years of increasing dilapidation and neglect by a variety of occupants, it was elegantly restored in 1966 by the Robert Choppings (he was mayor of Astoria from 1975-1983) and was placed on the National Register of Historic Places. In 1986, it became the home of the Rev. and Mrs. William Arbaugh of Peace Lutheran Church. Now once again, the stately old house glows with hospitality.

The Peter Cherry house will be open to the public for the annual Tour of Victorian Homes during Regatta weekend, Aug. 22-23. Hours are Saturday 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. and Sunday 1 to 4 p.m. Tickets for the event, sponsored by the Clatsop County Historical Society, may be purchased at the Heritage Center Museum, 1618 Exchange, Astoria.

A house full of Astoria history

This is the story of a 108-year-old house and some of the people who lived in it. Built in 1879 on the corner of 14th and Franklin, this old house is my home. I am writing about it this week because it has a tie-in with the Peter Cherry house I wrote about last week.

My information comes from legal records and from longtime Astorians, chiefly Maud Allen and Winnie Reed (of Reed and Grimborg shoe store), daughters of Hustler Van Dusen, and from Helen Houston Cherry. They all lived in this house at some time; all now are deceased.

In 1879, wealthy Capt. Hiram Brown was living at what is now 1337 Franklin Ave., the oldest house in town. His daughter, Annie, had recently married Judge Charles Page, so he built the house I live in as a wedding gift to the happy couple. His wife's parents, the Charles Stevens, lived in the house across the dirt street. Later came a house for daughter Ida Mitchell and family and then for three other relatives, making a total of seven houses in the neighborhood for Brown families.

The story goes that Annie Brown Page was an imperious young woman who wanted a stylish house. The house she got was an imposing Italianate structure, probably the first of that style in Astoria. It was so designed because elite Brits vacationing in Italy had discovered they liked Italian houses so they carried the style back to London.

By the 1870s, houses in San Francisco were being built in the Italianate design. Eventually, in faraway Astoria, (population 2,000) Annie Page got her stylish house with the distinctive flat roof, 12½-foot ceilings, and windows with curved tops. With an elegant new house and a prominent new husband, Annie's high style entertaining gave her a chance to display both.

Husband Charles Page, years older than his bride, was a business partner of her father. He was also city attorney and bank president. In 1885, he became county judge; in 1889 mayor of Astoria.

Sometime during those years he and his flamboyant Annie decided

their Italianate house was too small, so they built a larger one on the next corner. It is now the Elmore Apartments with 13 units. Then they were divorced.

Records reveal that when the

for Nell had asked them as teenagers to be her ladies-in-waiting. They recalled they didn't have any fun at the Regatta for they were kept busy waiting on the queen.

In 1924 Harry Cherry and Helen

windows and blackberry vines growing over the steep front steps. We bought it.

Later, when Bruce became director of Astoria Public Library, we undertook the restoration of the house together. What a challenging, frustrating, rewarding process. The next year he and Kristina Pernu, high school English teacher, were married and started the procedure all over again when they bought the Charles Hamilton house at 1117 Irving Ave. that was built in 1896. Hamilton was city attorney.

Now I return to the mention of the Ida Mitchell house. At 577 14th St., it is only a half block from my home and Ida was the sister of Annie Brown Page Wilkinson who lived here. When Ida was 14, she eloped with Joe Thomas. A news item years later reports that Ida Mitchell and her six children had moved into their new house on 14th Street. One son, Sherman Mitchell, a 1914 graduate of Astoria High School, achieved prominence and respect as a Northwest newspaper man, retiring as editor of the Walla Walla Union-Bulletin in 1966.

In the spring of 1967, the Beta ladies sponsored a silver tea in my home to raise money to buy furniture for the new library building nearing completion. Among the 250 guests were Sherman Mitchell and his wife, Claire. He recalled his boyhood in the home of his mother, Ida, though he said that with so many relatives in the neighborhood, the kids made themselves at home wherever there was a full cookie jar.

The Ida Mitchell house, vacant for several years, now has new owners. Jim and Muriel Olsen are establishing a lamp shop, the Light House, on the first floor and their living quarters on the second floor.

...

Both the Judge Page House and the Ida Mitchell house will be open for the annual Victorian Home Tour on Saturday, Aug. 22, from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. and Sunday, Aug. 23 from 1 to 4 p.m. Tickets may be purchased at Flavel House, 411 Eighth St., Astoria, on the days of the tours, sponsored by the Clatsop Historical Society.



Pages had moved into their new house, Hustler Van Dusen moved his family into their former one. The Van Dusen daughters, Maud and Winnie, as elderly ladies, were among my first callers. They gave me a small vase which Annie, now Mrs. William O. Wilkinson, had brought from London where she and her new husband had attended the coronation festivities of Edward VII after the death of Queen Victoria.

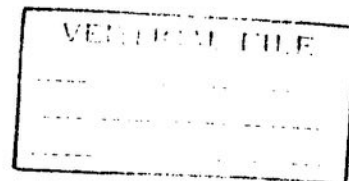
In 1903, my old house once again took on new owners when Charles L. Houston, San Francisco contractor, brought his wife, Nell, and year-old Helen to live in Astoria. Helen remembered that her mother was dismayed that she had to live in a 24-year-old house when her husband was building fine new ones all over town, so he modernized the place. He installed the marble fireplace shipped from Italy. He detached a wing of the house, moving it to the back of the lot for a rental. That house has recently been well restored.

Helen said her mother was a beautiful woman, also socially ambitious. When she heard that Annie and her husband were going to the coronation, she had to compete. In 1904, the high school girl who sold the most tickets became queen of the Regatta, then in its 10th year. Nell Houston, married with a two-year-old child, got her husband to buy \$3,000 worth of tickets so she would be sure to be queen. Maud and Winnie told me that story, too.

Houston were married in Grace Episcopal Church with the reception in the Houston home and gifts displayed in the front bedroom upstairs. In 1932, Harry and Helen built a handsome house on Smith Lake, more recently the home of the Floyd Wrights. Helen had inherited the family home when her father died in a construction accident in 1919. Now she leased it to Mr. and Mrs. James Hogg who ran the Astoria Business College on the first floor, living upstairs with their three sons, Forrest, James and Donald. Mrs. Erling Orwick, business student and longtime family friend, says that at last report, Mrs. Hogg, age 101, is still living in Michigan.

By 1942, World War II had taken most of the business college students, and the government had taken over rental property for wartime housing, so the old house was made into five sleazy apartments. After the war, Helen, then widowed and living in Palm Springs, sold the place which continued to operate as substandard apartments. The police chief once described it as "the house we've raided most often."

In 1966, my son, Bruce Berney, then a teacher at Burien High School near Seattle, and I, a teacher at Clatsop Community College, became enamored with Astoria's historic homes. During a vacation we saw a "for sale" sign on this old house, vacant, unpainted, broken



House holds lots of history

One of the three oldest houses in Astoria, the Hobson house, 469 Bond St., is an architectural and historical treasure. Built by pioneer John Hobson in 1863, it is the city's oldest residence to remain in continuous family ownership. It is now the home of a granddaughter, Marjorie Halderman, retired Astoria High School librarian.

When William Hobson, a widower, left England in January 1843, he brought his two sons and three daughters to the States with him. They landed in New Orleans, went up the Mississippi and were in St. Louis by March. There they joined the first great wagon train of 1843 with more than 1,000 members. John Hobson, 19, the oldest of William's children, remembered that Dr. Marcus Whitman, leader of the company, helped the little family procure a team of oxen and a dog for the trip.

The wagon train arrived in Oregon country in late October. A group of five men, including John Shively, John McClure and young John Hobson came on down the Columbia by Indian canoe, arriving at Astoria on Christmas Day 1843.

Young Hobson, now on his own, took a donation land claim on Clatsop Plains (near the present golf course), married Diana Owens, whose Thomas Owens family had also been on the wagon train. One of Diana's sisters was Bethenia Owens who years later became well-known as Bethenia Owens-Adair, first woman doctor west of the Rockies.

John Hobson prospered with his farming on the Plains, raising cattle, shipping large numbers to the Willamette Valley, butchering, and retailing meat. In 1863, he decided that he and Diana and their four children should live in Astoria; so he selected a site in the woods, (near the present merging of Fifth and Bond streets) and built his house. It was constructed entirely of Port Orford cedar which he selected himself and had rafted up to Astoria. It was one of the finest houses in Astoria in 1863. Maintained in superb condition, it is still one of Astoria's irreplaceable dwell-

ings. John and his young family moved into their new home on Christmas Day, exactly 20 years after he first set foot in the clearing called Astoria.

While the children were still

was active in commercial and community enterprises. He was a partner with James Hume and others in starting salmon canneries on the lower Columbia. D.K. Warren, founder of the town of Warren-

interest occurred in 1961 when Marjorie Halderman was hostess at a tea sponsored by the Presbyterian Church women honoring Lady Violet Astor when she and Lord Astor came from London to attend Astoria's sesquicentennial celebration.

The Hobson house was the first in Astoria to be listed on the National Register of Historic Places. It is open to the public this weekend on the Victorian Homes Tour, Saturday (tomorrow) from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.; Sunday from 1 to 4 p.m.

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For The Daily Astorian



young, Diana died. John later married Anna Reeves. Their three children were Edwin, Reba and Bertha. As they grew up, pioneer life in Astoria was exciting. The Hobson home was lively with parties, musicales, and church activities. Eventually daughter Bertha married Charles Halderman, nephew of the Fulton brothers, and he and Bertha raised their children in the family home. Their daughter, Marjorie Halderman, continues the tradition of family members living in the fine old house.

Miss Halderman recalls that during her childhood Dr. Bethenia Owens-Adair was a frequent visitor in their home, often stopping by for meals. She remembers her mother's telling of keeping huge quantities of food in the pantry, pies and bread on baking day set on the shelves to cool. In the upstairs storeroom were barrels of sugar, 50-pound sacks of flour and cloth-wrapped hams hanging to cure. Along the stairway usually hung a big bunch of green bananas which the children would pick off as they ripened. She also remembers her mother telling her of inviting Clatsop Indians to spend the night in the woodshed to get out of the rain when they were too far from their camp to get home that night.

Throughout his life, John Hobson

ton, was his partner in some ventures. He was organizer and vice president of Astoria National Bank. In 1885, President Cleveland made him Collector of Customs for the Port of Astoria. John Hobson, 72, died at his home in December 1896 and was buried at Pioneer Cemetery on Clatsop Plains.

Hobson's daughter, Bertha, and her husband, Charles Halderman, spent all the 35 years of their marriage in the family home. After Bertha's death in 1942, Halderman continued living there with daughter Marjorie until his death in 1970 at age 89. He, too, is buried in Pioneer Cemetery.

Charles Halderman, as well as his father-in-law, was active in public affairs. At an early age, he was private secretary to his uncle, Sen. Charles Fulton, who built the large house on 17th and Irving, which now has six apartment units. Halderman helped organize and was first president of Astoria Golf and Country Club. He was Astoria's postmaster from 1921 to 1933. He studied law at James Hope's law school in Astoria and with his uncle, attorney George C. Fulton, was a practicing attorney until retirement.

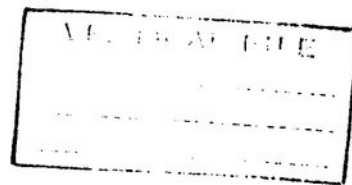
Through succeeding generations, the Hobson house has remained the center of cultural and community activities. One event of special

Another historic home open this weekend is the 1910 Clara Weiman house. Nicholas and Clara Weiman came from Seattle in 1877. Soon they bought the Chicago Hotel and Saloon on Astor Street. In 1980 the building was razed for the expansion of Lum and Ulli used car lot. In 1885, Nicholas died and Clara continued to run the business. Twenty-five years later she built her big house on the hill, then retired after five years.

In 1931, the house became the home of Henry Ringstead, longtime ferry engineer. In 1966, it was purchased by Kee Wong Brown, the last of the Chinese labor contractors. As last president of the Bow On Tong, he dismantled their meeting house and presented the furniture to the Clatsop County Historical Society. The rare Oriental pieces are displayed in the Chinese Room on the second floor of Flavel House.

Daymon Edwards, present owner of the Weiman house, has decorated his beauty salon and upstairs living quarters with unusual antiques. This house, too, is open this weekend on the homes tour. A display of period clothing presented by Persona Vintage Clothing Shop will be a bonus.

Historic homes are designated by the names of their first owners. Those open this weekend are Flavel House and the Cherry, Page, Mitchell, Hobson and Weiman houses. Tickets may be purchased at Flavel House when you start your tour.



Camp full of fond memories

With the start of school, camping season is winding down, but it was in full swing a month ago when Kiwanian Don Mitchell took me to visit Camp Kiwanilong. It is called Kiwanilong for two good reasons: the Kiwanis Club sponsors it, and it is located on Long Lake. The name was the winning entry in a youth contest in 1936 when the camp opened. The day we were there was midweek for 8- to 14-year-olds. The older ones are counselors-in-training to help the younger ones.

Driving along Ridge Road toward Fort Stevens, we reached the camp at about lunch time; in fact, we were an hour early, for the camp operates on standard time. Don't ask me why; my appetite was on daylight time. But we had a delightful hour. The tree-sheltered grounds made the perfect spot to visit with campers, relaxing after their morning activities.

As soon as we left the car, a couple of girls offered us a hospitable "Hi." Soon a dozen kids were clustered around answering Don's friendly questions. They were really impressed when they learned he was the legendary person for whom the Donovan F. Mitchell Lodge was named. Only two of the 21 buildings on the campsite are dedicated to individuals, the other being the Judge Guy Boyington Lodge. Back in the 1930s, Judge Boyington, a great worker for youth, selected the site and got the Kiwanis Club to sponsor the project. Don soon became Kiwanis president, and he and the Kiwanians have been working for the camp and at the campever since.

When lunch call sounded, 90 hungry youths and three or four hungry adults swarmed into the dining hall to tables each seating 10. There was noise aplenty, but good order. Buell Ward, Gearhart, retired teacher and vice chairman of the Kiwanilong board, sat next to me and Don. The other seven were youths. One boy poured the water, another the milk. A girl heaped our

plates with macaroni and cheese. Another girl passed trays of celery sticks filled with peanut butter, and there were brownie squares for dessert.

While the serving was going on,

"Why do you like to come here?" I asked a girl from Astoria. She replied without hesitation, "It's so peaceful and so beautiful and so quiet." After having just finished lunch with 90 children, I shouldn't

individuals, with the Astoria Kiwanis Club being sponsor and chief donor. Also there is income from campers' fees. Camperships for children who could not otherwise attend are available as long as funds hold out.

Through the years the Kiwanians have had numerous projects for the encouragement of youth. In 1925, they worked on the development of the Niagara Street playground. In 1930, they helped Astoria High School raise money to hire a band director. In the '30s and early '40s, they awarded the Kiwanis cup to the outstanding boy and girl in each AHS graduating class. The winners were often also the valedictorians and salutatorians. As I read old newspaper files I ran across the names of some of those so honored: Keen Atwood, Marjorie Halderman, Eleanor Reed, Hubert Sandoz, Kermit Gimre, Florence Elliot, Jo Schwab, Harold Nelson, Mary Lou Wilson, John Lum, Bob Lovell, Jean Maunula, Alice Trullinger, Ed Fearey, Roy Seeborg, Jane Spalding, Patricia Foote, Eugene Schault, Jean Howell and Robert Kussman. At the same time the Rotary Club was presenting cups to outstanding juniors. The program was terminated when World War II came along.

In my research, I had the privilege of viewing the club's charter with its impressive gold seal. It proclaims that the Astoria club was accepted as an affiliate of Kiwanis International on June 2, 1919. Down in the corner is the word "Duplicate." The original was lost in Astoria's disastrous fire of Dec. 8, 1922 but the duplicate is dated the same day, so Kiwanians can show 68 years of uninterrupted public service.

On yes, getting back to Camp Kiwanilong, I remember now it operates on standard time so the kids will get to bed earlier at night and get up earlier in the morning. And I still have my bead for good conduct.



Debbie Vail, camp director from Seaside, and Jean Newton, Warrenton, assistant director, carried on a mealtime schedule, first the singing of the Johnny Appleseed song of thanks, mail call for the lucky ones getting letters and the awarding of wooden beads for special achievements.

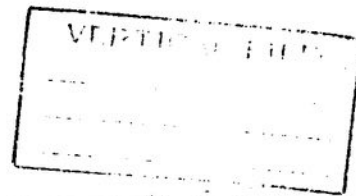
These beads are highly prized by the winners who add them to the string they wear. The girl across the table from me had many bright beads on her string. She was Monica Fillman from Winlock, Wash. She said this was her fifth year at Kiwanilong. As we were leaving the table, she offered me a red bead. Reluctant to take it for she was surely giving up one of her own, I said, "But I haven't earned it." "Oh yes you have," she said with a shy smile, "It's for good behavior."

As Buell Ward took me for a tour of the grounds, he pointed out the 13 sleeping cabins for the youngsters, the four for staff, the infirmary, and service buildings. They are all solid and practical. Electrical and water systems are reliable and shower water is heated by solar panels. "A great economy," both Buell and Don told me. The big walk-in refrigerator was a gift from Seaside.

have thought of that description, but she was right. There's plenty of space for spreading out in twos and threes or even alone. There are nature trails through the woods and along the lake, and the arboretum at the top of the hill for the study of local plants and flowers. The cedar trees giving off their spicy fragrance on that warm day were donated at least 30 years ago by August Hildebrand.

On a summer day several years ago, Kiwanians labored hard to set out 250 seedlings, expecting to return the next day to set stakes to mark their locations. But before they arrived, some helpful soul with a power mower had mowed the grounds and the seedlings. Many plantings in the area are reminders of special events, like the red maple set out last year to mark the camp's 50th anniversary.

Kiwanilong is administered by a board of directors. Present members from the Seaside-Gearhart area are Buell Ward, Oren Kulland, Neal Maine, Fred Bassett, Pat Kershul and Margene Ridout. From Astoria: Nancy Kennell, Dale Friedemann, Rupert Kennedy, Leonard Vernon and Don Mitchell; also a representative from the City of Warrenton. Financial support and labor is provided by groups and



Origin of 'Oregon' a mystery

OREGON — someone asked the other day how our state got its name. I didn't know, so I started a little research, and this is what I found out: no one really knows.

In 1765, a Major Robert Rogers, English commandant at Fort Mackinac, wrote to London asking permission to lead an exploring expedition beyond the Great Lakes into the land of the Ouragon. His request was denied. Jonathan Carver at that time was exploring the upper Mississippi valley. He may have got the name from Rogers but not the spelling, for Carver was the first to use the form OREGON when referring to the great River of the West.

It is interesting to note that one of the best known explorers, Capt. Robert Gray, Lewis and Clark, or Astor's men ever used the term OREGON. It might have died out if the popular poet, William Cullen Bryant (1794-1878) had not used it in his poem "Thanatopsis." "... In the continuous woods where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound save its own dashings." Bryant had probably read Carver's account of his travels and liked the musical lilt of the word.

Various writers have offered other explanations. One suggests it is an adaptation of the French word *ouragon* meaning storm, or the Spanish term *ove agua* meaning hear the water. Others have suggested that the Spaniards derived the name Oregon from their word, *oreja*, meaning ear, implying that the Indians they had seen had big ears. (I wonder if they ever really thought that Indian ears were any larger than Spanish ears.)

Arrowsmith's 1798 map of Lt. William Broughton's exploration at the mouth of the Columbia River is plainly titled, "Map of the River Oregon." But apparently Robert Gray didn't know that the river was

33 stars with words "State of Oregon" above and "1859" below, all in gold. The reverse side shows a gold beaver.

State song is "Oregon, My Oregon," music by Henry Murtagh

Buchanan established his law office in Astoria and immediately became active in community affairs. In 1919, he was one of the organizers of the Kiwanis Club and served as its first president. Later he became governor of Kiwanis District No. 7. He as a charter member of Clatsop Post 12 American Legion and was an elder of the Presbyterian Church. He served as municipal judge for 12 years, working with immigrants in the Americanization process. All the while, he was writing poems and essays on the beauties of Oregon and its rich, historical heritage. Many were published nationally. Buchanan died in December 1935. He was 72.

It's no wonder that Buchanan's poem, "Oregon, My Oregon," was set to music and chosen by the Legislature in 1927 as the official state song, for it expresses a great love for Oregon. But no one ever sings it; at least, I've never heard it.

The song is written for male quartet rendition. I've heard that the Kiwanis Club is a singing group. I'd like to suggest that they develop a quartet to specialize in the singing of the state song at public events. At the same time, they'd be honoring their first president. The song, words and music, is printed in the summer issue of Cumtux 1983, Clatsop County Historical Quarterly.

The original manuscript of the song was recently rediscovered in the archives of the State Department of Education and is now on display at the State Capitol in Salem.

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Vera Gault
For The Daily Astorian



called the Oregon, for he named it for his ship Columbia. It was the wagon train people who popularized the name for they kept saying they were going to the "oregon country." Next it was called Oregon Territory, then "The State of Oregon," and that's the only conclusion I found in my research. (A more detailed account is given in the book, *Oregon Geographic Names*, by Lewis McArthur.)

When I spend time researching a subject, I usually end up with more information than I was looking for. Here are some additional facts about our State of Oregon.

Became a state Feb. 14, 1859, 33rd state in the Union. State bird, western meadowlark. State flower, Oregon grape. State tree, Douglas fir. State animal, beaver. State fish, chinook salmon. State rock, thunder egg. State nickname, Beaver state.

State flag, navy blue field centered with state seal supported by

and words by J.A. Buchanan, both Astoria residents.

Let's take a little longer look at the state song. A contest to choose an official song was held in the 1920s. The winning number was selected from 200 entries. Judge Buchanan who wrote the words was a prominent Astorian. He had started law practice in Roseburg in 1898.

In World War I, he was assigned to Fort Stevens as captain of the 4th Company, Oregon Coast Guard Artillery. He liked the area so much that when the war was over he brought his wife and two daughters to Astoria. Their home was at 1135 Grand, next to the Presbyterian Church. Later, daughter Mary Maurine married Richard Caruthers. She, now widowed, lives in a retirement home in Portland. Daughter Louise married Merton Cochran and makes her home in Salem.

That unforgettable first day

School has started.

Eighteen-year-old granddaughter Laura has gone off to Reed College ready for new challenges with only one small qualm about loosening the ties of home.

Sixteen-year-old grandson Mark after a summer of hard work on the milk farm has shed many boyish ways as he becomes a junior at Astoria High School.

Five-year-old grandson Steven was worried about entering kindergarten. "How will the bus driver know where I live so he will let me off at the right place?" But he felt better after he and his mother had attended a get-acquainted session at Astor School. "Grandma, I found out where the boys' bathroom is. It's the one with the blue door."

After almost 75 years, I clearly recall my own first day at school. I was eight years old. My family lived on the windswept prairies of eastern Montana. Our nearest neighbor, a German immigrant bachelor, lived three miles away. He couldn't speak much English, but he talked in German to his dog. My father stopped by once and found Johnny and the dog eating from the same tin plate.

I hadn't started to school when I was six because there wasn't any school. My mother sent to Sears Roebuck for textbooks for me and by now I had worn out the fourth grade reader and the third grade speller. I don't recall that I studied any arithmetic, a deficiency which has followed me through life. I feel triumphant when my checkbook balances.

Then in the spring of 1912, three other families took up homesteads on our tableland. The respective fathers got together after wheat harvest that summer and built a school house. It was the traditional style, only smaller; it had two

windows on either side instead of three. There was one privy (derived from private) out back instead of two. After all, there were only seven pupils. Then the school board chairman, my father, applied to the

watchful mothers waiting with them, all eager to see the new teacher. We kids were too bashful to look at one another except for a few quick glances, though we had been together a few times at a Sunday

the day's classes. She always prefaced our marching with "lift your feet higher" as we stepped to the rhythm of her counting and clapping. And she always had to remind us to "start with your left foot." To this day when I have to decide which is my left foot, I envision myself in that little schoolroom.

We children, of course, soon recovered from our painful shyness. On warm days, we went outside and played ante-over and rah races. But mostly it was cold and we stayed inside and played fruit-basket-upset and marched around and around the schoolroom for our physical exercise.

The years soon brought changes. Miss Hershey returned east without her cowboy. Raymond and Floy stayed in the farming neighborhood. Marian became a college counselor. We met unexpectedly a few years ago at a conference at the University of Portland.

Poor Gerald, after passing the eighth grade examinations, tried to make the transition from farm to city life (Sidney, Pop. 700). His folks built a tarpaper shack there for him and Bernice to live in while they attended high school. One cold night, he broke the ice in their 10-gallon water bucket, stuck his head in and drowned. His sister, Bernice, became a well-known gynecologist in New York City.

My brother, Glenn, had 42 successful years as a public school music teacher in Montana, Idaho and eastern Washington and here I am in Astoria.

While our little school was getting started in Montana, Astoria children had been going to classes for 75 years, so much older is this community. Next week we'll tell about some of Astoria's earliest schools.



county superintendent (my mother wrote the letter) to send a teacher. She was to live at our house because we lived farthest from school, five miles, and my brother and I needed help in getting there.

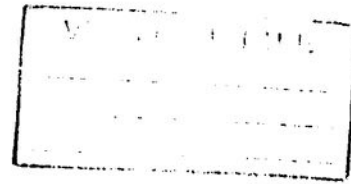
What excitement when the new teacher arrived! She was young and large and lively. Her name was Jennie Hershey. She said she belonged to the poor side of the rich Hershey chocolate family, and she had come to see the Wild West and marry a cowboy.

Early the next Monday, my father hitched old horse Nellie, a strawberry roan turning gray, to the top buggy. He boosted me up the step into the narrow seat and lifted my four-year-old brother Glenn up beside me. Only when Miss Hershey got in, she took up most of the seat, so Glenn had to sit on a pillow at our feet. Glenn wasn't supposed to go to school till he was six, but wherever Nellie and the buggy went, he had to go, too, and Miss Hershey said she didn't mind.

The other children were at the schoolhouse when we arrived.

school which had started meeting in homes, chiefly ours. There were Gerald and Bernice Welch who were older than I; Raymond and Floy (Florence) Finney, younger than I; and their cousin, Marian Cravath, about my age. I decided at once that she was prettier than I, for she had short, wavy hair, and I had tight braids.

We started that first day and every day thereafter by learning to march and to sing. A handbell and a flag stood on the teacher's desk. When Miss Hershey tapped the bell with her brown penny pencil, we were to get up from our seats, stand at the left side, raise the left foot, and march the 15 feet or so to face the teacher's desk. There we repeated the Pledge of Allegiance after her until we learned it, and we sang "My Country 'Tis of Thee" and "Columbia, Gem of the Ocean." She said "The Star Spangled Banner" was for grownups. When we completed this so-called "morning exercise," she tapped the bell again and we marched back to our desks to begin



Astoria school days of yesteryear

The year was 1840.

Astoria's first school had seven pupils. They studied in a curtained-off room at the fur trading post where the small Fort Astoria Park on Fifteenth and Exchange Streets now stands. In 1840, the post still bore the British name of Fort George, though Americans were beginning to trickle back again.

The teacher was Mrs. John Frost, wife of the Methodist missionary who had come to evangelize the Indians. The students were the Frosts' son Emory and the six daughters of the post factor, James Birnie, and his Chinook wife, Charlotte.

By 1852, Astoria had more than 300 residents, so a more formal school was needed. It was organized in the Methodist church, newly built on the corner of Fifteenth and Franklin on land donated by pioneer James Welch. The church had no money to pay the preacher, Chauncy Hosford, so a dozen parents hired him to be the teacher. By this time the Clatsop Plains schools had been established by Solomon Smith and missionaries sent by Jason Lee, and some Astoria children had been attending out there.

None of these schools was a public school as we know it today. They were operated by private teachers and supported by tuition. This was often paid in kind with items such as butter and eggs and cordwood. But they were public in that they accepted any child without discrimination. Thus they were the forerunners of our public schools.

Astoria's public school system began on July 4, 1854, when a group of concerned citizens established Astoria School District 1. It was the third organized district in Oregon and extended south to the Tillamook County line.

The first building constructed for school purposes was built within a few months. It was located around

Ninth and Exchange streets in the vicinity of the present location of Dr. Bales' dental clinic and The Daily Astorian building. When excavation was being done in recent years for both these buildings,

ria's outstanding educators, began her teaching career in that first school. Later she became vice-principal of McClure School when it opened in 1883. When the old school building was no longer needed, part

as the site for the courthouse.

I didn't find the list of the first teachers at McClure School, but I did find the list of those teaching there in 1905 and the salaries they received. The principal was L.N. Garman, salary, \$90 per month. Assistant principal, Dora Badollet, \$82.50; second assistant principal, Gertrude Husle, \$80; third assistant principal, S.D. Diebel, \$70. Then followed six teachers with salaries ranging from \$68 to \$64, and the janitor at \$65.

For the first six years, McClure School housed only grammar school pupils, but in 1889, two upstairs rooms were set aside for Astoria's first high school. Teachers were Dora Badollet and N.S. Wright. Thus in 1893, Astoria High had its first graduating class, three members: Kate Dement, Martha Finch, and John McCue.

The new high school soon acquired a new library. One evening at an exhibit of student work, J.C. Trullinger, longtime resident, made an announcement, "I believe in deeds, not words. Here is the first \$20 gold piece to buy books to start a library."

In 1911, the new high school building at the top of Sixteenth Street was completed. The land on which the stately old building rested had been slipping, and parents demanded that it be abandoned. Central School was built in 1916-17, and grade school students moved there. The school board tried hard to find other uses for the old McClure building, but in 1919, it was finally demolished.

A news article in the Morning Astorian of May 19, 1919 lamented its passing: "It had been well-built, well-lighted, well-ventilated, and its walls were deadened so no sound could pass through. It was one of the best schools in the West."

The entire block where the McClure School stood is now a public playground. (More about schools next week.)



workmen were alerted to watch for any traces of the early school but none were found. I haven't been able to discover a name for that first school building; it was probably called simply the Astoria School. At any rate, it must have been large, for records indicate it soon acquired 90-100 pupils.

Some familiar names are among those who taught at that first school. Bethenia Owens-Adair was a teachers' assistant to Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Deardorff. He taught the 47 upperclass pupils, while the two women handled a comparable number in the lower classes, including four and five-year-olds.

When I first came to Astoria in 1964 to teach at Clatsop Community College, a small dwelling on Franklin Ave. between the Franklin and Stratford Apartments was pointed out to me as the home of Dr. Adair and her young son, George Hill, at the time she was helping at the school in the early 1860s. The two-room building, occupied then by an elderly pensioner, burned to the ground the next year. There is now only a park-like space between the two buildings.

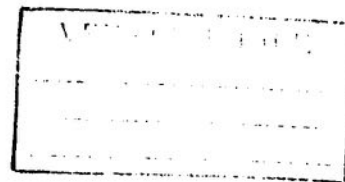
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Those schoolhouse memories

Teachers and schools — how important they are in our lives and memories!

As we have noted before, Astoria's District 1 was organized on July 4, 1854. I have been unable to find out when or why it became known by its present title of 1-C. Loran Mathews, director of support services for the district, thinks the C may have been added when the Fernhill School, built in 1880, merged with the Astoria district in 1955. Barbara Canessa, board chairman, thinks it may have happened somewhat earlier.

In the earliest days of Astoria schools, classes were taught chiefly by unmarried women whose salaries ranged from \$35 to \$47 per month. To earn this, they had to agree not to dance, drink or marry on pain of termination. Some school boards forbade female teachers to leave the city without permission. They must not dress in bright colors, stay out after dark or wear fewer than two petticoats.

Many teachers had to scrub the floors, carry in wood and stoke the fires. However, as the size of classes grew, janitors were added to the school staff. These tasks were a part of my duties when in 1923 I got my first teaching job in a rural school in Walla Walla County. I boarded with a family with four small children who walked the mile with me each day to the schoolhouse. The five other children in the district usually arrived about the same time, so we all carried wood, swept the floors and cleaned blackboards and erasers.

By the end of the year, I had saved \$200 and had acquired a \$75 encyclopedia from an over-persuasive young book salesman. But one of the rewards of the year was the fun those little country children had in the togetherness we enjoyed. A special memory is that of a little five-year-old, blue-eyed lad who took my hand one day on the playground, and looking at me earnestly said, "Miss Whitney, when I grow up, I'm going to marry you."

From the earliest days, Astorians were committed to education and were proud of their schools. A report in 1902 listed six schools and five buildings in the city (McClure building housed both elementary

and high school). Many Astorians remember Taylor School with fondness. Hannah Seeborg, now retired after more than 40 years as a legal secretary, says that it was an important part of her childhood.



and high school). It listed an enrollment of 1,359 pupils. (This fall (1987), Astoria's student enrollment is 1,724 students.) Classes in 1902 offered the basic three r's, readin', writing' and 'rithmetic, and knew nothing of the specialized activities such as art or shop work, and faculties had never heard of counselors or coaches. Some music was taught if a qualified teacher was on the staff. Otherwise each teacher led the singing in "morning exercises."

The report was prefaced by the statement, "Astoria's school system is not surpassed by that of any other city in the West."

The year this report was published, construction had begun of the sixth school, Taylor School, a handsome building located where the present Crestview Care Center now stands. It was badly needed to serve the many children in Uniontown and around Smith Point. In fact, it was so much needed that after only a few years of use, Thomas Orwick, contractor and father of retired banker Erling Orwick, was awarded the contract to build several portable structures around Taylor School to ease the crowding. A unique feature of Taylor School was the organization of night classes to aid Finnish immigrants in learning the English language.

The Seeborg family with their 13 children lived east of the school with a large playground between. The four-story house, splendidly preserved, is now the home of Jack and Beverly Brown. Next to the Seeborgs on the east was the imposing Finnish Congregational church.

Miss Seeborg remembers especially one big event at Taylor School for which parents, teachers, and children prepared all year, a musical called Japanese Festival. Education must have had a special interest in Japan in those years, for by coincidence I was in a high school cantata called the Feast of Little Lanterns in far-off Sidney, Mont. I remember wearing my mother's black kimono with a red ribbon tied around my middle and a white paper chrysanthemum pinned behind one ear. We girls spent every noon hour making chrysanthemums.

Denny Thompson of Astoria Granite Works recalls the fun that Taylor boys had in gangs. Not gangs as the word now implies, just neighborhood kids having fun. In his day, there was the Uniontown gang that played ball with the Smith Point gang, the Church Hill gang, and the Portway gang. The river front from the present highway building to the Portway Tavern was all sandy beach and a

great place to play.

Taylor School was phased out in 1925 when the Capt. Robert Gray building was completed. Sylvia Mattson said the Gray building seemed like a castle, but pupils shed tears when the old building was demolished. The lumber was barged across the river to Naselle where the Rev. Ellis Koven, pastor of the church next door, used it to build a house.

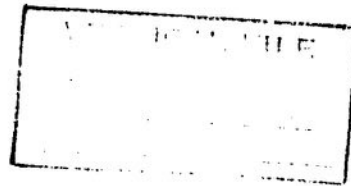
Linda Niemelin, secretary at Peace Lutheran Church for the last 20 years, attended Gray School. She and Mrs. Mattson both recall the lively singing the classes did and the marching, usually to the beat of Sousa's stirring marches. They lined up for the flag salute each morning, marched to the playground at recess and marched out of the building at the end of the day.

Another neighborhood school was the Olney. When we hear that name now, we think of the rural community, but there really was an Olney School in town. Both were named for prominent pioneer and territorial judge, Cyrus Olney.

The Astoria Olney School was located on the south slope, occupying an entire block between Klaskanine and Clatsop streets and Third and Fourth streets. It was a square one-story building, four rooms, four grades, four teachers, and 250 pupils. One teacher, Mrs. Mildred Dawson, served as principal for 30 years.

Ed Fearey of Fearey Insurance, says he attended the school in 1928-29 before his family moved closer to Central School. He too mentioned what fun the Hilltop gang had with the others all summer long. He also suggested that I call Mrs. Dawson, now 87, who lives with a caring family in Seaside. When I told her I wanted to mention Olney School and wondered what she would like to add, she said, "Just say they were all good children. Oh, of course they got into mischief sometimes, but they never did anything bad."

(More about other schools another time.)



Some school problems timeless

You may recall the old saying that two things in life are certain: death and taxes. In my reading, I've discovered another certainty: school problems. As I become aware of the perplexing situations which have occurred through the years, I gain more and more appreciation for the courageous citizens who offer their services as school board members. The amazing thing is that history does repeat itself. Do the following examples sound familiar?

How can rules be applied fairly to students in a way that the public understands? In April 1893, this happened at Cedar Street Grade School (later called Shively, located on Exchange Street where Lum and Utli's parking lot is now).

Six children entered a speech contest to compete for a medal. The Astoria Daily Budget reported the event in its Daily Briefs, expressing its own opinion in the style of the times:

"It's apparent the Cedar Street School is run in a slack manner, discouraging intelligent children. Among the Friday contestants was the little daughter of Capt. and Mrs. J.H.D. Gray, a bright little girl scarcely 12 years of age."

(The Grays lived on the corner of 17th and Grand, now the Dr. Ed Harvey Home. Gray was county judge and state senator.)

The news account continues, "The little girl was awarded the prize, which she had earned and richly deserved. She was proud of her medal and much encouraged. But imagine the feelings of that worthy little lady when, as she went to school on the following Monday morning, she was notified that she would have to give up the medal, for she was too young to compete for it. Imagine taking her prize away on such a flimsy excuse! The writer has not got much wealth, but he will give up a big dollar toward buying a nice medal for this worthy little elocutionist." I wonder if her father, the judge, took a hand.

What is more ongoing than the subject of teachers' salaries?

In October 1919, Astoria teachers asked the school board for an increase of \$20 per month on their

item, one director remarked that it was unnecessary to taboo the puffs for they were already two years out of style.

Near the close of the meeting, the directors finally agreed to take no

School sitting vacant is the most recent in a succession of such problems.

In February 1927, several members of the Clatsop County Taxpayers' League appeared before the school board to protest the demolition of the old Adair School building sitting next to the new John Jacob Astor structure which had been built two years before. They maintained that wastefulness had been demonstrated in the disposition of previous buildings and urged that strictest economy be observed in dealing with this 50-year-old structure; namely, find some use for it.

To deal with the complaint, the board hired architects to examine the structure to consider the possibility of making it into a gymnasium for the Astoria Junior High students. After much time and expense, the architects said it wouldn't work.

Next the board asked for bids from contractors for tearing the building down and buying the lumber and fixtures. Two bids were received giving their price for demolition, but they didn't want to buy anything. A third bid offered to do the wrecking and would pay \$10 for the lumber. That bid was later rescinded. By August, the board offered to give lumber and equipment to anyone who would demolish the building and remove the debris.

The last news account, published in December, stated that J.E. Beasley had asked the board for two more weeks to finish tearing down the building, that he hadn't been able to meet the most recent deadline because he had been called to grand jury duty. He also said he would remove the wreckage as soon as he could for he planned to use it in several small buildings he had under construction.

So school history goes on and on, and so do school problems. And so do school officials labor to find solutions.

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Then and Now
Vera Gault
For The Daily Astorian



\$100 per month salaries. Their petition was refused "because the district has no funds with which to meet the increase requested." However, the directors assured the "pedagogs" that they wished they could at least meet the rise in the cost of living, but such was impossible. At any rate, the teachers must have been happy to be appreciated, for Supt. Herbert Hussong reported to the board that he was "exceedingly well pleased with the present staff and highly gratified with the results obtained thus far in the school year."

The manner of student dress has been a timeless concern. It was the main topic of an Astoria School Board meeting in December 1921. Board members expressed a need for a dress code to ensure that school girls and female teachers were suitably and modestly dressed. Director C.W. Halderman warned, "It is a subject which carries many complications and must be handled with care and caution."

After a lengthy discussion by the gentlemen of the board, the consensus was that some certain features had to be tabooed: "abbreviated skirts, silk waists, rolled-down stockings, high heels, paint on cheeks, rouge on lips, and biffs on ears." Regarding the last

action on the matter for a month. "In the meantime," as the news account dutifully reported, "the directors are to consult with wives, mothers and sisters to secure feminine advice on the best methods to pursue." No follow-up report appeared.

Some present-day policy questions are not so new as you might think. Sixty-five years ago, Astoria School Board members had to make a decision about sex education.

At the February 1922 meeting, a proposition from the State Hygiene Society was read. It invited Astoria High School to join 20 high schools in a state education program. The terms were that the district should pay \$300 for a series of six lectures on sex education to be presented during the year by persons sent out by the society.

Naturally that meeting was a lengthy one. Director J.H.D. Gray said the idea was a good one, but sex education should be started in the lower grades, that to introduce it to high school pupils would do more harm than good. Director Trullinger stated firmly that only parents should do such teaching. The proposition was rejected.

What about the disposal of worn-out buildings? Our Central

Early schools fondly remembered

From 1900 to 1917, Astoria's school system was well established. Seven buildings were serving at capacity, Taylor, McClure and Olney on the west side; Shively, Alderbrook and Adair on the east, and the high school building atop the 16th Street hill.

The grade school buildings were styled in the traditional, imposing pattern. All were square and white with steep steps through the front entrance into a wide hall with two classrooms on either side. A broad stairway led to four more rooms upstairs. Each building was topped with a dignified cupola which housed a big brass bell.

Naturally, educational procedures were similar in all buildings. Every school employed marching as a means of directing the children in and out of the building in an orderly fashion. No racing or talking in the hallways. Mary Lovell (Mrs. Bob) remembers when as little Mary Robinson, second grader at Shively School at 16th and Exchange, she, along with all the others, lined up four abreast to march down the front steps to the beat of Sousa's Washington Post March. No dashing even if rain was pouring down.

Speaking of keeping order, apparently discipline had few problems in those days. Of course, older boys sometimes played pranks. One that lasted a while was lowering the window shades and tying the cords to the potted geraniums on the sill. Then when the unsuspecting teacher raised the blinds, the geraniums went up too. Another trick that worked for a time: when the teacher's back was turned, a boy went out an open window, reappearing a few minutes later at the classroom door announcing solemnly, "The principal wants to see..." (Naming a friend). The friend then solemnly left the room. Once in the hallway, the two lads joyfully disappeared for the rest of the day.

Bob Lovell, also a pupil at Shively School, remembers that in its last years of use, the building housed the first three grades downstairs. The upper floor provided offices for A.C. Hampton, school superin-

principal had a buzzer to signal the janitor when rooms were too hot or too cold. In 1928, sawdust furnaces were installed at Alderbrook, Shively and Taylor schools. In more recent years, the district switched

little children entertained with "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star" and "Angel Faces." Clark Bell sang "The Soldier's Sad Story." Julie and Lizzie Kopp (their father ran the brewery) sang "Somebody Died." There may have been a cheerful moment when brother and sister Johan and Clara Young teamed up for a dialogue, "The Blessings of Wedlock," probably a comedic parody.

Other happy occasions occurred at graduation time. Then the coveted diplomas were handed out, and some students received special awards. Astor School reported several "Superior Student Awards" between 1936 and 1943. The Astorian-Budget offered a silver-plated trophy each year. The American Legion offered medals.

Some of the Legion winners were Albert Aho, Allen Johns, Edna Landro (now Mrs. Rudy Lovvold), Claude Lokan, Peter Antonich, Robert Kussman, Phyllis Atwood (Mrs. Arthur Moore), Howard Anderson, Hazel Waris (now Reith), Marie Johansen, Donald Hansen, Priscilla Berry, Howard Lovvold, Ronald Peterson, Anna Marie Olson and Arlene Larson (now Hagerup).

Among the students receiving the Astorian-Budget trophy were Wilson Paulson, Edna Landro, Dorothy Palmrose, Kathleen Wiss, Grace Gulhagen, Arlene Larson and Dorothy Lamont (now Mickelson).

After reading about these awards, I phoned both Arlene Hagerup and Dorothy Mickelson. Both said they were proud of their awards and still display them. They especially mentioned the Astorian-Budget cup which stands more than a foot high and is elaborately engraved.

Other schools noted the receiving of awards from these same donors and also from the Kiwanis and Rotary clubs, all given to support and encourage students serious about their scholarship and citizenship.



tendent, and the records clerk and school nurse. The city hall, now the Heritage Museum, located across Exchange Street, provided easy access to the city library on the second floor. Children completing the third grade transferred to Central School when that building was completed in 1917.

When I asked Enid (Rasmus) Holt what she remembered about her days as a pupil at Adair School, she promptly replied, "I remember Miss Holmes going into the hallway at closing time, cranking up the old Victrola and grinding out a Sousa march for us to march out the building." Mrs. Holt also recalled that her own teaching career started when she taught at Melville, a one-room, rural school located on what is now the Roger Olson farm in the Lewis and Clark area. She boarded with the George Hartill family, walked three miles to school and was paid an extra \$5 per month for doing the janitor work. Later she taught 17 years at Central School.

Another similarity all the schools had was heating problems. First schools were heated with pot-bellied stoves. Later schools had wood-burning furnaces in the basement. When Taylor School was new, the

to oil heating. Now all Astoria school buildings are heated by natural gas.

Another interest that early Astoria schools shared was the scheduling of programs, often on Friday afternoons, to demonstrate the accomplishments of the children. Displays of drawings and penmanship lined the walls, and pupils recited poems or participated in spelling bees. Special events were evening programs with children "speaking pieces" and singing. These drew large turnouts of parents and the public. No competition with television in those days! When I read the listings of one such program given by Uppertown (later Astor) children on June 1887, I hoped the ladies had carried a good supply of their dainty linen handkerchiefs. As you read the titles, you will see what I mean.

Laura Hanson sang, "If I Should Die Tonight." Later in the program, a duet was rendered by Laura Hanson and Clara Young (who later became Dr. Clara Waffle living in her parental home, the Benjamin Young-Harry Swanson house). The young ladies sang "Falling Leaves." Alma Holmes recited "Don't Say He Died of Drink." The

Astoria schools ever-changing

Usually when I choose a topic for this column I try to relate it to the season or some local happening. Accordingly, when the school year started, I thought the subject of schools would be timely for a Friday or two. Now this is the fifth, and I have scarcely begun. But with this offering, I shall leave the schools for a while, though I'm sure I shall return from time to time.

In the years after 1900, Astoria was booming. The population had risen from 2,000 to 8,000 in 20 years, and school population had grown proportionately. Early buildings were getting old, and parents were clamoring for new ones. For a temporary solution, portable shacks were erected in nearly every school yard.

As an example of public opinion, this account appeared in describing the old Shively building, located on Exchange Street facing the present Heritage Museum: "Fifty years of children have worn its sills low. Its steps are splintered and creaking. . . Many families have seen at least two generations in attendance, and one even three. Mrs. Carlton Allen attended Shively School, then her daughter, Mignon, now Mrs. James Cellars, and now her son, Allen Cellars, has begun his career in the building."

Clearly as a long-term solution to the deteriorating buildings, new ones had to be built. The new high school building completed in 1911 was the first to relieve the pressure. Within the next 15 years, old structures were replaced by the new Central, Gray and Astor buildings.

As I researched the history of the schools, I frequently was confused about the names of schools, their renaming, and the names of those that replaced them. Perhaps some of you readers are too. So to help all of us, I have tried to simplify the history of each school and set it down here as accurately as I can.

First Astoria School Building, 1855-1883: located at present Ninth and Exchange streets. It served kindergarten children and all eight grades with two teachers, one assistant, and finally more than 100 children. When McClure and Shively schools were built, classes transferred. The old building was used for many years as the Jens Hanson Plumbing and Sheet Metal Shop.

McClure School, 1883-1918: This

was first called Court Street School. It occupied a full block between Franklin and Grand and Seventh and Eighth streets. It had four grades on the first floor and four on the second until 1890 when two

This school located between 49th and 50th and Elm and Date streets in east Astoria was the smallest in Astoria's District 1. In 1902, it had three teachers and 89 pupils. In 1925, its upper grades moved to the

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upper rooms became Astoria's first high school. In 1911, the high school moved to the new building on 16th and Jerome, now the administration building for Clatsop Community College. In 1918, grade school classes moved to the new Central School. The old McClure building, located on ground that had begun to slide, was demolished. The site is now a city playground.

Shively School, 1882-1938: This structure first called Cedar Street School was located on present Exchange Street between 16th and 17th. It began as a two-room building, but in 1893, a splendid new building was added in front of the two-room original making the school T-shaped. In 1894, its name was changed to Shively, honoring pioneer John Shively, first postmaster, and his family. Classes were moved to Central School when that school opened in 1918. The old building was used for overflow classes, storage and Scout activities until 1931, then was demolished in 1938.

Adair School, 1877-1927: This building first called Uppertown School was located on Duane Street between 35th and 36th, the site of the playground of the present Astor School. In 1894, its name was changed to Adair, honoring Col. John Adair, pioneer settler and husband of Dr. Bethenia Owens-Adair. The building was modernized and enlarged in 1893 and again in 1905. The school was closed in 1925 when students were moved to the new John Jacob Astor School built in the same block facing Franklin. The Adair building was demolished in 1927.

Alderbrook School, 1892-1930:

new Astor School. The others moved gradually. The building was demolished in 1930.

Taylor School, 1902-1930: Taylor School located in west Astoria on the site of the present Crestview Care Center, West Exchange Street, served the Uniontown area. When the new Robert Gray School opened in 1925, Taylor students gradually transferred until Taylor was closed in 1930. The Rev. Ellis Koven, pastor of the neighboring Finnish Congregational Church, bought the old building, dismantled it, and in 1938, barged it across the Columbia to Naselle, Wash., where he rebuilt it into an imposing home.

Olney School, 1900-1933: This was a one-story neighborhood school built on the corner of Fourth and Clatsop streets on Astoria's south slope where clearings were being made and many new homes built. The building had four rooms, four grades and four teachers, one of whom served as principal. It was closed in 1933 when pupils moved to Central and Gray schools.

Astor Court School, 1918-1925: This school was built to ease the crowding at Taylor School. Located on what is now the playground and parking lot for Gray School, it later became the auditorium for that new school.

Capt. Robert Gray School, 1925- : Located at 785 Alameda, the school was named for Capt. Gray who discovered the mouth of the Columbia River in 1892. The name was suggested by State Sen. A. W. Norblad who gave the dedicatory address. The new school received students from Olney and Taylor schools, adding the ninth grade to complete the new junior high school

system adopted by District 1. The school now has kindergarten and the first four grades with this year's enrollment numbering 277.

Central School, 1918-1978: The school located between Ninth and Tenth on Irving Avenue. The school originally had grade school classes, then in 1925 added the ninth grade to join the district's junior high system. At that time, its name was changed to Lewis and Clark, so all three grades and junior high schools would carry historical names. However, this caused confusion with the Lewis and Clark School in the rural community, so when it once again became an elementary school, the name reverted to Central. Because of dwindling enrollment and its deteriorating condition, the school was closed in 1978. Many efforts have been made to find uses for it, but it remains unoccupied.

John Jacob Astor School, 1925- : Located at 3550 Franklin Ave., this school was named to honor John Jacob Astor, whose fur traders founded Astoria. The first floor housed elementary grades with junior high students on the upper floor. The gymnasium was added in 1936 with Thomas Orwick as contractor. The building now houses kindergarten and the first four grades. Enrollment this year is 363.

Astoria Middle School, 1968- : Located at 1100 Klaskanine, this building is occupied by the four upper grades as the Astoria district adopted the 4-4-4 system plus kindergarten in 1976. Enrollment this year totals 473.

Astoria High School: The first high school building was constructed at 16th and Jerome in 1911 with John Wick as architect. The gymnasium was added in 1921. The last class graduated from here in 1957 when the new building at 1001 W. Marine Drive opened that fall. This year's enrollment is 611, many of whom are transported from outlying areas by the district's nine buses plus two reserves. The first building was modernized to become a part of the campus of Clatsop Community College which opened on that location in 1962. Teachers now serving District 1-C now total 101.

So Astoria's school system with its buildings has changed with the times during 132 years of operation and continues the process of keeping up to date.

Fire an age-old catastrophe

During the recent fearsome weeks of forest fires, we've all had a sense of anxiety. We think of the timber stands that can't be replaced in a hundred years. We think of the animal and bird life destroyed, and for that which remains, the loss of food and shelter. We think of the residents of stricken areas who have lost homes and livelihood. So much tragedy.

All this has reminded me of the day when my family faced a similar crisis. We lived on a prairie plateau, called tableland, in eastern Montana. By 1914, six families had settled in the area. All around the tableland were dry coulees, called the breaks. Their jagged hills and canyons sloped down to dry creek beds, Fox Creek on the north, Burns Creek on the south converging on the east about three miles from our place. Our buildings were on the north brink of the tableland, and a family named Brown lived on the east brink, leaving as much level land as possible for the precious wheat crops.

The rough, gravelly breaks were sheep country, where herders lived all summer in covered wagons called chuckwagons. Each wagon always had a sheep dog to help with the flock. Folks said no tie in the id was stronger than that of the tender and his dog. The herdsman fried the hotcakes and salt pork, which he and the dog shared on the same tin plate, which the dog licked clean for the next meal.

We didn't worry about forest fires in eastern Montana, for there weren't any forests, but the fear of prairie fires was constant during the hot, windy summers.

The sun blazed hot on that August morning in 1914. It was my 10th birthday. Mother baked my cake right after breakfast so she wouldn't have to keep the fire in the cookstove during the heat of the day. When my father and the hired men came in for their noon meal, they loaded their plates in the kitchen and went out to eat in the shade of the house. The thermometer on the porch marked 106 degrees.

As they ate, my father looked to the south where our ripening wheat shimmered in the sun. He said it sure looked like it would be ready

to harvest the next week. Tensions always mounted in the wheat country as the grain ripened. So many disasters could happen at the last minute.

A disaster happened that after-

In the meantime the horizon to the east was getting darker as smoke obscured the blue of the sky. We could see tongues of red flames under the billowing black smoke, and the wind made a violent roar as

down; the crackling roar subsided. The holocaust had hit the fire break and it held.

Mamma sank down on the porch step, half sobbing, half laughing. "Thank goodness, the house is safe, and our new barn, and the wheat."

Papa came about an hour later and sprawled on the ground, his hair and eyebrows and lashes burned and his face so blackened by smoke that only the whites and the blue of his eyes could be distinguished. When mother tried to clean the dirt away, he moaned that it hurt too much. Then she saw that his skin under the soot was all burned and blistered.

Soon the hired men returned, and they too lay down exhausted. After awhile, they all began to talk a little. They agreed it was the plowed strip and the backfire that saved McCulloughs' buildings and ours. They said the fire had started in the grazing land down over the east breaks. A sheepherder had been frying bacon when the grease caught fire, and the chuckwagon exploded. Volunteers found him dead with his dog lying dead beside him.

The men marveled at the number of volunteers who had raced to help when they had spotted the first curls of smoke. Three carloads of men had started out from Sidney, 30 miles away, but only one carload arrived to help. The second car suffered two flat tires which the men had to stop and patch. The third car had run out of gas.

My father said the fire damage was awful. All the wheat fields and some granaries on the east end of the tableland were gone. The herd of sheep was destroyed. Days later the stench of decaying bodies and wool that would not burn hung over the breaks until an early snow spread a purifying blanket over the sad scene. The next spring when pastures were green again, brown patches dotted the slopes marking the spots where the dead sheep lay.

Even though this particular disaster happened in Montana, people in eastern Oregon are always alert to the danger of prairie fires and fires in fields of ripening grain. And wherever there are forests, there is the dread of forest fires as well. So we sympathize with those who have faced this year's catastrophes.

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Vera Gault
For The Daily Astorian



noon. Mother and I were just finishing washing the dishes when the telephone jangled six frantic rings. The six families on that rural line each had their own ring. Ours was a long and two shorts. Six rings meant that everyone should answer (though they usually did anyway). "Grass fire," a voice shrieked. "Come quick. It's climbing Browns' breaks."

Before mother could get word to the men out mending the fence line, they had already seen the smoke on the eastern horizon and were running to the barn. Two quickly hitched a team to the old wagon where three barrels were kept filled with water for just such an emergency. They scooped up an armful of gunny sacks to dip into the water and beat the flames. The other man saddled his horse and quickly outdistanced the wagon.

My father hooked the gang plow to the tractor and drove across the road east into the neighbor's pasture and started plowing furrows back and forth. Mr. McCullough was already out urging his horse faster and faster as he plowed a stop line on the east side of his house and barn.

Mother was rushing around gathering all the old woolen garments she could find, underwear, old rag rugs, even the horse blankets from the barn. She told my six-year-old brother and me that we must keep these wet in the water tank and bring them to her fast if the fire got close enough to send sparks into our yard.

It pushed the fire ever closer. My father and Mr. McC abandoned their plows, grabbed cans of kerosene and went running beyond the plowed firebreaks, pouring the kerosene as they ran. It exploded into flames, raced towards the plowed line and stopped, but the main fire kept coming and we couldn't see Papa any more. Men racing their saddle horses and carrying shovels came up from Fox Creek and Burns Creek, and they too disappeared into the smoke. They knew their job was to fight the flames on the side lines to keep the fire from widening.

As ashes and flaming wisps of grass blew into our yard, Glenn and I raced back and forth from the water tank to Mamma as she used the dripping blankets to flail out the small fires springing up in the dry grass. Then she told us to grab the water pails from the porch and keep throwing water on the woodpile. When we did that, many small animals dashed out from under the wood where they had hidden for safety. Rabbits, a couple of porcupines and several prairie dogs fearing for their lives headed for the breaks behind the barn. Even snakes went slithering through.

On and on the fire came. Flames leaped higher; smoke grew thicker. Sometimes Glenn and I could scarcely see Mamma only a few feet away.

Our eyeballs felt like hot marbles, and we could draw only sketchy little breaths, but we kept on splashing water on the woodpile. Then suddenly the flames died

Spooky scenes of early Astoria

Have you ever listened to Don Marshall's tape, guide for a driving tour of Astoria with comments on historic highlights? I listened again the other evening, for I always learn something new. (It's for sale at museums and specialty shops.) This time an item near the end caught my interest as it related this incident. In 1895, workers digging in the basement of an early Astoria home uncovered four skeletons. At first, they surmised the place to have been an Indian burial ground. But closer examination confirmed that they were the bones of white men. Did these indicate a murder mystery? Who knows?

At any rate, I got to thinking about mysteries. Just a few days earlier, I had received a phone call from a writer in Montana who said he was compiling a book on ghost stories of the Northwest. Since Astoria is the oldest settlement, he figured it might be a fertile field for ghost stories. I hadn't heard of any, but once again our friendly public library came to my aid.

The following are the only local ghost stories we unearthed. If anyone knows of any others, we might help our Montana author, for he said he would call back in a few weeks.

The first episode we found at the Astoria Public Library was recorded in *The Daily Astorian*, June 22, 1878. The account stated that the people of Fort Canby across the Columbia River had seen "a ghost, or an optical delusion, or whatever-it-was" on several occasions. The account continued: "It whatever it was came in close proximity last Wednesday night to the first officer of the steam launch *Katata*. Capt. R. F. Stevens had gone ashore looking for a lost net belonging to Radollet & Co. and left word with the first officer, Mr. Frank Hobson, that he would be back before bedtime to be taken on board. The *Katata* was anchored in the bay. Mr. Hobson, upon receiving the notice, went ashore, and while sitting on the dock, observed

what he supposed to be Capt. Stevens coming down to go on board. He spoke to him (or it), but receiving no answer, approached him (or it) when "it" suddenly disappeared."

broke the window and carried on something dreadful. No one slept that night."

The next day they discussed giving up their claim and returning to Astoria. One young fellow said he

guns, hatchets and clubs. As soon as the racket started in the garret, they commenced to run a bluff on ghostly by pounding on the floor with their hatchets and hollering out that they were going to shoot. After this, the noise upstairs ceased. The next mysterious round was at the back door, as if it was trying to enter. That settled it. The occupants proceeded to take their hurried departure out the front door. The whole affair is to be kept secret, and the Budget has agreed to stand pat."

Astoria Daily Budget, March 12, 1913:

"If anybody wants to know what a real live ghost looks like, they can ask Tom Quinn, former mayor of Sand Island on the Columbia. Tom had been wintering in the Tillamook area along with a score of other bachelors when he had a sudden desire to see Astoria in the bloom of spring... So he packed his belongings and with his banjo and a light heart, he started to walk to Astoria."

As he walked over Neahkahnie, admiring the view on that sunny afternoon, the trail became obscure. Seeing a house, he stopped for information. Tom asked the man sitting on the porch reading a newspaper how to find the trail, but he received no reply. He asked again, and still no answer. So he stepped into the house to see if someone more hospitable might help him.

The house looked like it had been deserted for years. When Tom stepped back onto the porch, the man and his newspaper had vanished. When Tom reached another house, he told about the man and his paper.

"You are not the first traveler who has seen the man on the porch," he was told. The neighbors presumed the house to be haunted, and "Tom had seen a real ghost — perhaps."

Happy Halloween!

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Hobson followed it in the dark and finally saw it on the opposite side of the inlet. This time Hobson tried to get closer, but it disappeared under a bridge leading down to the garrison while Hobson threw rocks in its direction. When Capt. Stevens arrived and heard Hobson's story, he had no explanation but said that the apparition had been seen several times before.

...

A second happening was reported in the *Daily Morning Astorian*, Feb. 26, 1891, with the headline "Ghost of the Nehalem Tramp." Several men lived on a claim bordering the Nehalem River. Near their cabin was a clearing where in years gone by, "a poor unfortunate who had sickened and died had been buried." The men who had buried him had placed stones over the spot. But the current dwellers knew nothing of the grave. One man, Towner (not his real name) thought it looked like a good place to plant potatoes, so he spaded and planted and raised a good crop.

"Not long after this," the account continues, "a loud knocking was heard at the window one night. Those inside sat up with hair on end and afraid to speak. The next night it came again. The third night, it

wouldn't give up; if it came again, he would ask it what it wanted. It did come again and replied to his question in a deep sepulchral voice, "I want Towner." The others told Towner that if it came back the next night, he had to answer it, which he did. The same fearful voice told him that he had desecrated his resting place by removing the stones and planting potatoes, that he must restore the grave as it had been before.

"For the next few days, Towner frantically obeyed, then he abandoned his share of the homestead and returned to Astoria. There has been no supernatural disturbance there since."

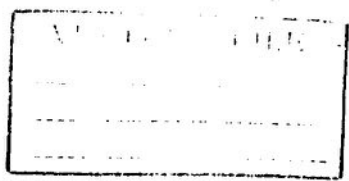
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From *The Daily Astorian-Budget*, March 29, 1894:

"The latest excitement in Up-pertown is a haunted house. In the lonely hours of the night, clumsy ghosts monkey around in the cat-loft, fall over chairs and smash dishes when there are not any chairs and dishes there.

"Last night the occupants of the house called in a neighbor to help watch for Mr. Ghosty, who made his presence felt by his usual antics at the hour of 12. The gentlemen on watch were armed to the teeth with

ASTORIA PUBLIC LIBRARY
JUN 10 1971



Letter sparks recollections

The subject of schools interests most everybody because most everybody has been there. Judging from the wealth of memories shared by folks who have supplied information for recent columns on schools, the field is inexhaustible.

A letter recalling early school days came recently from Charles Haddix, graduate of Astoria High School, Class of '34, now a government relations consultant in Sanger, Calif. It contained so many interesting insights that I asked permission to share portions with you. Haddix writes:

"When the Astoria High Class of '34 met for its reunion earlier this year, I had a chance to meet with boyhood chums, one of whom was James Kelley of Longview. We both attended the old Shively School across Exchange Street from the National Guard building. In the years 1921-24, I lived in a house next to the then-City Hall on the east side. So all I had to do to go to school was to cross the street.

"I can remember the old Shively building painted a glaring white with a large yard in front. A bulkhead wall parallel to the sidewalk raised the ground in front of the school about four feet. Back of the school was a fair-sized playground.

"Sometime in 1920, my mother, Mattie Lee Haddix, was appointed the first woman police officer, or matron. Shortly after that, the City Fathers decided to control the juvenile population by having a curfew at 8 p.m. The curfew was announced by my mother's going upstairs in Shively School where a rope was attached to the school bell in the belfrey. I accompanied her many times. Since I was only five to eight years old, I stayed pretty close.

"During the 1922 fire, the flames destroyed buildings only a block north of the school on the north side of Duane. The paint on the back of our house and on the back of City Hall was badly blistered. On the Shively School grounds, a large number of people had gathered with their belongings stacked around,

hoping to save them.

"In 1924, we moved up to 12th and Grand Avenue, and I changed schools to go to the Lewis and Clark Junior High School (now called Central School). My first teacher

wealth of memories of school days which he and Haddix had shared.

"Charles Haddix," Paetow said, "was what we today would call a gifted student. He didn't have to study. He could take the exams and

In 1938 and Marjorie in 1940.

They remember the 8 p.m. curfew that Haddix mentions in his letter. Harry says the bell now in place near the Doughboy Monument sounded curfew for the youth of Uniontown.

The Larsons and Chuck Paetow recall the big May Day festivals held at the Shively City Park in the '20s and '30s. Every school prepared some colorful exercise for the program. Students and teachers marched from their schools to the park for the exciting event. Some performed elaborate flag drills; others did pageantry of some kind. Paetow laughs as he recalls the year when Olney students represented an apple orchard. The girls dressed in pink and white to depict the blossoms while the boys wore wire hoops covered with red paper and pointed green caps to represent the apples. He says the boys had to do considerable fighting after that to prove that they weren't sissies.

Harry Larson recalls that pupils walked long distances to school, mostly on paths through the wet woods. The boys wore boots, replacing them on arrival with heavy wool socks called Arctic socks. Marjorie adds that the odor of wet wool clothing permeated the classroom all day. She also recalls that when she was a child at Shively School, the office of the school nurse was located upstairs. On certain days, all the students from the other schools in town would march there for dental checkups and vaccinations. All day long the sound of marching feet up and down the stairs disrupted studying. She also remembers that in some years, the county fair was held at Pier 3 down on the riverfront. Once again, every school marched its students to the event; quite a trek for the young children attending the distant Alderbrook School.

So, Mr. Charles Haddix, thank you for your letter. You can see that it has occasioned many happy recollections. Perhaps in a later column we can do some more reminiscing.

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For The Daily Astorian



was Miss Olga Moore. The kindergarten teacher was Miss Fulton. By the time I arrived, she was teaching the grandchildren of her original class. Later when I attended Astoria High, one of my teachers was Miss Dora Badollet. One of my best memories is the fondness the students of my day had for those teachers. I recall Miss Badollet was dean of women at the high school. Considering the low salary and personal restrictions they had in those days, a title was probably the best thing offered.

"Another experience, one that librarian Bruce Berney would find interesting, was when I helped Miss Barger and the other librarians save the library books on the top floor of City Hall during the Big Fire of 1922. I found later that my mother had sent me there to get me out of her hair while she helped the victims of the fire. Anyway, that kept me happy since I spent most of my time at the library anyway.

"I hope through your column, some of the old-timers will share a few of their school memories with your readers. I quite often photocopy your column to enclose in my letters to former Astorians."

(signed) Charles Haddix

Haddix's wish was quickly granted, for when I asked Charles "Chuck" Paetow, retired police chief and native Astorian, if he knew Charles Haddix, I unleashed a

get nearly perfect grades. So he had plenty of time to get into mischief with the rest of us."

Paetow goes on to recall some of their pranks. One involved grasshoppers. The front pockets of the boys' bib overalls were perfect for holding the grasshoppers collected at noon and recess. When the hoppers were later released in the schoolroom, classes were completely disrupted as noisy students scrambled around to catch them.

Another favorite way to annoy the teacher was for a number of boys to vigorously chew garlic buds then blow their odoriferous breath throughout the room. Some boys tried chewing tobacco and would spit into their ink wells, eventually having to clean out the mess.

Others who share memories with Charles are Harry and Marjorie Glover Larson. In fact, Haddix was a guest at their wedding at the Methodist Church in 1941. Harry retired as a longshoreman eight years ago and Marjorie retired last year after 16 years as a nurse at Columbia Memorial Hospital. Last month they visited Harry's relatives in Norway, from where his father, Oscar Larson, migrated in 1910.

Marjorie's great-great-grandfather, pioneer James McMillan, helped build the first grist mill on Clatsop Plains in the 1950s. Harry and Marjorie attended Olney, Shively and Adair schools, Harry graduating from high school

Exhibit follows early voyage

Our corner of the Northwest is receiving special attention at a current exhibition at the Washington State Historical Society Museum in Tacoma. The show, *Magnificent Voyagers*, continuing until Dec. 27, recounts the 1838-42 voyage of Lt. Charles Wilkes and his flotilla of six ships, 498 sailors and numerous scientists on the first scientific exploration conducted by the United States. Scientists now compare the accomplishments of that undertaking second only to landing men on the moon.

A description of the expedition provided by the Washington museum tells us that "Wilkes and his intrepid crew logged 87,000 miles in 1,392 days. They traveled 1,500 miles of Antarctica coastline, confirming that the land mass was indeed a continent. They surveyed 280 Pacific islands and explored 800 miles of the Northwest coast as far inland as Fort. Spokane. The expedition produced the first definitive map of Puget Sound."

Wilkes' six ships faced tremendous hardships, especially in rounding Cape Horn at the southern tip of South America. The 800-ton sloop-of-war, the *Vincennes*, was Wilkes' flagship. It later saw service in the Civil War. Another warship in the flotilla was the 559-ton *Peacock*, the wreck of which is part of our local history. The other ships were the 224-ton brig *Porpoise*, two former New York pilot boats, the *Sea Gull* and the *Flying Fish*, and the store ship, the *Relief*. The *Sea Gull* disappeared in a gale off the coast of Peru in April 1839. Neither craft nor crew were seen again. A couple of months later, Wilkes ordered the malfunctioning *Relief* to return to home port.

After losing the two ships, the expedition went on to explore and survey the South Pacific Islands with James Dana, a superb scientist, and other specialists in charge of the scientific studies. They visited Australia and New South Wales. They landed at Tahiti where they were welcomed with exotic fruits and the offer of sharing Tahitian wives. Faced there with massive desertion, Wilkes had to

pay the natives for the return of the runaways and doled out lashings when they returned. (In 1838, Navy ship captains were allowed to deal out a dozen lashings for each offense, but Wilkes preferred three

Puget Sound in May 1841. The men received a warm welcome from Hudson's Bay fur traders at Fort Nisqually near present-day Olympia. There they began their survey of the area from a point

but he attached their names to islands, streams and mountains. He even named some rocks. Such names as Bainbridge Island, named for the captain of "Old Ironsides" in the War of 1812, and McNeil Island, named for the captain of the British ship *Beaver*, came from his pen. He even named Vendovi Island, north of Bellingham Bay, for his prisoner, the Fiji chief.

Wilkes traveled inland charting the mid-Columbia basin and originating the name Grand Coulee. He then visited Dr. John McLoughlin at Fort Vancouver and spent time in the Willamette Valley.

On Nov. 1, 1841, the expedition started home with a stop at Singapore where the *Flying Fish* was sold. At Rio de Janeiro, Wilkes ordered the *Porpoise* to linger so his ship would be the first to receive a hero's welcome. But alas, the expedition had been gone for four years. Congress couldn't quite remember, and the new president, John Tyler, didn't know who Wilkes was when he went to call.

The New York Herald ran a short story noting that the prisoner Vendovi was ill, "probably because of having no human flesh to eat." Actually Vendovi died the day after the ship reached Brooklyn. Scientists made a death mask, then detached his head, the skull later becoming part of the Smithsonian collection (not included in the traveling exhibit).

Home again, Wilkes brought court-martial charges against several crew members and was himself found guilty of exceeding the Navy's limits in the severity of beatings.

Historians say that Wilkes' accounts stimulated America's westward immigration and boosted commerce in the Pacific. His surveys of Puget Sound were invaluable and his maps were instrumental in charting a geodetic baseline from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean.

In short, Charles Wilkes was a magnificent map maker, and the exhibit in Tacoma is well named the *Magnificent Voyagers*. The show organized by the Smithsonian Institution is appearing at only eight museums across the nation.

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For The Daily Astorian



dozen.)

In 1840, the scientists surveyed the Fiji Islands. Wilkes was honored with a war club dance and the gift of a stack of war clubs which are now in the Tacoma exhibit. The crew met island cannibals who considered the human eye the greatest delicacy. Villagers stole one of the squadron's cutters so the crew burned the entire village. Then Wilkes had the Fiji chief, Vendovi, arrested because he suspected the chief had some years earlier banqueted on two sailors who had come ashore from a whaling vessel. Vendovi, prisoner for the rest of the trip, asked to take his wives along, all 55 of them. His request was refused.

The flotilla spent almost two years doing amazingly fruitful scientific research, most of which is still useful today providing a significant section in the Smithsonian Institution. In September 1840, the small fleet dropped anchor in Honolulu. From there, Wilkes led a 42-day trek to the summit of Mauna Loa, making an extensive study of volcanic structure.

Then in April 1841, Wilkes ordered his ships to set sail on the last leg of their journey, the Pacific Northwest, though he detailed the *Peacock* and the *Flying Fish* to remain in Hawaii a while longer to complete research on the islands there. The *Vincennes*, Wilkes' ship, and the *Porpoise* made their way to

which Wilkes appropriately named Commencement Bay. They observed and recorded Indian customs and learned the Chinook jargon.

By July 1841, the *Peacock* was overdue in Puget Sound. On July 18, fishermen near the mouth of the Columbia River saw distress signals shooting up through the fog. In morning light, they saw a piece of superstructure floating by. Later they retrieved spy glasses, the bowsprit and a piece of mizzen. The ship had struck a dangerous sandspit near the North Jetty northwest of our Point Adams and southwest of Ilwaco, Wash. The spot thus gained the name of *Peacock Spit* and is part of our local history. Fortunately the crew, including scientist James Dana, made land, joined Wilkes' party and continued their research. Dana went as far inland as Saddle Mountain where he did a detailed study of basalt formations.

Lt. Charles Wilkes researched and surveyed Puget Sound 49 years after England's George Vancouver and explored Northwest waters and named such features as Mount Rainier and Mount Baker. Now Wilkes, producing more detailed charts, named more than 600 geographic features, scattering the names of crew members, scientists, even relatives, all over the Northwest. Wilkes was thoroughly disliked by most of his company,

Open Forum

North Coast feasts of thanks

Thanksgiving is next Thursday. The Pilgrims started it all in 1621 when, after a winter of near-starvation, they had harvested such foodstuffs as corn, pumpkins and squash. These, along with fish, wild turkeys and game, ensured them food for another year. They then set aside a day for feasting and giving thanks. So we Americans have been feasting ever since, though too often we forget the thanks.

In view of the season, I thought it would be interesting to find how people on the North Coast have observed some Thanksgivings. Accordingly, I went to our trusty library, the files of The Daily Astorian and to various other sources.

Of course, I was reminded that Lewis and Clark were the first explorers here who might have given a thought to Thanksgiving, having just arrived after their long trek across the continent. Capt. William Clark's journal for Nov. 28, 1805, states: "Wind blew hard accompanied with hard rain all last night. we are all wet having nothing to keep ourselves and our stores dry ... we sent out most of the men to drive the point for deer ... we could find no deer ... the swan and geese wild and cannot be approached ... and we have nothing to eat but a little Pounded fish." No mention of Thanksgiving here, but other journal entries do express gratitude.

Then came Astor's men and the pioneers. By 1873, the Astorian described the holiday this way: "Thanksgiving Day could not have been more generally observed in any community than it was by the people of Astoria ... many a fat turkey, pig or chicken was sacrificed in honor of the event. Everyone appears to have recuperated and been ennobled."

In November 1906, Mary Riddle, Svensen pioneer, wrote this account of what she had to be thankful for: "Today I found that the men had finished the plank road. Now it is done from the station to Hulls' gate

ators in those days) and huge amounts of whipped cream. I'm sure the cream was of a quality and texture seldom seen today, the kind that got yellow and leathery on top after it stood awhile in the crocks.

invited to her luncheons and parties. Many recipes in the Guild's cookbook bear her name. Here is her timbale recipe. (Timbales are individual meat pies.) How about serving this during the holidays?

Timbale Entree

Two sets of brains parboiled in salt water and cut into bits, 1 can mushrooms, 1 qt. cream, ½ cup catsup, 1 cup small oysters, butter the size of an egg, dash cayenne pepper, 1 tsp. sugar. Thicken cream a little, add all ingredients, oysters last. Do not let boil. Sweetbreads may be used instead of brains.

Recipes in the section on Cakes are something to dream about. Many were submitted by familiar names: Mrs. H.R. Hoefler, Mrs. Frank Woodfield, Mrs. George H. George, Mrs. R.R. Bartlett, Miss Winifred Van Dusen, and, of course, Nell Houston. I think I must surely bake one of these cakes some day. Then I remember calories.

But to get back to Thanksgiving. The newspaper's editorial for Thanksgiving 1922 suggested that the emphasis for the day should not be on material blessings but on family, good health and good friends. Then 12 days later Astoria's Great Fire turned downtown material things into ashes.

In 1963, President John F. Kennedy had written his Thanksgiving proclamation before he went to Dallas, then died five days before the holiday. His words are as meaningful today as they were 24 years ago.

"Today we give thanks for the ideals of honor and faith which we inherit from our forefathers ... As we express our gratitude, we must never forget that the highest recognition we can give is not to merely utter words but to live by them."

Have a happy and thankful Thanksgiving.

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For The Daily Astorian



and on through the orchard to the sawmill. How nice it will be to walk to the station — no mud. I am so thankful it is done." The plank road, now called Market Road, extended from the river south through the forest for a distance of about two miles.

Two years later, Mrs. Riddle wrote, "I spent Thanksgiving yesterday with Mrs. Armstrong — nine around her beautiful set table. In the evening, we went to Willie Cottos to listen to their new phonograph."

It's certainly true that for many of us, Thanksgiving and food go together. Soon after I came to Astoria in 1964, a kind neighbor, learning of my interest in local history, gave me her copy of a cookbook compiled in 1907 and revised in 1922 by the Women's Guild of Grace Episcopal Church. Judging from those recipes, Astorians of those days ate happily and well, probably never having heard the fearsome words, calories and cholesterol.

Many recipes call for quantities of sour cream (no electric refriger-

Read this recipe for a "light" dessert submitted by Mrs. M.C. Richardson. My mother would have served this after the pumpkin pie to finish off a Thanksgiving dinner.

Apricot Mousse

Two quarts whipped cream, 1 pt. apricot marmalade, sugar to taste. Let stand in freezer 4 to 6 hours.

Many recipes include foods not in general use today, at least not in my kitchen. Here is a recipe offered by Mrs. Hustler Van Dusen, which probably graced the table at elegant tea parties.

Caviare Sandwiches

Mix 3 tbs. lemon juice, 3 tbs. olive oil, ¼ lb. caviare, and a few drops of onion juice until creamy. Spread between thin slices of bread and cut into rounds with a biscuit cutter. Serve with pimiento olives.

Some recipes feature other unusual foods such as tongue, kidneys, sweetbreads (thymus gland of a young animal, probably a calf), and brains. I have often heard that Mrs. Charles Houston (Nell) who lived for 25 years in the house which is now my home, was one of Astoria's fine cooks and folks loved to be

Mail service has long history

Astoria was honored recently when our postmaster, Donald G. Hobson, was recognized for his superior administration of the post office. He received the "Pride in Excellence" award, highest honor given by the U.S. Postal Service. Hobson, with a 25-year career, has been our postmaster for seven years.

The U.S. Postal Service and the local post office are an important part of our lives. We mail letters and hope to receive letters, all a part of the Postal Service.

Mail service in Astoria began in March 1847. Thus it was 140 years ago that John M. Shively made the tortuous trip back to Washington, D.C., returning proudly with papers appointing him postmaster of the American Territory west of the Rockies. He promptly set up the operation in his home near the present 15th and Exchange streets, giving Astoria the distinction of having the first post office west of the Rocky Mountains. Shively's house had been built the year before by Baptist minister Ezra Fisher. That was the year that the postal department had introduced postage stamps with adhesive on the back. Postage from Astoria back to "the states" was 40 cents per letter. Speed of delivery uncertain.

The building housing the original post office, vacant and sagging, was razed early in this century. In 1966, local citizens Mr. and Mrs. Ed Ross purchased the lot, set the eight-foot marble obelisk, developed the grounds and presented the historic site to the City of Astoria. The commemorative bronze plaque was the gift of the local chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

But what about John Shively? Astoria's first postmaster must have been a man of energy and courage. A surveyor by profession, he was one of the first half dozen men to leave the 1843 wagon train

settlements of the Willamette Valley and proceed on down the Columbia to Astoria. At that time Astoria was only a clearing with a cluster of log cabins at one end designated by the pompous name of

After several shooting incidents, apparently by poor marksmen, the partner fled, but Shively stuck it out. So keen were the Canadians to oust the Americans that when a British man-of-war put in to Astoria,

in San Francisco. On the way back, the ship in which he and his engine were traveling was wrecked near the mouth of the Rogue River. Shively was safe, but his engine was lost. However, in 1861, he was reappointed postmaster and he moved the post office back to his land claim. By that time, his half section lay in the center of booming Astoria, running from the present 13th Street east to 32nd Street.

John Shively, age 89, died in St. Mary's Hospital on April 4, 1893, three months before the death of his friend, Capt. George Flavel. The property bequeathed to his son was valued at \$200,000. On Feb. 20, 1959, Astorians honored him as first postmaster during Oregon's Centennial observance.

Now, how about Astoria's postal system 140 years later? The imposing federal building in which the post office is located is one of Astoria's architectural highlights. Constructed in 1933 at a cost of \$232,754, it replaced an earlier structure on the same site completed in 1873. The trees now on the grounds were planted in 1895.

Astoria's present postal system has 40 employees. Of these, 16 are city carriers making 5,758 deliveries a day. Nine are rural carriers driving 296 miles daily serving 2,186 families. Lewis Kinder is superintendent of postal operations. He started his postal career in September 1965. Hobson came to Astoria in February 1980. He is the 25th postmaster to serve the Astoria office in the 140 years since John M. Shively made his triumphant return from Washington, D.C., to become the first postmaster west of the Rockies.

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My thanks to Mrs. John Bergeman whose early clippings supplied some of the historic details and to Postmaster Hobson for the current information.

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Vera Gault
For The Daily Astorian



Fort George and occupied by Canadian fur traders. At the other end huddled a shack and a shed called Astoria occupied by American fur traders. Shively proceeded to plat the town with theoretical streets running up impossible cliffs, causing city engineers headaches for years to come.

Dr. John McLoughlin, chief factor of Hudson's Bay Company with headquarters at Fort Vancouver, was the only recognized figure of law and order west of the Cascades at that time. He had agreed that Shively should plat the future town, promising him half a donation land claim for doing the work. About that time, Jesse Applegate, famed wagon train leader, arrived in Astoria with letters purporting to be deeds to the half section Shively had chosen; he even set the stakes decreeing the boundaries. Of course, tempers flared. Shively is reported saying, "No powder was burned between us, but I pulled up Applegate's stakes and threw them into the river."

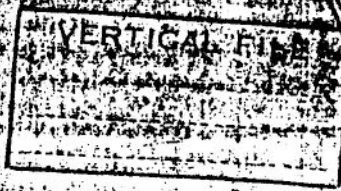
Rumor had it that the Canadians, maybe even James Birnie, factor at Fort George, were going to run Shively and his partner out of town.

ria, the captain threatened to have Shively put in irons and taken to Fort Vancouver.

Instead, there was a concerted effort by Hudson's Bay people to starve Shively out of Astoria. They refused to sell him provisions. So he got into his canoe and paddled up the river, returning two years later with his commission as postmaster and a new wife. While in Washington, he had consulted with Congress and President Polk on the question of U.S. boundaries. Polk was glad enough to urge his postmastership through Congress as it further strengthened U.S. claims to the western territory.

When the Polk administration ended, Shively lost his job. President Zachary Taylor appointed Truman P. Powers, a friend and neighbor of Adam Van Dusen, to take his place. Powers promptly moved the post office to Uppertown where he shared a space in the customs house, the spot now marked as a historic site along Leif Erickson Drive. Shively went to the California gold fields.

Somehow in the gold rush, Shively acquired a sack of gold with which he bought a \$30,000 schooner engine



Historic district parallels Astoria

You might think that Astoria, Ore., and Cambridge, Mass., don't have much in common, but they do. Both are steeped in history.

Several times during recent years, I have visited my son, Charles, a research scientist at M.I.T. in Cambridge, next door to Boston. One of my pleasures while there has been to follow the Walking Tours guidebook and absorb the history of the place.

The tour I like best starts at Harvard Square and follows Brattle Street into an early residential district. This street is like our Franklin Avenue. Since it is one of the oldest streets in town, it is flanked by some of the oldest houses.

As the tour leaves the commerce of Harvard Square, its first residential building is an imposing colonial house built in 1727. When the Revolutionary War broke out, owner William Brattle gathered up his family and fled to England. The house is now a Center for Adult Education.

A little further on, a historic marker notes the site made famous by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's poem, *The Village Blacksmith*, "Under a spreading chestnut tree, the village smithy stands..." The original house is now incorporated into a bakery and deli. Several times I've eaten pastries I shouldn't have had, just for the privilege of sitting on the terrace shaded by chestnut trees reconstructing early days.

As I have proceeded, I have been awed by the stately homes on spacious grounds known as the Tory Mansions.

Usually my walks took me no further than the Longfellow home, though sometimes I went as far as the James Russell Lowell House, now the home of Harvard University vice president. The Longfellow House, owned by the National Park Service, is open to the public. I browsed there so many times that if

the housekeeper had moved a chair, I'd have noticed it.

The Longfellow House was built in 1759. When its Tory owners departed, it became winter headquarters for General George Wash-

an area of three blocks once occupied by members of the Capt. Brown family.

What has sparked my recollections of Brattle Street? A recent letter from son Charles contained a

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For The Daily Astorian



ington and wife Martha during the siege of Boston. By 1837, the place had become a boarding house with Longfellow, a young Harvard professor, as one of the boarders. When he married a Boston heiress, his father-in-law bought the house and gave it to the happy couple.

Here again, Brattle Street has some similarities to Astoria. It was not uncommon in those days for parents to "set up" their newlyweds. The house which is now my home was built in 1879 by Capt. Hiram Brown as a wedding gift to daughter Annie when she married Judge Charles Page.

In faraway Cambridge, the same arrangement occurred. Two mansions were built side by side on Longfellow property for his two daughters, Edith (Mrs. Richard Henry Dana III) and Annie (Allegra) Longfellow Thorp. Remember the poem, *The Children's Hour*, when the poet referred to his small daughters "...grave Alice and laughing Allegra and Edith with golden hair." Alice, unmarried, stayed home with her parents. A house across the street became the home of a son. Thus there was a neighborhood cluster of the family, just as in Astoria, family clusters occurred. My house is one of six in

page from the Boston Globe describing the Dana house on one side of the Longfellow house and the Sloughton house on the other side. These huge houses on their treasured grounds are now for sale! The elderly owner of the Sloughton house died last June. The exclusive 'boys' school occupying the Dana house for 46 years has closed.

The article with photos describes the Dana house, 16 rooms, six fireplaces and stained glass windows; sale price, \$1.9 million. The Sloughton house has 17 rooms, 11 bathrooms, and nine bedrooms, \$2.3 million. Both houses are listed as having woodwork of mahogany, oak, and hard pine and "other luxurious features that create an aura of elegance."

When I read this account, the thought suddenly struck me — except for size, these descriptions exactly fit Astoria's Flavel House. The woodwork, the stained glass, the fireplaces and spacious grounds — it's all here. Flavel House is truly an outstanding example of a fine Victorian home.

The Boston Globe article concludes, "Real estate experts say that in addition to the selling price, considerable money will have to be spent to restore the homes to their

original grandeur." (That's doubtless an understatement for the one that has been a boys' school for 45 years!)

Just as the Cambridge houses are in the million-dollar class, so are our historic homes the treasures of Astoria. Next weekend, Dec. 12-13, some of the finest ones will be open when the Clatsop County Historical Society sponsors its annual holiday tours. The event this year features early homes that have been preserved by courageous individuals able to undertake the expensive process by converting them to bed-and-breakfast inns.

Five houses, as well as Flavel House and Heritage Center Museum, will be open Saturday from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. and Sunday from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m.

• Franklin Street Station, 1150 Franklin Ave., built in 1905 for Earl Fisher, one of a cluster of Fisher family homes.

• Rosebriar Inn, 636 14th St., built in 1902 by banker Frank Patton. Later the house was enlarged as a convent for Holy Names Sisters.

• Grandview Bed-and-Breakfast, 1574 Grand St., was built in 1855 for fish cannery owner Eben Tallent. It later became an apartment house.

• Franklin House, 1631 Franklin Ave., was built in 1885 for Brethren Van Dusen, Astoria merchant; later the home of Arthur and Caroline Young.

• Collins House, 682 34th St., built in 1890 by cannery owner Gustav Holmes; later the home of Capt. Ray and Gail Collins.

All of these houses, like those in Cambridge, have seen periods of shabbiness and varied usage. All have now been restored and graciously furnished. The tours next weekend offer the public the privilege of viewing these unique homes at their best.

Tickets may be purchased at Flavel House, 441 Eighth St., and at the Heritage Center Museum, 1618 Exchange St.



Memories of Christmases past

With holiday happenings all around, I began to wonder about what Astorians did in earlier Christmas seasons. This is some of what I found.

On Christmas Eve 1885 the first electric street lamps in Astoria were turned on and people flocked to the dark streets to see the new wonder. Before that time street lamps had burned coal or gas with a lamplighter making his appointed rounds each evening. If the moon was bright, he didn't light the lamps.

The change to electricity was made when J.C. Trullinger, owner of the West Shore lumber mill, decided to try something new. His mill was located on Marine Drive at the present location of Wild Willie's car wash. The spot is marked by a bronze plaque contributed by Pacific Power & Light Co., noting that the first local lines became part of the PP&L system in 1910.

Trullinger worked hard during that autumn 102 years ago to install two dynamos which could generate power for 60 arc lights. He talked the city fathers into using 10 as street lights. Cost was \$16 each. He sold four to dry goods stores. The rest went to taverns and brothels along Bond and Astor streets. After the mill shut down on that long-ago Christmas Eve, Trullinger managed to generate enough power to turn on the lights. Some onlookers thought they were great. Others mumbled that they weren't any better than the old ones.

Gradually, technical problems were overcome and more lights added. The greatest advance came in 1914 when city workmen installed five street lamps on each of the four blocks on 11th Street between Exchange and the waterfront. Exuberant evening strollers dubbed the promenade "The Great White Way."

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Astorians in the year 1900 were

led into the Christmas season by an amazing array of newspaper advertising. Large boxed ads consumed nearly half the front page. With the help of early directories at the Astoria Public Library, I was

jackets and silk suspenders. J.C. Utzinger's, located where Leon's Clothing Store is now, offered cigars and tobaccos as gifts for men and "books bought, sold or exchanged."



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For The Daily Astorian

able to determine the location of the stores so generously advertised. I know many of you readers remember them well; for they remained in business for many years.

Griffin and Reed's Book and Stationery Store on 11th and Commercial, where Betty's Fashions is now, spoke for all merchants (even today) when their large ad asked, "Why Buy Gifts Out of the City?" Up Commercial Street, site of Thiel's Music Store, Foard & Stokes proclaimed theirs to be the "largest General Merchandise Store in Oregon."

Herman Wise, clothier, urged people to buy "overcoats and macintoshes to prepare for stormy weather." His store, located where Newberry's is now, probably did a great business the next week when a ferocious storm swept up the coast all the way from San Francisco to Seattle. The Bee Hive Store, at Hildebrand's site, boasted the largest stock of toys carried by any store in Oregon. Danzinger's Men's Clothing Store across the street, owned by San Francisco merchant Simon Danziger, operated by local merchant Charles Cellars, announced a 20 percent pre-Christmas sale on men's velvet smoking

Henry Hoefler, confectioner next to Reed and Grimberg's Shoe Store, announced a special service for Christmas Day. He would deliver ice cream packed in ice at any specified hour for his customers' Christmas dinners, choice of vanilla, strawberry or marshmallow flavors.

Those ads and many others appeared throughout the holidays. Then on Dec. 24, the Astorian-Budget published a large Christmas issue. The entire first page in color featured church decorations. The back page, also in full color, showed a housewife in a butcher shop trying to choose a turkey from an array of limp birds lying on the counter.

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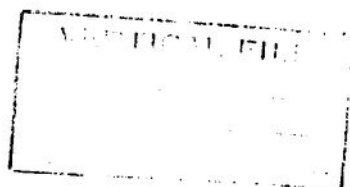
Going on to the year 1926, a very appealing holiday happening took place. The Astorian-Budget on Dec. 1 ran a banner headline two inches high across its front page, SANTA WINS ALL HEARTS IN OREGON. Apparently newspapers in the area had contracted with a man and his two reindeer to play Santa. The Oregon Journal had sponsored him in Portland; the Astorian-Budget did the same here; then he went on to Longview.

When Santa with Dancer and Prancer arrived near the Astor Hotel, hundreds of youngsters and their parents swarmed around him. He was dressed in his lavish red outfit, and the reindeer were decked with red streamers and bells on their feet and antlers. Children followed him like the Pied Piper as he "Ho-Hoed" his way to the courthouse lawn for a reception. But alas, the rain began to pour, so they all fled to the Elks' building for the mayor's welcome and photos.

Next day Santa and Dancer and Prancer visited all the grade schools. When they were at Shively School, the joy of the event attracted the attention of nurses across the street at St. Mary's Hospital. "Come over here," they called. "Our sick children want to see Santa too." So Santa unhitched Dancer and with a jolly "Merry Christmas" and the tinkling of bells, led the little reindeer into the hospital and onto the elevator to visit the children upstairs. They happily petted the little animal, even daring to touch its horns and kiss the velvety nose. Of course, grownup patients wanted to see the sight too, so Santa and Dancer traversed every hallway. Then they went to the Rotary Club luncheon where crippled children were guests of honor. They got to feed Dancer some apple slices.

The news reporter concluded his front page account of the great event with this observation, "Pain and sickness were forgotten when the jolly old chap bounded into rooms and wards and wherever the children were. Really old Santa ought to be a doctor because he certainly can make little children get well quicker than all the nasty old medicine in the world, because everywhere he went, he spread happiness."

And that was a timely observation, dear friends, for the spreading of happiness is the real way to celebrate Christmas.



Recollections of holidays past

During the holiday season our thoughts are apt to go back to a time when we were very young, a time when we were breathless with the magic of Christmas.

I remember such a time. It was the year I was seven. Our home on the prairies of eastern Montana was primitive and austere, but I felt no lack, for somehow the spirit of Christmas permeated even that remote spot where the nearest neighbor was five snowy miles away.

In preparation for our celebration, my father traveled up a dry creek and brought home a small tree; "hazel brush" he called it. Of course, the branches were bare, but not for long. For days my mother had kept me busy making paper chains and carefully cracking walnuts so the undamaged half-shells could be painted for ornaments. In the evenings, my father renewed a big fire in the kitchen stove to pop corn. Mother and I sat at the kitchen table stringing it, trying to keep ahead of my little brother who was a fast eater. By the time we got all that decoration wound around the tree, the branches were no longer bare. I thought it was beautiful.

We always opened our gifts on Christmas Eve after my mother served huge helpings of potato soup in the practical belief that we should get something substantial before we started on the sweets. Then my father read the Christmas story ending with a prayer which was chiefly "Dear God, make Vera and Glenn good children."

Then finally, the opening of gifts. Mine were a flannel nightgown my mother had made, first and second grade readers she had ordered from Sears Roebuck and a toy sheep. Of all my childhood gifts, the little sheep is the one I recall with most affection. It was about five inches long and covered with real sheep's wool and had a tinkly bell nung around its neck. I kept that little

sheep till I was ready for college. Then, soiled and broken, it went the way of other discards.

...

Now I'd like to share with you the

room and in the parlor fireplace.

"After a hurried breakfast, the folding doors to the parlor were thrown open and the tree in all its glory was displayed to our admiring eyes. Before our gifts were distrib-

at the end completed the holiday setting. Wonderful Christmas odors wove a spell that captured our senses and made it a magic time.

"When Wat Sen, the Chinese cook, sounded the gong, we all moved to the dining room, where the long oval table was set with Aunt's best white and gold china. After Uncle said grace, dinner started with generous plates of tiny oysters served raw with lemon juice and a touch of cayenne. The main dish was roast goose, crisp and brown. It was a noble sight as Wat Sen carried it in on Aunt Eliza's largest Staffordshire platter. Applesauce was eaten with the goose and there was tart cranberry sauce in a red glass dish.

"Finally filled to bursting with roast goose and mince pie, we returned to the living room and the Christmas tree, sure that there was something on it or under it for each one of us."

Then Mrs. Bell recalls the excitement of opening presents, dolls for the little girls and a peacock feather fan for the oldest who was fast becoming a young lady. There was a velocipede (tricycle) for big brother, which the uncle had brought from San Francisco, and a stereoscope with view cards for mother, a barometer for father, and for everybody litchi nuts and candied ginger from Wat Sen.

"All too soon it was past bedtime, but there was one more treat. We grouped around the fireplace, warm and happy, as Aunt Eliza carefully wound her music box. We listened to the soft, gentle music, "Away In a Manger..." and soon we joined in singing very quietly so as not to lose one note of the music box. Then with many calls of "Merry Christmas" and "Good night," we trudged happily through the snow to our own dear home. Such a very merry Christmas."

Generations come and go and the years slip by but still the spirit of Christmas gladdens each appointed season.

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Vera Gault
For The Daily Astorian

recollections of an Astoria Christmas in 1881 written by Polly McKean Bell, Astoria's oldest native when she died in 1965 at age 89. In 1952 she published a sprightly little book, "Evergreen Boughs and Mince Meal Pie," in which she details the Christmas Day when she was six. She describes her father's family, the Samuel McKeans, who lived in the vicinity of Franklin and Eighth street up the hill from Flavel House. She also mentions her uncle and aunt, Capt. Jackson Hustler and Eliza McKean Hustler. Their home was at the site of the present U.S. National Bank. The following is excerpted and condensed from her little book.

"That very early Christmas morning lingers with me, those moments between sleeping and waking. Then my eyes opened and in a rush of joy, it came to me — it was Christmas morning at last! Who cared if the floors were icy cold and it was black dark outside. With one bound I was out of bed and soon had the other youngsters awake.

"Shouts of Merry Christmas were heard all over the house. Each one tried his best to be the first one to say it. Father had fires already crackling in the kitchen, the sitting

uted, we joined hands and sang a Christmas carol.

"All that morning we played with our gifts and nibbled sugar plums. The one present I especially remember was a copy of the new poem 'Twas the Night Before Christmas, with colored pictures.

"The big Christmas treat was our holiday dinner at Aunt Eliza's. Early in the afternoon we sallied forth. Father was very dignified in black broadcloth; Mother in her best black silk with ample bustle, and on her head a little velvet bonnet tied under her chin. Little brother toddled between them. In front walked my sisters, one in a red plaid dress, the other in blue. Big brother and I followed.

"Capt. Hustler, my uncle, was one of the early day sea captains. Although he was quick-tempered, he was kindly, and we children were forever at his heels. Aunt Eliza was tiny, dignified and a fine story teller. She had been only 12 years old at the time her father's wagon train crossed the plains and many thrilling hours we spent listening to her tales of that arduous journey.

"The living room ran the length of the house. The great fireplace warmed the room. The balsam tree



Starting the new; recalling the old

Holidays seem a special time for remembering childhood customs and happenings. We in Astoria live in an aura of history, so it is pleasant to reconstruct the way things used to be.

On New Year's Day 1954, the Astorian Budget published a charming article written by the late Polly McKean Bell describing New Year's observances of her childhood in the 1880s and '90s. The following are excerpts from that article.

"New Year's was always celebrated the same way during my childhood. The mothers and daughters kept Open House for all the gentlemen, old, young, and middle-aged, who were friends of the family. All afternoon of New Year's Day, the menfolk went back and forth making brief calls at each hospitable home.

"First we would observe a family custom handed down from Scotch ancestors. The head of the family must give his wife and each child a piece of silver money. The tradition was that this would bring us all good luck. So we stood in a row, five stair steps. The two smallest children received 10 cents each, a "bit" in pioneer language. Nickels were rarely seen in early days in Oregon. The middle sisters received two bits (a quarter) each; Big Brother, four bits, and Mother a silver dollar. Then we all got very busy to get the house in order for the afternoon festivities."

Mrs. Bell goes on to describe the preparations which her mother carried on with the help of Hilma, their Finnish housemaid and a young Chinese immigrant, cousin of Wat Sen, the Hustlers' cook. The little girls polished the silver and ironed the large linen napkins.

"The dining room was the center of interest. Much of the good food had been prepared in advance such as the rich dark fruit cake and the mincemeat which Mother had baked the day before into her highly esteemed oval tarts.

"The sandwiches were of a sort to

appeal to the masculine appetite, fine white bread with the white meat of turkey and chicken and delicately sliced ham. And, of course, cakes, the fruit cake, the rich pound cake and chocolate,

"One of the first events of our New Year's Day was the arrival of Wat Sen. He brought us gifts of Chinese nuts and sweets and fresh fruit from our uncle, Captain Hustler. My father had consider-

cards in the silver basket on the hall table. When the day was over, the little girls loved to spread the cards out on the sofa, count them and admire the fine Spencerian handwriting and the line drawings that adorned them.

In the Astoriana section of the public library, I viewed such a card. It bears a pen drawing of a gentleman tipping his hat. On the card are written the names of H.G. Van Dusen, Frank L. Parker, Ed Z. Ferguson, Frank W. Baltes and Thos. H. Crang. Whether these gentlemen were a committee of some sort or were simply paying their respects together at some long-ago social function is unknown.

This account by Mrs. Bell emphasizes again the continuity of history. The interests and activities of those early days are not gone; they have simply flowed into the present.

The houses that some of these people lived in are still in use. H.G. Van Dusen (named Hustler to honor the family friend) was in business with his father, Adam, and brother, Brenham. Current generations of the Van Dusen family are still in business and active in the community.

Edward Z. Ferguson, with his father, Albert, established the Astoria Abstract Co. He served for years as volunteer fireman and clerk of the school board. His niece, Margaret Griffin Green, lives in Astoria. Parker, Baltes and Crang, other names on the card, were bar pilots or ship owners, professions still an integral part of this community. Crang's sister, Jennie, was married to Hustler Van Dusen. Their two daughters, Winnie Reed (Reed and Grimberg's Shoe Store) and Maude Allen, were Regatta princesses in 1904. Frank Parker was the 1901 Regatta chairman.

All these interests and activities have continued through the channels of time and are vital to our community today. Even the fragile little calling card has survived 100 years to add its bit to history.

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1-1-89

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Vera Gault
For The Daily Astorian

marble and snowy white cakes with deep coconut frosting.

"It was a busy, exciting day. In the afternoon came visitors and gifts. As I was hurrying into the dining room with a pile of freshly ironed napkins, I heard a loud report and knew that the weekly steamer from San Francisco was arriving. It was welcomed by the small brass cannon at Hustler's dock. One of the puzzles of my childhood was how so small a cannon could make so loud a noise.

"Soon we heard the clatter of express wagons and the pound of horses' hoofs as merchants and teamsters hurried along the wooden roadways to the waterfront. They were all eager to be on the spot when the precious cargo of fresh fruits and vegetables was unloaded. Limes for the Astoria saloon trade were an important item.

"Old Ben, the colored steward of the famed Occident Hotel (at 10th and Bond) built by Captain Flavel in the '60s, was always at the dock for choice eatables to please appreciative hotel guests. Ben gave great dignity to the Occident dining room. Ben's wife, quiet and refined as he was, belonged to the Episcopal church. I have often seen her sitting by herself in a rear pew of Grace Church.

able dealings with the Chinese residents as, he was Captain Flavel's manager and bookkeeper and collected rents for a number of them. He often said that if some White Men were as honest and trustworthy as the Chinese, life would be a more pleasant affair.

"Our uncle seldom went out socially to other houses. As a matter of fact, the few bar pilots still living after the strenuous days from 1849 through the '60s preferred swapping seafaring yarns at the Occident bar. So today we were pleased and proud to greet Capt. Jackson Hustler, Capt. Moses Rogers and Capt. Granville Reed as our callers.

"Trust these men of the sea; they knew how to compliment the ladies, young and old, my mother's gown, her coffee, her refreshments. It was pleasant to hear their praise after all our efforts. As the elderly captains went down the steps a bit stiffly with their shoulders squared and that jaunty touch of authority that bar pilots never lose, my eyes filled with tears for even I knew that when these last few old mariners passed 'over the bar' there would never be their like again."

Mrs. Bell then described a feature of that festive day, the visitors' custom of leaving ornate calling

Bits and pieces from the past

New Year's seems a suitable time to give attention to some items I have jotted down in my notebook — sort of like unfinished business.

One such item refers to a column in early November in which I quoted a letter written by a former Astorian, Charles Haddix, now of Sanger, Calif. In it he shared memories of his days at Astoria High School, Class of '34, and expressed the wish that other students might respond. Some have done so; some recalling early days, others telling of their pleasure in reading about them.

An early response came from Harold Nelson, Portland, AHS '36. He said that in attending Lewis and Clark-Central School and high school, certain teachers stood out in his memory: Miss Fulton, Miss Harnisch, Olga Moore and John Branstator, who kept a length of rubber hose on his office wall as a warning of disciplinary measures. He also remembered Reuben Jensen, a highly respected manual arts teacher at the high school who hurried to Central School to teach afternoon classes. One day when Jensen was late, the principal, Howard Reed, had to come in to settle the ruckus. Nelson also remembers the glory days of John Warren's athletes, recalling especially Wally Palmberg and Chuck Paetow.

Others who have mentioned early days include Edwin Parker, '40. He remembers that Gene Knutsen was a leader in student affairs. Parker recalls his own interest in music when he and some other students organized a dance band that became popular for school functions. Parker played the piano and Wesley Shaner the drums.

Elisa Schmidt, '30, now widowed and living in a retirement home in Portland, told me when I was visiting a mutual friend, that she had fond memories of Astoria High School and still keeps in close touch with good friends Ebba Wicks Brown, Marjorie Halderman, Elizabeth Chisholm and Frances Straumfjord.

Marjorie Whiteside Classen, '47, recalls that sports were very big at AHS when Wally Palmberg and Harley Graham were coaching. She also remembers that Emmett

Towler, high school principal, was widely recognized as an outstanding educator, and she names teachers whom she admired as fine instructors, Marjorie Halderman, Elizabeth Nopson, Vesta Lamba nd

Some city government notes:

The first voting precinct in Astoria was established "at the handsome home of Conrad Boelling." The house, built in 1863, is now

rooms." Another law forbade animals to run at large, "such as horses, asses, mules, hogs, sheep, goats or any male of the cow kind."

Policemen too always responded to need. In July 1921, a lady with a telescope called Chief E.L. Carlson reporting in great consternation that she was being offended because a large number of men bathed daily in the nude near the port docks. There is no record of arrests.

A personal note:

With this issue, Then and Now completes one year on the Friday editorial page of The Daily Astorian. When Mr. Forrester phoned me a year ago suggesting such a column, my reaction was that I liked being retired and wanted nothing to do with deadlines. "Well," he said, "think about it for awhile and give me a call." A few days later I said I'd try.

Now a year has gone by. I haven't missed a deadline, but sometimes Fridays seem to come every other day. Occasionally when I have trouble putting material together and nothing seems to come out right, I tell myself that I can always quit. But the research is a challenge; getting the pieces to finally fit is a satisfaction and contacting the many persons generous in sharing their information has been a pleasure. So another year begins.

Then and Now

Vera Gault
For The Daily Astorian



Maude Crouter, all of whom live in this area, and Miss Willisie and Miss Curry, deceased.

Kathleen McConky Kulland, '34, says that she and Charles Haddix graduated the same year and that if any tricks were played around school he was sure to be involved; often his teacher, Zoe Allen, was a target because she was so good natured about everything. Kathleen also recalls that student romances flourished in hallways and classes, but when Mr. Towler came to be principal, he put a quick end to all such demonstrations of affection. At first, students were highly disgruntled, but soon came to respect and admire him for his fair policies.

My thanks to all these former AHS students for sharing their memories.

While we are on the subject of schools, here are a couple of unrelated items.

The Svensen school district was the first in Clatsop County to furnish free textbooks to its pupils, this in 1914. Before that, the several children in one family would make do with the same books and sometimes share with the neighbors.

In July 1919, J.F. Wicks, local architect, was commissioned to draw plans for the new high school gymnasium at the top of 16th Street. That building is now a part of the Clatsop Community College administration complex.

the residence of the Eugene Cochrans, 765 Exchange St.

Public records give an idea of what life was like in the early days. One can see that city administrations always have tried to meet current needs.

In 1883, a man was arrested for driving a horse more than four miles per hour down Commercial Street, then called Squemocqua Street.

In 1887, an ordinance was passed making it unlawful for three or more persons to stand together on the plank streets, thus obstructing the passage of vehicles.

In 1896, a law was enacted to "prevent women from loitering in drinking shops or gambling

Where to write and call

President Ronald Reagan: 1600 Pennsylvania Ave., Washington, D.C. 20500.

Sen. Mark Hatfield: 322 Hart Senate Office Building, Washington, D.C. 20510. Telephone (202) 224-3753.

Sen. Bob Packwood: 259 Russell Senate Office Building, Washington, D.C. 20510. Telephone (202) 224-5244.

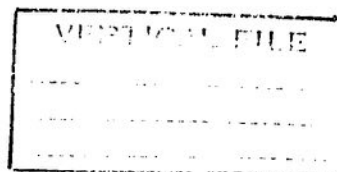
Rep. Les AuCoin: 2159 Rayburn House Office Building, Washington, D.C. 20515. Telephone (202) 225-0855.

Gov. Nell Goldschmidt: 254 State Capitol, Salem, Ore. 97310. Telephone 378-3100.

State Sen. Joan Dukes: Route 2 Box 503, Astoria, Ore. 97103. Telephone 458-6746.

State Rep. Tom Hanlon: 595 N. Antler, Cannon Beach Ore. 97103. Telephone 436-1432.

Clatsop County Board of Commissioners: Courthouse, Astoria, Ore. 97103. Telephone 325-1000.



Chinook blows warm memories

Living in the Land of the Chinook, we are accustomed to moderate weather. But 60 years ago, Astorians were recovering from what the Evening Budget described as the worst ice storm on record.

The year 1927 had just ended. Old-timers said that weather-wise they had never seen a year like it. The summer had been cold and wet; the fall had been stormy and wet. Rainfall for the year totaled 90 inches instead of the normal 77 inches.

Then on New Year's Day 1928 came the ice storm. Astoria was covered with a sheet of ice an inch thick. Ice encased "every shrub, tree, building, street and road, ripping limbs and snapping poles." Inland blizzards and frozen rivers sent ice floes crashing and banging down the Columbia gouging out huge trees and ripping out buoys and beacon lights. Astoria was isolated. All telephone and electric service was cut off. Schools and many businesses were closed because there was no power for heat plants and lights, and folks couldn't get there anyway. The condition extended only about 10 miles south. In Seaside, golfers were out. But for 48 hours, Astorians lived in an ice-bound world.

Reading about this ice storm brought to mind a similar storm in eastern Montana and the first awareness I had of the word "Chinook." I must explain why for me the two are associated. A reference book says, "A Chinook wind is a warm, westerly wind from the country of the Chinooks sometimes experienced on the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains in Montana and adjacent territory . . . It is a wind passing over a mountain. When it descends on the opposite slope, the air is compressed and heated dynamically."

Tradition has it that the term Chinook as applied to wind was first used by fur traders and mountain men in the early 1800s. When Chinook Indians became tired paddling their canoes upstream, they often attached a sail to a pole

and waited for the west wind to propel them along. Men looking down the river and spotting the sails would then say, "Here come the Chinooks."

The year I was seven, winter in

ensure his safe return through the whiteout, he tied the end of a ball of binder twine to the kitchen doorknob, looped it around the pump between the house and barn, then tied it to the barn door. Once

see a wind?" Trying not to sound too hopeful, he explained that it was a west wind that would drive the cold away.

We stood at the window fearing to go away lest the hope would fade. There along the horizon in contrast to the brilliant blue of the sky lay a pearly gray mist. Even as we watched, it spread over the tableland like a fluffy blanket. My father went outside and spread his arms wide to get the feel of the soft breeze. "Yes," he called back exultantly, "it's a Chinook all right!" By midafternoon, the thermometer stood at 40 degrees above zero, a range of 80 degrees in one day.

Such a dramatic change in temperature was unusual even in Montana. Neighbors gathered to talk about it and to lament their lost livestock. My father had found our 17 yearling calves huddled around a straw stack, all dead. Old-timers talked about that storm for years, recalling other times when a Chinook wind had saved their lives and their stock.

After all these years I still remember my relief in those days whenever I felt the soft touch of the warm west wind. I never dreamed that some day I'd be living in the land of the Chinooks. If I had given it a thought, I should have supposed it would be like having summer all year, and compared to eastern Montana in those days, so it is.

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1-15-88

Then and Now

Vera Gault
For The Daily Astorian

eastern Montana started in early September. My father managed to get the last of the wheat crop into the granary during a blinding snowstorm. During that winter, one snowstorm after another slammed across the tableland northwest of Glendive. Now in mid-March came the worst one of all. Frigid winds filled with fine, sharp snow crystals blew drifts that buried the fence posts and piled around the farm buildings. Our frame house lined with tarpaper had four small rooms downstairs and two upstairs, but during the storm we slept and ate in the kitchen. With temperatures from 20 to 30 degrees below zero, it was the only room that could be kept above freezing. The wind carrying the icy snow screamed across the plains, sometimes subsiding to an eerie wail, then it blasted forth in such fury that slabs of wood from the outdoor woodpile banged against the house, often barely missing a window. Then my mother would clap her hands over her ears half sobbing. "Oh God, will this never stop!"

My father, of course, had to care for the livestock. The work horses and the milk cows were in the barn, but the young animals were trapped in the pasture. On the first morning of the storm, Dad struggled to the barn which was so obscured that he could scarcely see its outline. To

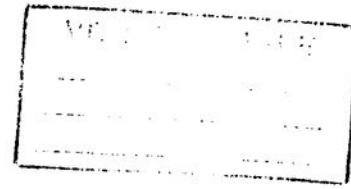
each day he held onto the line forcing his way to the barn and back again. The rest of the time he paced from window to window and worried about the animals.

On the morning of the fourth day, the sun rose brightly in a dazzling blue sky. Not even the whisper of a breeze brought motion or sound to that frozen world. The thermometer outside the kitchen recorded 40 degrees below zero.

In midmorning, Dad ventured into the unheated part of the house to look out the windows there. "Bertha," he called to my mother, "come here. I think I see a Chinook wind coming." Of course, I ran too. "What does Chinook mean?" I wanted to know, and "How can you

THE DAILY ASTORIAN
An Independent Newspaper
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Book features Astoria houses

Daily Astorian
1-22-88

The dark days and long evenings of January provide a perfect time to enjoy Christmas gifts, especially if you were fortunate enough to receive books. I was. Two of them are at the top of my list for happy reading, not only because they are beautiful volumes but also because they relate to Astoria.

The first is *West Coast Victorians*, a "coffee table" book containing 130 magnificent color photos of Victorian houses along the west coast from Bellingham to San Diego. Astoria ranks high in the collection for only Portland has more representation with five houses pictured; Astoria has four. Albany and Bellingham have three each. Other communities mentioned have one or two of their architectural treasures pictured. The Flippen house in Clatskanie is one of them.

The four Astoria houses included in the volume are the Flavel house, 441 8th St.; Benjamin Young house, 3652 Duane St.; Gust Holmes house, 682 34th St.; and the Judge Page house, 1393 Franklin St. Each was chosen because of its historical and architectural significance. The photos by nationally recognized author-photographer Kenneth Naverson capture the dramatic quality of each structure, and his brief historical descriptions often have a fresh touch of humor. You know I like this book because before I received my gift, I had already purchased a copy for my librarian son.

The other Astoria-related book I'm excited about (a gift from my son) is *James Madison Alden, Yankee Artist of the Pacific Coast, 1854-1860*, by Frank Stenzel, Portland. This book has fine pencil sketches and 38 delicate water color prints. I love it. Alden came west in 1854 as an official artist on the United States Coastal Survey to identify landmarks in the new American territory after the establishment of the 49th Parallel. Headquartered in San Francisco, he

explored and documented with his drawings the west coast from Canada to San Diego.

Naturally such a scope included Astoria, and that's where this book has a fascination for the history-

While these three books give local houses wide recognition, Astoria is fortunate to have the continuing attention which *Cumtux*, the Clatsop County Historical Society Quarterly, gives to these historic

canneries, folks with familiar names like Flavel, Hume, Devlin and Hustler, and unwary young men who were shanghaied. Martha McKeown grew up in Astoria, a member of the pioneer Ferguson family.

Another fun book is *Hall, Columbia*, by Patricia Beatty who had ties in Astoria because relatives lived in the house at 12th and Franklin, the former YWCA building. This is a novel about a family whose young daughters were growing up in Astoria in the early 1900s. Flavel house, the surrounding neighborhood, downtown and the waterfront are all part of the authentic locale for this lively story.

The Astorian, by local author Roger Tellow offers a look at Astoria in the 1870s through the eyes of D.C. Ireland, newspaper man. His brave beginnings here were the forerunners of the present *Daily Astorian*. This book also written in the first person makes for easy reading and fascinating information.

Any mention of fun and information must include Astoria writer Sam Churchill's books *Big Sam* and *Don't Call Me Ma*. Dealing with logging and loggers, these are basic to an understanding of Astoria's early days. Doing the same from the viewpoint of river and sea is the very recent book by another local author, John Paul Barrett's *Sea Stories, of Dolphins and Dead Sailors*. Also with the locale of the river comes the recently published *Reach of Tide and Ring of History*, by Portland author Sam McKinney.

These books so descriptive of our community may be purchased or ordered at local bookstores, though some are out of print and may be hard to find. All are on the shelves of the Astoria Public Library and will give many hours of delightful reading. Isn't it nice to know that artists and authors give such wide recognition to the unique qualities of our community.

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Then and Now
Vera Gault
For The Daily Astorian



mind. Three sketches show the fort and buildings around it in 1854 and an Astoria graveyard. Another sketch shows Astoria with more imposing buildings in 1857. It's a thrill to realize the authenticity of these drawings done by a professional artist for a government survey. Pictures of other landmarks with historical text add local interest to this compelling book.

Another attractive book that gives attention to unique structures in Astoria is *Architecture, Oregon Style, 1840-1950s*. Published in 1983, this book pictures and describes more than 200 buildings in Oregon representing various styles of architecture, five of which are in our town. The Judge Page house, 1879, with its flat roof and bay windows is identified as Italianate. In the same block on Franklin the Nancy Wilson house, 1875, features spool-and-spindle craftsmanship in early Queen Anne style. The Flavel house, 1885, and Benjamin Young house, 1888, have features of both styles. The John Jacob Astor Hotel (apartments), 1922-26, is cited as "one of the few Gothic skyscrapers built in Oregon and the tallest commercial structure on the Oregon Coast."

homes. Now entering its eighth year of publication, every issue gives information about pioneer families and their homes. A booklet, *Walking Tour of Astoria*, with notes about 70 historical houses, serves to acquaint tourists with Astoria's historical and architectural importance.

Over the years, Astoria has won a place in many books. If you would like to know more about where we live and gain more appreciation for its unique qualities, include in your reading some book on local history. First, there are the familiar classics on the subject, Washington Irving's *Astoria* and the *Journals of Lewis and Clark*. But have you ever happened onto *Adventure in Astoria, 1810-1814*, by Gabrielle Franchere, one of Astor's company on the ill-fated Tonquin. Fortunately, he was ordered to stay ashore to help build the fur trading post, so missed the ship's tragic fate. He gives a personal, authentic account of the people and activities in those earliest days at Fort Astoria.

Lighter reading with realism and humor are Monte Hawthorne's stories, *Them Wuz the Days* and *The Trail Led North* as compiled by niece Martha Ferguson McKeown. He tells about merchant ships,



Astoria has rich Chinese heritage

The date of the Chinese New Year is determined by a calculation of the lunar and solar systems. The holiday occurs this year on Feb. 17, ushering in the Year of the Dragon. With Chinese residents among the leading citizens of Astoria, this seems an appropriate time to recount some of the items of their history.

In the 1860s, railroad builders brought Chinese immigrants through San Francisco inland to hasten the completion of the transcontinental rail lines. Some found their way up the coast to Astoria. But the real influx took place when in 1876 Ed Hume imported Chinese laborers for his cannery.

By 1877 the Chinese population in Astoria numbered 4,000, larger than the number of Caucasians living in town. By 1890 the total had leveled off to 2,000-3,000, making Astoria's Chinatown the second largest in the United States, with only San Francisco having more. Astoria's Chinatown was located largely in the area north of the post office between Fifth and Eighth streets.

As the years progressed, the Chinese community dwindled. New immigration restrictions began to take effect. The Depression came along. Cannery work decreased and many Chinese returned to China. Today the third and fourth generations of the hardy souls who remained in Astoria are distinguishing themselves in business and professional fields.

An article in the Astorian-Budget of Aug. 9, 1941, describes the demise of old Chinatown. "Modern progress in the shape of the Astoria-Bond Street rerouting job is crunching through the last remnants of one of the most colorful portions of the Astoria of an earlier day — old Chinatown."

The report of the highway project continues. "Flames Friday night completed the work of destruction of the 60-70 year-old buildings, which for decades have housed hordes of Chinese. For the past two weeks workmen have been ripping and tearing the ramshackle structures between Bond and Astor

and Seventh and Eighth Streets which in their day saw life all the way from the colored lanterns and popping firecrackers of the New Year's celebrations to the blood of the Tong wars."

cial. They later moved to a very substantial home on the corner of Fifth and Grand streets. Later still they moved to the Lewis and Clark rural area. However, most Chinese families clustered in the downtown

trash into the family garbage pail for the swill man would ignore her permanently. As the town stretched out, residents began to complain about having a hog farm in their neighborhood, so city fathers told the swill men they'd have to dispose of their hogs. The answer was logical, "no pigs, no swill pickup." That posed a dilemma. In 1910, the City Council finally adopted a resolution — the pigs had to go, but "some arrangement will have to be made," said Chief of Police Oberg, "for disposing of this garbage, which becomes a nuisance and a menace to public health when allowed to accumulate." I suppose that was when Astorians began to pay for garbage pickup service.

The other group of Chinese well known in the community were the vegetable men. They too went from house to house. They carried their vegetables in baskets on either end of a pole laid across their shoulders. John Lum, prominent Astorian, still has the pole his father carried. Later they made their rounds with horse and cart calling out the day's bargains.

Dr. Duane Jue, Astoria dentist, brought me a clipping from a 1971 Daily Astorian describing Lee Sing (or Sing Lee), last of the area's Chinese gardeners. He lived for nearly 50 years tending his chickens and selling his vegetables at his little tumble-down shack next door to Nestor and Sally Leino's home near Miles Crossing. Sally says Sing Lee was so kind that when one did him a favor, he wanted to repay many times over. Flora Law says that her mother had once befriended him. After that he would never allow her to pay for vegetables. In his later years when he was going blind, Dr. Charles Browning gave him an operation for cataracts which restored his sight. When his old shack became unlivable, brothers Nestor and George Leino built him a new little house from a mobile home, but Sing Lee lived only a year after that. He died in April 1972 and is buried in Greenwood Cemetery.

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1-29-88

Then and Now

Vera Gault
For The Daily Astorian



Ed Halinger, in charge of the wrecking crews, led the Astorian reporter through mazes of passages, doorways, and little cells of rooms which for more than 50 years had been used for various purposes. The reporter declared it was easily possible for one to lose one's way in the puzzle of hallways and underground labyrinths. In fact, it was claimed that Chinese could go under the streets and make their way through much of downtown Astoria in this way.

I spent a most interesting Sunday afternoon at the home of Duncan and Flora Law, well-known Astorians who answered many questions for me. They said most of Chinatown was inhabited by laborers whose families were in China. In their loneliness and boredom when not working, they frequented the gambling dens, lotteries and opium dens which were housed in the hidden rooms.

As Chinese families settled here, they didn't live in Chinatown, but had their homes at various places in the community. Mrs. Law mentioned that her sister and brother-in-law had a small house on 37th Street on the location of the present Howard and Mary Lovvold home while she and her parents lived first at Fourth and Commer-

neighborhood. Duncan Law's home was situated diagonally across from Flavel House on the corner of what is now the parking lot back of the Yergen and Meyer offices.

Residents of Chinatown kept pretty much to themselves, and people in the rest of the town thought of them as a separate community. However, two classes of Chinese workers circulated freely and frequently throughout the community. They were the swill men and the vegetable men.

The swill men went from house to house gathering discarded foodstuffs to carry to their pig farms. Three such farms were located within the city limits. Caucasian residents didn't bother to learn the names of the pig farmers, so they designated them by number. Charlie One operated the farm in Uppertown at the end of Harrison Street, now Harrison Drive. Charlie Two's farm was located above Williamsport. Charlie Three had his farm on Smith Point near Grays school. A news item in 1901 reported that he was having trouble with a bear invading his farm.

The three Charlies collected the garbage free of charge to feed to their pigs. Woe to the careless housewife who dropped tin cans or

Status in Astoria's Chinatown

Last week this column offered a few insights on the Chinese community in early Astoria. The first immigrants from China arrived in San Francisco in the 1860s to work on the transcontinental rail lines being rushed to completion in 1869.

In the early '60s, some found that they could get work in Astoria's numerous salmon canneries. In 1876 Ed Hume imported Chinese laborers for the Hume canneries along the river. By the height of the season in 1877, 4,000 Chinese had arrived in Astoria. Still others found work in the 50 canneries in operation on both sides of the Columbia River. Some cannery owners provided bunkhouses for the workers, many of which were shacks built on pilings along the backwater of the river. Others settled in Chinatown which burgeoned north and west of the port office in the area where McDonalds, the Happy Inn and the Toyota agency are now located. Astoria's Chinatown thus became the largest in the United States except for the one in San Francisco.

People in the rest of the town thought of Chinatown as a separate community where all mingled in happy harmony enjoying their colorful and noisy New Year's celebrations and other festive days.

Actually, according to an article in the Morning Astorian, April 2, 1895, social life in Chinatown was strongly marked by seven different levels of social status. Occupying the lowest step on the ladder were the swill men mentioned in last week's column. They walked from house to house, each with a bucket on either end of a pole carried across their shoulders. They picked up discarded food scraps to feed the pigs on their pig farms, three of which operated within Astoria's city limits. On the next step of the ladder were the vegetable men described last week. They too went from house to house calling out the vegetables they had raised in gardens chiefly along Youngs Bay and in the vicinity of Miles Crossing.

The vegetable men, according to

this account written in 1895, being one step up the social ladder from the swill men, never deigned to talk to them, though they might nod soberly if they met along their rounds.

visit the Chinese community here, second largest in the United States. Local Chinese leaders hosted a banquet in his honor, inviting Caucasian businessmen as guests. Boatloads of Portland Chinese

custom made suits but shirts to answer every need and undergarments as well. (No automated factories in those days.) The front of the building housed the clothing shop for the sale of the garments made in the tailor shop. A photo owned by grandson and photographer Arthur Chan shows the clothes shop with large windows displaying elegant suits marked \$17. The Wah Sing family lived upstairs.

On one side of the clothing establishment at the site of Chris' News was Mrs. Grant's restaurant and bar. Local tradition has it that the place had a trap door for dropping unwary males into waiting boats. They were then delivered for a fee to ships needing crew members. It is said that Mrs. Grant thus had Mr. Grant shanghaied for \$200. He returned two years later. On the other side of the tailor shop was the Dixie Bakery. All these buildings were destroyed by the Big Fire of 1922.

Harvey Chan tells this story about his father, He Tong Chan, who later took over the clothing business. He Tong attended Astoria High School, graduating in the Class of '13. Up to that time every Chinese male wore his hair in a queue (a braid down his back). After Sun Yat Sen and Kang Yu Wei had visited Astoria, feelings about politics ran high. One day He Tong returned from school with his hair cut short, for he and his brother, He Quong, had decided to follow the revolutionary views of Sun. His father, who as a loyalist had just entertained the prime minister, was irate. But when the Nationalists came to power, it was decreed that all queues must go, so soon Wah Sing was wearing short hair too.

Arthur Chan comments that with his father graduating in 1913, he in 1946 and his son, Jeff, graduating this year, three generations of his family will have graduated from Astoria High School. Harvey Chan, now a grandfather, remarks that his is the middle generation of five generations of Chinese in Astoria.

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2-5-58

Then and Now

Vera Gault
For The Daily Astorian



Then in turn, the vegetable men were snubbed when they delivered vegetables to Chinatown, for the contract men, taking the air along storefronts, never spoke to the vegetable men, barely moving aside to permit them to enter the stores. But the contractmen showed great deference to the bookkeepers of the stores for they kept the labor records and doled out the money. (More about contract men next week.)

The bookkeepers never spoke to the laborers except to criticize their work or behavior. They spoke only to their employers, usually portly merchants who spent much time smoking. The merchants spoke only to other merchants whose business standing was equal to their own, but they all humbled themselves to the aristocrat of their society. This was any retired merchant, the older the better, who had amassed some wealth and who had made at least two trips to China. He thus became the father-adviser figure to the entire Chinese Community.

The peak of social standing was achieved in 1911 when the Astoria Chinese community entertained Sun Yat Sen, political leader who brought the Chinese Nationalist Party to power in 1912. In 1911, Sun was making a world tour to raise money for his cause. He was greeted by crowds in San Francisco. He then came on to Astoria to

came down the river for the event.

Also in 1911, local Chinese leaders were hosts to Kang Yu Wei, last prime minister of the Ch'ing dynasty and political opponent of Sun Yat Sen. He too wanted the support of Astoria's Chinese. While here he was the guest of Wah Sing, the grandfather of well-known Astorians Harvey and Arthur Chan.

After refueling in Astoria, Sun's ship took him up to Victoria, then on to China, where the next year he became head of the new Nationalist government with Chiang Kai-shek as its later leader. Prime Minister Kang left Astoria for Japan where he was assassinated and the Ch'ing dynasty came to an end. The Nationalist government lasted in mainland China until 1950 when the Communist party took over and Chiang Kai-shek and other leaders fled to Taiwan where they established new headquarters for the present Nationalist government.

Chinese businesses in Astoria flourished during the early part of this century. Not all of them were confined to the tight environs of Chinatown. One large establishment was the tailor shop of Wah Sing located on the site of the present Greenberg's furniture store on Commercial Street. The shop in the rear portion of the large building provided the work area for the 20 tailors employed by Wah Sing. They turned out not only the finest

Contract men vital to Astoria

Last week we mentioned the Wah Sing tailor and clothier shop at the site of Greenberg's Furniture as one of the large Chinese business establishments in early Astoria. Another important business was the Lum Quing Grocery Co. located where the Toyota Agency is now.

Lum Quing, an immigrant from a village south of Canton, China, came to Astoria in the 1890s. Soon he developed his own gardens and traveled from house to house selling his vegetables from baskets on either end of a pole carried across his shoulders. Nephew John Lum, well-known Astorian, still has his uncle's carrying pole.

By 1908 Lum Quing wanted to start a grocery store, so he sent for his brother, Lum Sue, working as a houseboy in Oakland. Together they established their store located where Kentucky Fried Chicken is now. Lum Sue was the father of John and David Lum of Astoria and their sisters Flora Chan, Astoria, Nancy Lum Luck, Portland, and Anna Lum Tsu, San Francisco, all graduates of Astoria High School. The brothers and their families worked hard, keeping the store open from 7 a.m. till 11 p.m., then often doing extra work after closing hours like cleaning ducks for 25 cents each that hunters brought in.

In 1950, John Lum and his wife, Clara, took over the management of the store. In 1956, John joined Bumble Bee canneries assisting as manager of food, housing and storekeeping for their seasonal Alaska operations. He and Clara, with the help of their sons, continued to operate the store until they closed it in 1964, a family operation in the one location for 42 years.

Another important Chinese business was the Hop Hing Lung Co. Located in the triangle between Bond Street and Marine Drive behind the post office, this store specialized in Chinese merchandise such as herbs, teas, and medicinal items. Chiefly it was headquarters for Chan Dogg and Wong Lam, the latter an early relative of Clara Lum and Flora Law. Dogg and Lam were the biggest contractors in the business because they negotiated with Columbia River Packers Association (CRPA), a combine of many canneries on both sides of the river. The two men were referred to with great respect as Ah Dogg and Ah Lam, the Ah meaning Mr.

THE TERM "CONTRACT men" needs some explanation. Certain Chinese men made contracts with employers to furnish workers for their canneries. They negotiated wages, hours, work to be done and even meals and lodging,

much as labor unions do today.

At the end of the packing season, the employers paid the contract man, or group of men, whatever sum or percentage had been negotiated. Then the contract men paid the workers. Whatever was over and above was the contractors' fees.

In the meantime, the contractors had subsidized the workers, acting as their bankers, maybe even furnishing meals, depending upon the terms of the contract. Some of the employers provided bunkhouses built on pilings over the backwater.

power even led some tong leaders to import Mafia-type killers to eliminate leaders of opposing tongs "at \$500 per head."

TO DETERMINE THE victim, names were placed on bamboo sticks which were shaken in a jar. The name on the stick which fell out first became the target of the hatchet man brought in from another area. Chan says that an employee of the Lum Quing Grocery was thus assassinated in 1921. John Lum says that as a small boy he remembers hearing the shot

when the next canning season came along, employers were desperate for seasonal workers, much like our need for Mexican workers 100 years later. In 1896, 13 leading Caucasian employers were arrested for bringing in illegal workers. Even Astoria's mayor was involved.

To meet the need, agents in China recruited workers and placed them on ships as illegal aliens to enter west coast ports. Tales are still told of crises which developed when such ships were crossing the Columbia River bar.

If they got word that federal officers looking for illegal entries were waiting to board ship, the Chinese were put into chains and dropped overboard on the opposite side of the ship, thus destroying the evidence. Graveyard records at City Hall list several burials simply as "Chinaman — cause of death, drowning." Dick Thompson, of Astoria Granite Works, says a corner of the old cemetery at the top of 15th Street was set aside for burial of unidentified bodies, some probably those of the illegal persons which eventually floated from their chains.

EACH TONG WAS like family to its members. Its code stated that it was devoted to meeting their needs and living together in prosperity and that "members must help one another in good times and bad." Each tong had its own meeting place and Buddhist shrine. A religious observance was an important part of each meeting.

Through the efforts of Kee Brown, Chinese leader and cannery foreman, the shrine from the Bo On Tong was given to the Clatsop County Historical Society and is on display at Flavel House Museum. Betty Wong, staff member of the Job Corps, is Brown's daughter.

As the years passed, Chinese labor was no longer available, and many Filipinos were brought in as immigrants. The late Frank Martin (son Frank Jr. is now at the plywood mill) served for years as the foreman of the Filipino Alaskan crew for Bumble Bee.

Many local Astorians worked under the contract system. In the '30s, youth like John Lum, Harvey Chan, Elvin Wong and Duncan Law as well as young women like Flora Chan and Flora Law did cannery work to further their education. Wong remembers that he worked 10 hours a day from April through September, six days a week. At the close of the season he was handed a \$50 bill for his pay but he had received food and lodging free. The contract system ended with the start of WWII when all young men were called into military service.



Contract men were greatly respected as both employers and workers relied on their service. However, others in Chinatown wanting to make easy money operated lotteries, opium dens and other forms of entertainment patronized by many off-duty workers who were bored and lonely. Thus Astoria's Chinatown, centered largely between Fifth and Ninth streets, became the largest north of San Francisco. Chinese families tended to live in areas near the canneries, but as they stabilized, they spread out in the town. One mark of achievement was to have a "house on the hill."

Eventually each contract group became a tong specifically for importing laborers in large numbers, serving as an employment agency and a social club. Tongs were unknown in China. They originated in San Francisco to fill the need for workers not only in canneries but for railroads and mines as well. Six or eight tongs were active in Astoria operating along with the various canneries. Their increase in power led to the tong wars spasmodic between about 1916 and 1930.

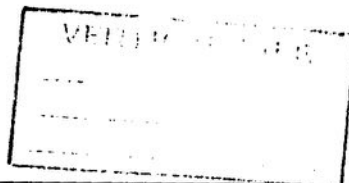
Harvey Chan, Astoria's well-known weatherman for 31 years, with three years out for Naval service in WWII, explains that tongs became obsessed with the desire for power and wealth. They competed for contracts with large companies and sometimes forced Chinese businessmen to join a tong and donate money. This struggle for

as his mother ran next door to the grocery to see what had happened. Local law enforcement officers seldom became involved in Chinatown, evidently thinking the

If agents got word that federal officers looking for illegal entries were waiting to board ship, the Chinese were put into chains and dropped overboard on the opposite side of the ship, thus destroying the evidence.

Chinese could handle their own affairs. However, a couple of early news items report that some Chinese businesses had hired Caucasian guards. Another says that Chin Yuk filed suit against Sheriff Harley Slusher for the raid on his opium den.

After the Geary Chinese Exclusion Act of 1892, immigration of Chinese workers was restricted, but the need for them was still great. There was a great drive to replace Chinese workers still in town with Caucasians and banners and posters were distributed saying, "The Chinese must go," but



Area Chinese celebrate new year

Chinese New Year's Day was Wednesday, Feb. 17. The date is established by the positions of the lunar and solar systems, much as the date of Easter is computed. Festive observances by the local Chinese residents which began on Wednesday will continue for a week or more.

New Year's has always been an important holiday for Chinese people. It was formerly observed with more noise and pageantry than in the present time. Early newspaper accounts tell of the enormous use of firecrackers.

In 1889 this item appeared in The Daily Astorian: "We warn residents to prepare for noise on Chinese New Year's, for each celebrant is provided with 482 packs of firecrackers with 124 to a pack."

In 1895 this item appeared: "The Bo Long Tong Society opposite the Stuts Theatre this evening will burn up \$700 worth of firecrackers and various kinds of fireworks. It is hoped they will burn them early before the curtain goes up, or the young ladies in the play cannot be heard."

On Feb. 7, 1921, this report was printed: "Residents were awakened at midnight by crackling sounds which sounded like police conducting a raid with machine guns, but instead it was the Chinese celebrating New Year's. This morning many places on Bond Street were littered deep with exploded firecrackers. However, this seems to be less of a habit now than in former years."

It's no wonder that the Chinese had an ample supply of fireworks, for a front page article appeared in the local paper on March 14, 1932, describing a 16-page catalogue just off the Astoria-Budget presses. "The Pekin Fireworks Corporation of Astoria is now the largest Chinese fireworks organization in the United States. It has offices here, in Portland, San Francisco and connections all over the country. Thousands of items from the common firecracker to elaborate display numbers are illustrated in its catalogues."

The operation was managed by the Koe brothers, Harold, George, Charles and Norman. The location was on Commercial Street about

three blocks west of the post office. An item of Nov. 29, 1935, mentioned the operation as "The largest concern of its kind in the United States." Harvey Chan remembers that the factory was closed at the

the Northwest, was a host at the dinner. Another host was Lee Wah Wang, a prominent merchant whose store on Bond Street is a model of neatness. Ing S. Fook, Chinese leader, was spokesman for the

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beginning of World War II and the Koes moved to Portland and San Francisco.

The Chinese were interested in bright lights not only in fireworks but in street lights as well. When the city was going all out to observe the Centennial in 1911, this item appeared. "Chinese were disappointed that new city street lights stopped at Ninth Street, so the merchants on Bond Street took up a collection and strung colored electric lights from Ninth to Seventh Streets on Bond, showing that other Astorians had nothing on them as far as enterprise and public spirit is concerned."

An item of Jan. 29, 1917, describes a New Year's banquet at which special guests were Mayor Francis C. Harley (term 1917-19) and Chief of Police Nace Grant. The event took place in the hall of the Hip Sing Tong on Bond Street. The Evening Budget editor, also a guest, describes the elaborate meal. "No common food like noodles and chop suey was in evidence. The menu consisted of boiled chicken, fried fat, dried fishes, Toke Point oysters, short ribs of rare beef, chicken soup, mushroom soup and salads of tripe seasoned with spices. For dessert there was dried watermelon seeds and Chinese nuts, a fair distribution of palatable rice wine and Havana cigars. I counted nine kinds of meat and fowl on the table at one time."

The account continues, "Wong Kee." (later known as Kee Brown) "one of the best-known Chinese in

evening, offering to help in the summer Regatta by bringing in the famous Chinese band that had appeared at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco in 1915."

When the guests departed, each was presented with a special package of fireworks, a pound of Chinese tea direct from Canton, and a liberal supply of dried nuts.

Astoria's Chinese residents began observing this 1988 holiday on Wednesday, continuing with dinners with family and friends until the end of the month. One of the largest events will be the one planned by David Lum, prominent Astoria businessman and his wife, Shirley. They have rented Suomi Hall for a potluck dinner to which their guests will bring an assortment of foods, some being exotic delicacies ordered from Portland and San Francisco. A feature of the day and evening will be a tournament of mah jong, a social game somewhat like bridge.

Elvin Wong, retired Bumble Bee equipment maintenance man, and his wife, Lillian, financial aid staff member at Clatsop Community College, recall earlier observances of the holiday. Lillian remembers that friends brought gifts to the children, usually coins wrapped in red paper. She as a child received a good many dollars in such gifts. Elvin notes that the true significance of the celebration was to start the new year with a clean slate, all debts paid and any misunderstandings settled.

Dr. Duane Jue, Astoria dentist for 30 years, and his wife, Irene, say they still observe traditional ceremonies. Daughter Meredith, now 18 and away at college, has always looked forward to her gift of coins in the little red envelope. Their first observance of the new year has always been the family breakfast, for family comes first. They drink tea and eat fruit, the tea for strength and the fruit to "keep each family member sweet." Then, as Irene says, they rid themselves of all harsh feelings, "so we can start the new year clean and fresh."

Victor Kee, well-known realtor, and his wife, Velma, say they also observe many of the old customs. Victor's 86-year-old mother, Sing Hee Leong, helps keep traditions alive by coming from her home at the Owens-Adair to cook the holiday dinner. Born in China, for many years she operated a barber shop and laundromat on Bond Street.

An unofficial estimate places the number of Chinese in Astoria at about 200, including family members away at college and other enterprises. Doubtless all of them are observing New Year's this week. As David Lum aptly describes the season, "it's a happy time with family and friends — and lots of good eating."

Editor's Note: An item in last week's column needs to be clarified. The Lum Quing & Brothers grocery store established in 1908 was first located where Kentucky Fried Chicken is now. In 1922 it moved to Sixth and Bond, present site of the Toyota agency. Here the Lum Quing Grocery was operated for 42 years by members of the Lum family until it closed in 1964.

The Daily Astorian welcomes letters from its readers for publication in Open Forum. Letters must be signed and are subject to condensation. Mail letters to: The Daily Astorian, Box 210, Astoria, Ore., 97103; or drop them by the newspaper office, 949 Exchange St., Astoria.

Astoria's Chinese top achievers

By 1908 Lum Sue, a Chinese immigrant, had been working for 12 years as a houseboy in Oakland. He often denied himself an extra bowl of noodles so he could send the dime he saved to his parents back in China. Then in 1908 he came to Astoria to join his brother in setting up the Lum Quing Grocery.

Lum Sue died of a stroke in 1946, leaving his wife and five children. Each of the five graduated from Astoria High School and went on to advanced training. Sisters Anna, in California, and Nancy, in Portland, have highly specialized positions in medicine and pharmacy. The other three family members live in Astoria. Flora (Mrs. Harvey Chan) is a graduate nurse. Brother John Lum took over the family business, the Lum Quing Grocery, later helping to manage food and housing for Bumble Bee's Alaskan operations. Brother David Lum, after graduating from Linfield College and becoming a high school teacher, now has extensive business interests in Astoria.

Through all the years the Chinese people have had two great commitments: close family ties and education for their children. Lum Sue's family is only one example of the sacrifices and efforts local Chinese have made to achieve these ends. I spent one afternoon at the Astoria Public Library exploring old copies of the Zephyrus, Astoria High School's yearbook. I look especially for the names of Chinese seniors. I found Tong Sing and Quong Sing, father and uncle of Harvey and Arthur Chan, the very first Chinese to graduate from the local high school, a great milestone for the children of immigrants. In the 1920s and '30s, more names began to appear, familiar ones like Wong, Lee, Koe, Lum, Chan, Chung and Howe. Almost without exception these graduating seniors had long lists of achievements after their names, Torch Honor Society, music and literary groups and sometimes sports. News reports often announced Chinese students as valedictorians and scholarship winners.

WHEN TALKING ONE day with Duncan and Flora Law, I asked, "How come that Chinese students always do so well in school?" Their modest reply was that they were no smarter than anyone else, "but we

set goals and then work hard to reach them. The fathers have worked hard at whatever jobs they had. The mothers have worked too in the canneries, at the telephone office, at hospitals, and the children

near Calgary, Alberta. Lisa is doing graduate work at Oregon State University and Maria will graduate in June. Son Jeff, a high school senior, is a member of the basketball and golf teams.

college in Arizona.

Duncan Law, retired food scientist, Oregon State University, and his wife, Flora, graduate nurse, have six offspring, all doing just fine. Robert will graduate from Oregon Health Sciences University in June. Randy is a teacher in Lebanon, Ore.; Roger, financier with Dean Witter, Portland; Ronald, mechanical engineer with the new hydrolizer project in Astoria; Joyce, graduate in food technology, Eugene; and Janie is getting her second college degree at U of O department of education.

Many, many of Astoria's Chinese have been and are top achievers; Happy Lee, basketball star and the Lees of Happy Inn; Raymond and Joyce Chan, House of Chan; May Leong and sons Teddy and Terry; Victor Kee, prominent realtor and his family; the Kenneth Lums; Kee Brown Wong, highly respected in the fishing industry, and his daughter, Betty Wong, staff member at Tongue Point Job Corps. Astoria's Chief of Police Ronald Louie is Chinese. As far as we know he is the only chief of police of Chinese descent in the country.

In addition to their attention to education, the Chinese people have made and are making many community contributions. News articles through the years have made such reports as these, "Chinese Contribute \$7,000 in War Bonds," and "Chinatown Goes Over the Top in Red Cross Drive," and "Chinese Residents Contribute to Y.M.C.A." They participated in wartime service with great patriotism and energy.

Because Astoria is a coastal town, immigrants from many nations have settled here — Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Finland, Yugoslavia, Greece and the nations around the Pacific Rim. Many of these immigrants, like the Chinese, by their energy and integrity and their love of education have made Astoria a good place to live and are contributing their talents and skills to ever-expanding horizons.

As I have spoken with Chinese friends, they invariably say, "Astoria has been good to us." Then as I talk with other longtime Astorians like Bob Lovell, Marjorie Halderman, Mrs. Garnet Green, Dick Thompson and Frances Longberg and others, they say, "The Chinese have done great things for Astoria."

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For The Daily Astorian



have worked at whatever jobs they could get. Everybody saved and sacrificed so the kids could go to college."

It's certainly true that the hard work and goals paid off, though not

'Many of these immigrants, like the Chinese, by their energy and integrity and their love of education have made Astoria a good place to live and are contributing their talents and skills to ever-expanding horizons.'

always in one generation. When Tong Sing was graduating from Astoria High School in 1913, he wrote in the class prophecy, "I want to be a photographer." Years later, his son, Arthur Chan, after Army service, graduated from Los Angeles Art Center and for 30 years has been one of Astoria's leading photographers. Now all four daughters of Art and Lila Chan — Marcia, Linda, Lisa and Maria — have college degrees or are close to getting them. Daughter Linda is following in her father's artistic footsteps; she is style designer and pattern engineer for Jantzen Company. Marcia, after teaching English in Japan, is attending Bible college

The three sons of John and Clara Lum, Ronald, Robert and James, are distinguishing themselves in engineering, photography and computer science. Ronald's profession has led him into the field of design engineering for submarines. Robert in Eugene is gaining national recognition as a maker and photographer of fine knives.

Other families also have made their mark. Elvin and Lillian Wong's four sons, Michael, Martin, Steven and Stuart, all graduates of OSU, are pursuing the professions of chemistry, teaching, microbiology and photo journalism.

Harvey Chan, Astoria's weatherman for 31 years with three years out as weatherman for the U.S. Navy and interpreter for Admiral Nimitz, and his wife Flora, a graduate nurse, have a son and two daughters. All three have college degrees. Thomas with his doctor's degree is a food scientist in Hawaii specializing in tropical fruits. Kathie is a teacher in Seattle, and Debbie on the faculty at the University of Alaska.

David Lum was a high school teacher originally but now has developed extensive business interests in Astoria. He and his wife, Shirley, have three daughters, Julie, a student at OSU; Lori, at University of Oregon; and Pamela, already a graduate, is starting a career in banking. Son Gregory teaches computer science in Nashville, Tenn.

Dr. Duane Jue, Astoria dentist, and his wife, Irene, a former teacher, have a son, Keith, an attorney in New York City; a daughter, Laurie, with a New York jewelry firm; and Meredith, at

Open Forum

Flowers warm a cold winter

On Feb. 23 this year Astorians enjoyed a balmy temperature of 64 degrees, breaking the record for that date. In eastern Montana where I grew up, farmers were trying to get feed to their livestock in a bone-chilling temperature of 41 degrees below zero. As we bask in this moderate climate, we can scarcely imagine the difference temperature can make in one's mode of living.

As I sit at my typewriter by the window, I note the purple heather in my front yard, the red of early-blooming primroses and the green spikes of bulbs pushing their way up to become daffodils. My memory carries me back to the time I had some Chinese lily bulbs all my own. That was pretty exciting for a seven-year-old growing up on a farm where temperatures for five months a year were rarely above-freezing and where my only playmate was a three-year-old brother.

The lily bulb incident came about this way. At Christmas time, Aunt Mabelle, my mother's sister, sent a package from her home in Kansas City. It contained the usual practical gifts like flannel nightgowns and woolen stockings, but then in a box marked "for Vera" was a bowl with three Chinese lily bulbs, an envelope of colored pebbles, and a sheet of instructions. These said to set the bulbs and the pebbles in the bowl, partially cover them with water and watch for blooms to appear. I had never seen bulbs before. I couldn't imagine how plants would grow in water and bloom in wintertime. But when Mama set them on the table on Christmas morning, my expectations were boundless.

January ushered in the year 1912 with temperatures never rising above 15 degrees below zero. Snow covered the ground. In some places

it was only a few inches deep; in others the windblown drifts sculpted eerie forms several feet high.

Papa took care of the animals and repaired harness in the barn during

flowers, I saw Mr. Schultz ride into the yard from his home three miles east. He led his horse into the barn to talk to Papa, then both men came into the house. Mr. Schultz was speaking slowly in his heavy

asked if I could put a doll in to see how it looked, but Mama said no, that caskets weren't for playing. She studied her work thoughtfully, then took one of Glenn's baby blankets for a coverlet.

"I wish I had some flowers to send," she said; then with sudden inspiration, she reached over and clipped my lily blossoms and laid them under the pink bow.

"Mama," I shrieked, "those are my flowers. Don't give them away!" But Mama said, "You mustn't be selfish, Vera. Poor Mrs. Schultz has lost her baby, so you mustn't cry over a few flowers." I always meant to mind Mama, but sometimes that day my whole body would shudder with the tears I tried to hold back.

When Papa came home from the Schultzes, he said Mrs. Schultz had tried in her limited English to tell him how much she appreciated the beautiful casket. Then she had lovingly lifted the little form into it and covered it with the soft blanket placing the tiny hands on top holding the lily blossoms. Then Papa said he sang a verse of "Jesus Loves Me" and Mr. Schultz nailed the cover on. Together they carried it to the garden where they buried it in a grave of snow until spring when Mr. Schultz could dig a grave in the deep soil of the garden.

Such was one small episode of life on the prairie land of Montana in the frigid winter of 1912.

At the outset of this column I mentioned Astoria's moderate climate. In the 1880s eastern newspapers often carried glowing accounts sent in from Oregon to induce settlers to migrate to the west coast. One such ad concluded with this statement, "Our weather is mellow and mild. If you have a scolding wife, this is the best country in the world. You can live outdoors all winter."

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most of the brief daylight hours. To amuse himself one day he used some scrap lumber to build a pung, a neat little box on runners to be used as a sled. He pulled it out of the barn so we could see his handiwork but the weather was too cold for us to take a ride. Mama spent her time with housework and crocheting lace for pillowcases and showing pictures to Glenn. Sometimes I lined my dolls up in a row and read to them, but my most interesting occupation was watching for blossoms to appear on my lily bulbs.

Sure enough, one morning one bulb showed tiny green tips. Soon the other two did as well. After that they seemed to grow inches each day. Then one day they had buds. A couple of days later the buds burst into clusters of waxy white blossoms with yellow centers filling the room with their fragrance. How I loved Aunt Mabelle for sending me this exquisite gift for my very own.

The next morning as I sat by the table with my chin in my hands drinking in the beauty of my dainty

German accent, wiping his eyes and blowing his nose on his blue bandana kerchief.

Papa explained that Mrs. Schultz had given birth five days earlier and the baby had died just that morning. Mr. Schultz had come to see if Papa had any spare lumber for a coffin. Papa said they would go back to the barn to make the small box and he would take it in the pung to the Schultz home. He wondered if Mama had anything soft for lining it.

Mama was always resourceful in any emergency. Now she promptly went to a drawer and drew out a piece of light blue mull that Aunt Mabelle had sent her for a shirtwaist and spread it out on the table for cutting. In no time at all she had sewed the cloth into gathers with a heading on the top. When the men brought in the tiny casket, Mama lined it with cotton batting and tacked the delicate cloth into place. Then she fastened a bow of pink ribbon to mark the head of the resting place. I watched in fascination, trying to imagine a baby lying there. Mama said it would be sort of like having a doll asleep there. I

Thunderbird a lesson in history

In the Astoria Public Library soaring high above the new book section is a replica of a huge bird carved from cedar. I called it an eagle until I was told it represents the thunderbird revered by Indians since ancient times. How this exquisite carving got to the library is a story all in itself.

About 12 years ago, Dr. R.P. (Pat) Moore, Astoria physician now retired, and wife Carol decided to take a trip. After sailing their boat around the waterways of Alaska, they returned along the west coast of Vancouver Island. While visiting Queen Cove, an Indian village there, they were approached by a NATIVE WHO SAID, "If you are going down by way of Neah Bay, look up my cousin, Frank Smith." So they did.

Frank Smith turned out to be a member of the Macahs, southernmost band of the Nootka tribe. He was an elderly man who spoke mostly in monosyllables. He asked Dr. Moore, "You 'used to be a doctor in Port Angeles?" The Moores had lived there from 1949 till 1961.

Then Smith held up a badly scarred hand demonstrating that his fingers were flexible and agile. The doctor was puzzled. "Do you want me to work on your hand?" he asked. "No," the Indian replied. "You fixed it already."

THEN DR. MOORE remembered that some time along in the 1950s, this man had come from his home in Neah Bay, 90 miles west of Port Angeles, to get help. He had cut his hand so severely that there were gashes on the back of the hand and across the palm. Three fingers and a thumb were dangling, almost amputated. Dr. Moore immediately put his best surgical skills to work to repair the hand. Now 20 years later, the grateful patient was saying, "Now I carve with my knife and make totem poles as good as ever."

But that's not the end of the story. Ten years ago a beat-up sedan found its way to the Moores' home

on Alameda Avenue. At the door stood Frank Smith. "I'm bringing you a gift," he said, "because you fixed up my hand." Then he carried in from the car the carved torso and wings of this great bird. When he

ingit Indians in southeast Alaska call it Skyamsen and represent it as a mammoth hawk. The Osages on the great Plains call it Henga, the Sacred Eagle. Indians of the Southwest and the Pacific Coast

the North Coast range. This is told in a reference study, *Kathlamet Texts*, by Boas.

INDIAN MEN WENT regularly to Saddle Mountain to kill elk by driving them over the cliff. The women went to a prairie space to dig for roots. Any girl just reaching maturity was forbidden to go so near the abode of the great Thunderbird believed to be among the rock caves on the mountain. But one girl insisted upon accompanying the women. A fog covered the place. The girl disappeared. When they searched for her, they found her sitting among the rocks singing songs of another world. When they called to her, she sat transfixed. When they called again, she was gone.

The chief of the party said, "Let's go home," and they went home. Therefore it is forbidden to take girls who are just mature up Saddle Mountain because this girl was taken away. The Thunderbird took her. Now when it become foggy, she is heard singing shaman songs in the rocks.

Well, to get back to Frank Smith and the carving, the Moores were overwhelmed with the artistry and generosity of the gift. The doctor arranged for repairs on the old car and gave medical assistance to the wife and the Smiths were on their way back to Neah Bay, almost 400 miles.

Then the Moores were left looking at the carving. They realized that it was a rare work of art created by one of the master craftsmen of the Indian race. But what does a householder do with a carved bird three feet tall with a wingspan of more than six feet, weighing probably 25 or 30 pounds? Eventually they came upon the solution. They gave it on loan to the Astoria Public Library. In recent weeks it was loaned to the Heritage Museum where it was prominent in the Indian showing arranged there. Now it is in place again at the library continuing its motionless soaring above the new books.

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assembled them, the carving measured a wingspread of 74 inches. Smith had roughed it out from a cedar log with a chisel and completed the intricate detail with his penknife.

Dr. Moore was amazed to realize that this 67-year-old artist whose only departure from the reservation had been service in World War II had undertaken the trip from Neah Bay to Astoria. He had been bedeviled by engine trouble and two flat tires on the way. His wife, suffering from high blood pressure, was resting in a motel. However, none of these difficulties had deterred Frank Smith from bringing the gift of his craft to the doctor who had made it possible for him to continue that craft.

THE MOORES HAD long been interested in Indian art and lore. Now they centered on the thunderbird as represented by their newly acquired gift. They learned that Indians all over the western states considered it to be a bird of great might, the only creature other than man that can kill a whale. On this carved figure the teeth of the whale are represented on its breast.

The origin of this great bird is unknown. Perhaps it is based on tribal memories of the great American condor, now extinct. The Ti-

call it Adee, the Thunderbird. The state of Oregon has chosen for its state rock the thunder egg with its rough exterior and crystalline center. Indian lore says Thunderbird has thrown the stones down from his nest on the mountain.

**'Ancient stories say
that the thunderbird
lives on a high
mountain from which
in times of danger it
swoops down to
protect or avenge.'**

Legend says that this great bird makes thunder by flapping its wings and creates lightning by blinking its eyes. In the Plains states where thunder storms are violent, they say the thunderbird is fighting with a great snake. When a downpour follows the thunder, the legend explains that the great bird has dropped the lake of fresh water it was carrying on its back.

Ancient stories say that the thunderbird lives on a high mountain from which in times of danger it swoops down to protect or avenge. One such tale has its locale on Saddle Mountain, tallest peak in



Bake-off 'experience of a lifetime'

Have you ever looked at brightly colored pictures of delectable recipes and wondered who created the appealing combinations? There's a woman in Warrenton (Astoria likes to claim her too) who knows from experience. She is Stephanie Miller, who participated in this year's Pillsbury Bake-Off. This was the company's 33rd cooking and baking contest, which features only original recipes.

Stephanie Miller (Mrs. Terry) of Clatsop Plains has been interested in cooking ever since she was five years old when her grandmother enlisted her help in making Christmas cookies. Last October Stephanie saw a Pillsbury ad in a newspaper. It invited any aspiring contestant to pick up an entry blank in a local store. Stephanie went to four stores but found no blanks, so she wrote her request to Pillsbury and quickly received the form and a stream of information.

Stephanie learned that original recipes could be submitted in four categories: Ethnic Specialties for American tastes; Indulgent Sweets for family and friends; Quick Ideas, shortcuts to save time in the kitchen; and Wholesome Alternatives, updated recipes for healthier living.

Contestants could turn in as many recipes as they chose in any or all categories. Stephanie chose Quick Ideas and turned in one recipe. Imagine her surprise and excitement when in December she received a phone call from Pillsbury that out of about 170,000 entries, she had been chosen as one of the 100 finalists.

Now for the behind-the-scenes process. How can an organization choose 100 top recipes from tens of thousands? Here's how Pillsbury did it.

"THE FIRST STOP for the mailbags full of recipes is an independent contest agency where employees sort and screen the entries. Recipes that do not follow the official rules are discarded immediately. Eligible entries are forwarded to the agency's home economists who read them to choose interesting ideas that fit the judging criteria."

Then each recipe is assigned a

code number and the contestant's name and address are removed. The coded recipes are then sent to Pillsbury's test kitchens where home economists choose the most appealing and eliminate those that

(each was allowed to bring one family member) in the Sheraton Harbor Island East Hotel. On Sunday they were given a tour of the grand ballroom where the contest would take place. The huge hall was



are too involved or require unusual equipment or ingredients. Then the kitchen testing takes place. This includes the preparation and tasting. While this is going on, another team of economists is searching through a library of food publications to verify that recipes have not already been published nationally by food companies and have not been winners in national contests.

By now, the field has been narrowed down to 1,500 entries and the weeks of preparation and tasting have come to an end. (Imagine being on the tasting committee for 1,500 newly created dishes.) Now the top 100 recipes are chosen to compete in the finals of the national Bake-Off contest. The agency reveals the names of the winners to Pillsbury and the lucky 100 finalists are notified.

Stephanie received the magic phone call in mid-December telling her that her recipe for pineapple cream cupcakes had been chosen and that she should prepare to join the other 99 finalists on Feb. 15 in San Diego for the final step, the Bake-Off, all expenses paid. Stephanie says that Pillsbury regained some of her expense money because for the intervening two months she bought Pillsbury's Plus Cake Mix time after time to practice her recipe.

MONDAY, FEB. 15, 1988, was the big day. Stephanie and Terry flew to San Diego on Saturday and were soon established with the other finalists and their companions

lined with 100 mini-kitchens, each equipped with a range, work table, chair and all the equipment and supplies each recipe required. Stephanie was assigned to kitchen No. 42. Her recipe was described in the information book as "Pineapple Cream Snack Cakes; Cake Mix, Quick Idea: Pineapple and Cream Cheese create a tasty pocket of filling inside these moist, tender cupcakes."

'One woman set her perfect specimen out to be taken to the judges, and a passing photographer picked it up and ate it.'

Monday morning's breakfast at 6:30 allowed contestants to be at their stations by 8 a.m. Each was to prepare the recipe twice. The place was a buzz of activity. Reporters and photographers were elbowing one another to get the best stories. One headline called the event "the Olympics of the Cooking World."

A survey of the 100 finalists revealed that they arrived from 33 states, six from Oregon. Seven contestants were men, one being 80. Stephanie said the good will among the group was tremendous. Even though they were competing for the top prize of \$40,000 and other large

amounts, there was no evidence of rivalry. In fact she overheard one contestant advise an opponent on how to improve her pie crust. The Pillsbury people responded to every need. One dessert maker needed fresh raspberries to top her offering. Where does one get fresh raspberries in February? Pillsbury found them in San Francisco and got them down in time.

Of course a few crises were bound to happen. One contestant starting to prepare her second pie didn't have a good place to set the first one, so she placed it on the chair behind her and a little later she sat in it. Some contestants whose recipes provided more food than judging required gave the surplus to the reporters milling around. One woman set her perfect specimen out to be taken to the judges, and a passing photographer picked it up and ate it.

All preparation of entries had to be completed by 2 p.m. They were then placed on a long display table to await the visit of the judges and the contestants were hustled out of the room. A couple of hours later, when Stephanie decided the judging must be over, she went back to the ballroom to take a leisurely look at the display. But the place looked like a disaster area. Workmen were tearing out the kitchens; the beautiful food had all been unceremoniously eaten and debris was all over the place.

NEXT MORNING (TUESDAY) the finalists were all called to assemble in the ballroom for the announcement of winners and the taping of the CBS and 20/20 programs. Home economists had worked through the night to prepare the winning dishes so their creators could be pictured with them. Top prize of \$40,000 went to a woman from Bemidji, Minn. Her recipe was a chocolate praline layer cake.

Prizes for the finalists were provided by Pillsbury and Sears Roebuck Company, a first-time co-sponsor. Stephanie did not win any of the top prizes but she, along with all the others, received a Kenmore 14-speed hand mixer, \$100, and her expense-paid trip to San Diego. She calls it "the experience of a lifetime."

Hoggs have niche in town's past

Once upon a time in the dim Depression days of the 1930s, 11 eager and energetic young women formed the Astoria chapter of the Alpha Iota international business sorority. They were students attending the Astoria Commercial College.

Their organizer and sponsor was Mrs. Laura Hogg. She and her husband, James, operated the private, professional school, the only one of its kind Astoria has ever had. In recent years, the business department of Clatsop Community College has supplied specialized training but in the 1930s, the Hoggs gave great service to the young business aspirants of Astoria.

In 1930, the Hoggs had moved their college from a downtown location to the Victorian structure on the corner of 14th and Franklin now known by the name of its first owner, the Judge Page House. They leased the place from the owner at that time, Mrs. Harry Cherry. They promptly established classrooms on the main floor and made the pantry into the office where students paid their tuition. The family, including three young sons, made their living quarters on the second floor.

The Hoggs were farsighted instructors. He worked diligently with the young men enrolled to prepare them for entering the business world. Mrs. Hogg gave similar guidance to the girls. She was a member of the honorary business sorority Alpha Iota and she reasoned that membership would assist the girls in their professional growth, so the Astoria chapter received its charter on April 25, 1930. For all the ensuing years, members have continued its benefits to the community. The Alpha Iota girls will celebrate their 58th anniversary this year.

OF COURSE, MOST of today's 30 Alpha Iotas are not the original ones. However, three of the first 11 members are still living in Astoria. These are Helen Larson Aho, Valere Brach Planting and Carolyn Elliott Carlson. A fourth, Ethel Lindberg Winters, lives in Seaside. Other charter members were Mabel Saari, Sallie Alto, Beverly Cronin, Frances Stanovich, Niomi Kukka, Mary Sprague and Christina Josephson.

Women well-known to Astoria's business community have directed

the club's program through the years. Serving as advisers have been Mabel Saari, Cecile Kvistad, Dorothy Tucker, and Mrs. Hogg. Present sponsors are Helen Spicer and Adella Orwick.

Adella remembers the Hoggs as a fine family. Mrs. Hogg was not only a good teacher but a kind-hearted person with many capabilities. Students loved her so much they often called her Mama Hogg. She

Now a retired Naval officer, he and his wife live in Virginia. James became a colonel in the Air Corps. Donald, a scientist and archeologist, teaches in Puerto Rico.

The Hoggs' business college operated until 1942 when the students scattered into the military or war-related jobs. When housing was acutely needed, the government took over all rental property. Carpenters moved in and made the place into five apartments. The Hoggs moved into a house on Irving Avenue between 12th and 14th streets. He opened a private accounting business. In 1959, after her husband's death, Laura Hogg returned to their former home in Michigan. With the closure of the college, the Alpha Iotas took the rank of Eta Alumnae Chapter.

Helen Cherry, owner of the house occupied by the college, sold it to John Beezley who, after the war, operated it as sub-standard apartments. After his death and years of vacancy, the house was restored in 1966 to its early Victorian style. Now at 110 years old, it is listed on the National Register of Historic Places.

AS THE HOME of this author it is often open for public viewing under the sponsorship of the Clatsop County Historical Society. On such occasions, Adella Orwick as one of the hostesses says she feels right at home and Erling recalls that he did his courting "right over there by the bay window where the professor's chairs used to be."

On March 1 of this year, members of Alpha Iota did a gracious thing. They combined all these threads of history into a collage, had it elegantly framed and presented it to the Heritage Museum, where it now hangs on permanent display. It features pictures of the Hoggs, of the house that served as the business college and their home and a card with a brief history of the sorority.

Thus by their faithfulness, members of Alpha Iota have paid a loving tribute to the Hoggs who made a rich contribution to this community. They have also perpetuated the history of their sorority which through the years has enriched the quality of life in Astoria.

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Current president of the group is Inga Mae Youtsler. Other officers are Lorraine Gimre, Shirley Landwehr, Elma Rae Marxen, Esther Lampi, Mary Oja, Myrtle Hjorten and Lempi Larsen. Among others carrying responsibilities are Ivern Thompson, Clara Miller, Frances Dietrichs, Phyllis Moore and Charlotte Patching.

All through the years the club has met faithfully on the first Tuesday of each month. Its purpose is to promote professional excellence among business women and to support projects carried on by the 65,000 members in the U.S. and Canada. The local chapter has won several honors nationwide. The historian's book prepared by longtime member Donna Miller was awarded first place at the International convention at Long Beach, Calif., in June 1987.

One of the chief projects of the local chapter is providing an annual scholarship to some worthy business student at Clatsop Community College. This year they have named this fund the Laura Hogg Memorial Scholarship to honor their founder. Mrs. Hogg died in September 1987 at a retirement home in Grand Rapids, Mich., at age 102.

ADELLA ORWICK PROBABLY knew the Hoggs better than the other Iota girls, for she came from her home across the river to live with them while she took her business training. She then procured a position at the First National Bank where she met her future husband, Erling Orwick. He retired some time ago after several years serving as bank manager.

liked to cook and bake, often helping with dinners at the Presbyterian church, where she was also a member of their quilting club. She was an expert with the tatting shuttle and made intricate

'The Hoggs were farsighted instructors. He worked diligently with the young men enrolled to prepare them for entering the business world. Mrs. Hogg gave similar guidance to the girls.'

lace by the yard.

James Hogg is remembered as a handsome, genteel man who conducted a fine business college. Dan Thiel and Bill Olson and John Lum are three who remember his helpful instruction and kindly interest. He was an active member of the Kiwanis Club and the YMCA board. He served as superintendent of the Presbyterian Sunday school for years. He was devoted to the church and so unselfish that on overflow Sundays like Easter, he would stay home so someone else could have his seat.

The Hoggs' three sons graduated from Astoria High School in the late '30s and early '40s. All achieved distinguished careers. Forrest, the oldest, was taken prisoner by the Japanese while serving in the Pacific during World War II.

Astoria's Easter spirit spans decades

Spring and Easter are here. Many signs besides the calendar tell us this is true. Welcome rain and timid sunshine is nourishing the landscape.

My flowering quince bush, which usually has displayed only a few stingy blossoms in the crotches of the limbs, has burst into glorious color even to the tips of the branches. My Oregon grape bush, Oregon's state flower, is yellow with clusters of tiny waxen petals giving promise of purple berries this fall. The crown of yellow daffodils is in bloom on the lawn of the Pioneer Presbyterian Church on Clatsop Plains and swallows are lined up on telephone wires eyeing my carport as a possible nesting place.

Spring and Easter are always a time for new beginnings. Householders start cleaning and painting. Crews pay special attention to city streets and highways. Merchants advertise new styles and spring bargains. Clubs organize spring events and churches offer additional services of worship. And so it has always been.

SOME TIME AGO I came across an article in Cumtux, Clatsop County Historical Society Quarterly. It was written by Polly McKean Bell and first published in the Astorian Budget March 28, 1959, as a feature of the Oregon Centennial Year. Mrs. Bell was Astoria's oldest native when she died in 1965. The title of the article is 'Astoria, Easter in the 1880s.' Here is the way she remembered the Easters of 100 years ago.

"Our little town had some very fine gardens and well-tended flowers. One of these was Capt. Hustler's big fenced-in yard with fine trees and many flowering trees and shrubs. The Flavel garden was beautiful and large, but too formal for children to play. Capt. Gilman's yard was full of old-fashioned flowers, bleeding heart, sweet smelling mock orange and white lilacs. Capt. Reed's yard was lovely with blossoming things. I was a happy place for children to play."

"In our Grace Episcopal Church

the rector Mr. Hyland held a long and solemn Good Friday service. Father Dichman in his St. Mary's Church held his service on Saturday afternoon in preparation for Easter Sunday.

Strong coffee gave a rich brown. Bolling with onion skins produced a bright yellow and beet juice gave a bright pink. By sewing the eggs into printed calico, interesting designs were achieved. Tying fern sprays

Goodman's shoe store to be out-fitted which gave them that uplifting Easter feeling. If only it wouldn't rain.

FINALLY EASTER MORNING came. Three churches were fairly close together, the Presbyterian, Methodist and Grace Episcopal. A hundred years ago they all stood in the vicinity of the downtown area around the post office and present Safeway. Some of the children learned that since Sunday school was held at different hours, they could make all three, receiving gifts of beautiful eggs at each place.

Polly Bell concludes her account by saying, "What fun it was to look over our collection of eggs at the end of the long, happy day."

That was Easter 100 years ago. A survey of newspapers of Easter 1928, 70 years ago, shows what the interests were then. One of the features that caught my eye was a full page ad with the headline "Come to church Easter Sunday and EVERY Sunday." It was sponsored by 10 businesses in town which included Columbia River Packers Association, Union Fishermen's Co-Op, Knappton Towboat Co., Pacific Power & Light and Finnish Meat Market.

The Bee Hive Store urged women to buy black patent pumps with spike heels for their Easter parade and to look fetching in \$18 hats reduced to \$3.95. LaRose Beauty Shop offered permanents for \$9.

Car dealers offered Whippet coupes with collapsible tops and rumble seats from \$1,195 to \$1,895. A Hudson Super-Six, 7-passenger sedan was on sale at Gallant Motor Co. for \$1,950.

The Astoria Theater urged people to come to the holiday showing of Tom Mix in "Daredevil's Reward," prices 25 cents and 10 cents. The Liberty Theater was showing May McAvoy and Conrad Nagel in "If I Were Single" and announced that the next week new Vitaphone and Movietone equipment would be installed.

Now once again we are in the season of flowers, colored eggs and joyful church services. Have a happy Easter.

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For The Daily Astorian



In the mornings the women would bring or send all the flowers in bloom in their gardens and in every congregation women gladly gave their time to beautify their churches. Ladies like Mrs. Van Dusen, Mrs. Hustler, and Mrs. Reed and many others sent baskets full of lovely blossoms to make sure their beloved Grace Church was fragrant and beautiful on Easter morning. A former parishioner then living in California sent up on the last steamer many pots of Easter lilies. Mrs. Hyland, the rector's wife, was so pleased.

"At the Presbyterian Church skillful hands spent hours in decorating. Old Louis, trusted handyman and gardener for the Flavel family for years, had been persuaded by Mrs. Flavel to cut some of his choicest blooms such as white lilacs and jonquills which he trundled over to the church in his old wheelbarrow. Mrs. Dan Warren, another faithful Presbyterian, always sent a large supply of fine flowers from her garden in Warrenton."

MRS. BELL GOES on to say that one of the highlights of Easter was the coloring of eggs. To color and decorate the eggs required all the skill of the mothers, for this was no childish busy-work. For days mothers boiled eggs using certain natural methods to achieve color.

around the eggs also gave an artistic effect. Mothers traded tricks in dying eggs just as enthusiastically as they traded pie recipes. Then the payoff came on Easter afternoon when families went visiting and exchanging eggs.

'Mothers traded tricks in dying eggs just as enthusiastically as they traded pie recipes. Then the payoff came on Easter afternoon when families went visiting and exchanging eggs.'

Of course, a time-honored observance of the Easter holiday is new clothes. Polly Bell describes her Easter delight, a new white leghorn hat with white streamers down the back. In honor of the day, her mother made a wreath of bachelor buttons and daisies to place around the crown. All the children in the family were taken to

Some thoughts from the sea

Since this is the season of the crab festival, it seems a good time for some nautical tales.

At the March luncheon of the Clatsop County Historical Society, I had the privilege of hearing local author John Paul Barrett tell how he wrote and published his new book "Sea Stories of Dolphins and Dead Sailors." Since then I've read the book. It's just what its title announces — sea stories. Barrett instills such atmosphere into each episode that the reader can almost feel the fog and hear the splash of the water as the story leads one out to sea.

Sometimes in my reading I run across an item which interests me, but I don't need it at the time. With my mind heightened by Barrett's stories, I recalled reading this account. It appeared in The Daily Astorian of April 4, 1928, just 60 years ago.

At 11 o'clock on the night of April 3, Columbia River Bar Pilot Clarence Ash with the tug Arrow 3 towed a schooner into port. It was the K.V. Kruse with Capt. William Mayne and 14 crewmen out of Adelaide, Australia. Weak and nearly starved, they had been on the water for 114 days.

They had hit heavy weather after leaving Hawaii and it got worse as they proceeded. A terrific gale and rough seas off Cape Arago tore off the top sails and main sails. They tried to go in at Coos Bay but had little control of the vessel and no tug was available. For weeks, they half-drifted and half-sailed.

Capt. Mayne reported seeing a freighter when the storm had subsided a little. "Can't get into Coos Bay," he signaled with his flags. "Too bad," was the answer signaled from the freighter's masts as it proceeded on its way.

Days later they were close enough to a tanker to wave the

message "Short of provisions." "That's appetizing," the tanker signaled back.

Finally their food was almost gone. They allotted themselves one cracker per meal with a good

lington coast conducting a search for the schooner for several days.

...

Astoria's history is always related in one way or another to events

a great liquor shortage in Oregon, so liquor traffic was big business. The four men later convicted had expected to sell their hidden cargo for \$10 a half pint.

...

In the 1890s in the days before railroads and autos, many Portlanders liked to observe holidays by taking a boat trip down the river to Astoria. Astorians in turn welcomed this early tourist trade. However, it seems that sometimes there was a problem. The following is quoted from the front page of the Astoria Daily Budget, May 29, 1893.

"If all the rag-tag and bobtails, hoodlums and chippies of Portland didn't come down on the Thompson yesterday, Portland must be a pretty tough city to support them all. Of all the loud-mouthed blackguards that were ever dumped into Astoria at any one time, the worst was that excursion of the Thompson yesterday."

...

Getting back to John Paul Barrett and his book "Sea Stories," here are a few of his observations.

During a typical season off the Oregon-Washington coast, approximately 5,000 commercial fishing vessels head out to sea. In an average year the Coast Guard answers more than 1,300 calls for assistance from those boats.

Salmon fishing is an art. It is also one of the most solitary fishing endeavors.

Commercial fishermen see and do things that ordinary men only dream of. A sunset on a glassy sea is an awesome spectacle... and it is a rare delight to live in the unsullied realm of dolphins and whales for days.

As long as there are fish in the sea, there will be fishermen.

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supply of rainwater. They managed to scrape a final half pound of tapioca out of a bin and finally they apportioned among the men the eight pounds of questionable rice they had brought to feed their pet cockatoo. They were even thinking about eating the bird but rescue came in time to save them all.

Their drifting had taken them above Grays Harbor where they sent up blue lights with no response. Then, just after daybreak on April 3, the schooner appeared off the Columbia River lightship. That was when Captain Ash went out in the pilot boat thinking to direct the schooner in, but its fuel supply was exhausted. Even spare booms had been burned, so Capt. Ash had them anchor inside No. 2 buoy until the tug arrived. The tow began at 6 p.m. and they arrived at Astoria's quarantine dock at 11. Word had got around town about the schooner in trouble and a large crowd was on hand to cheer when the lights of the sturdy tug came into view.

In the meantime, some signals must have got through sometime for the Coast Guard cutter Snohomish had been off the Wash-

on the river. Here is a happening at the Port of Astoria as told by the late journalist Russell Dark. It took place 70 years ago when Prohibition was the law of the land.

The dredge Natoma had finally arrived in port after bucking a gale which dismasted the schooner Gamble and kept that vessel outside the bar for 21 days. Towing the dredge was the steam schooner Johan Paulsen under command of Captain Ivar Ulvestad.

The Paulsen had hardly fastened her lines when federal prohibition agents and Clatsop County deputies swarmed over her decks. While some searched her hold, one crew of agents ripped open her cabin ceiling and seized 81 cases of fine whiskey they found hidden there. Ulvestad and 21 crew members were hustled off to the county jail.

In the morning following the release of the captain and crew, the Paulsen was moved up river to take on a cargo of lumber at Westport. There agents boarded her again and confiscated 75 additional cases of whiskey. A stool pigeon was suspected.

Closing of the saloons had created

Jargon speaks of early Astoria

In early days, the area of the lower Columbia River was known as the Land of the Chinook Indians. Their tribes formed a large and powerful nation among the Indians west of the Rockies. The influence of Chinook life and lore is still among us.

We have mentioned in an earlier column the numerous place names in Clatsop County which have come directly from the Indian language, names such as Walluski and Klaskanine. The book *Oregon Geographic Names* states that 22 percent of geographic names in Oregon have Indian origin. Names beginning with "ne," for example Neahkahnie and Neacoxie, have a special relationship, for the prefix in Chinook language meant place or locality. Thus the word Nehalem meant "place where people live" and Neawanna, "place of the river spirit."

Actually, it is a fact of some historical importance that a new language developed right here in Astoria. When Fort Astoria was established here in 1811, the first permanent white settlement west of the Rocky Mountains, Astor's men and the Chinook Indians combined certain features of their languages to carry on their trapping and trading activities. This new language became known as Chinook jargon, widely used by traders, early settlers and the various Indian tribes from California to Alaska until the early part of this century.

Missionaries and teachers used the Chinook jargon to carry on their work. When Father Demers and Father Blanchet arrived in 1838, they soon learned the language and translated many hymns and prayers for use in their services. The Rev. Cushing Eells used Chinook jargon in 1859 when he established Whitman Seminary in Walla Walla in memory of the martyred Dr. Marcus Whitman.

THE TEXT OF the Lord's Prayer in Chinook jargon illustrates the combination of words and sounds. "Our Father . . ." becomes Nesika Papa. "Thy Kingdom . . ." is Il-lahee, meaning heaven or pleasant place. "Bread" is muckamuck,

probably representing chewing action. "Heart" is tum-tum, as we might say thump-thump. Cumtux, which the historical society has adopted for the name of its quarterly magazine, means to

man. Sunday remained the same, but it usually meant one week. The word house was unchanged, but skookum meant big, so jail was skookum house. The Indian word for talk was wa-wa, so thunder was

as Clatsop Plains, so the name Clatsop means people of the grass. The area was unique because it was not covered with timber.

We often hear the statement that our area is "rich in history." This is true because nearly every spot is significant. For instance, have you ever stopped to study the large rock on Commercial Street between 14th and 15th? It is located below street level near the PP&L substation. It served mariners by marking the height of the river and the tide when it was surrounded by water, so it was known for years as the tidal rock. Then with the filling in of the backwater, it disappeared.

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know, or to inform.

Before the coming of the white man, each Indian tribe spoke a surprisingly different language even though they lived in adjacent areas. For instance, the Clatsops and the Tillamooks couldn't converse except by signs. When missionaries and traders introduced new concepts and new items of trade, new words had to be formed. These were necessary not only for communications between the Indians and the newcomers but also between the various tribes who were now brought together in commerce.

The Chinook jargon therefore was born of necessity right here in Astoria, spreading for common usage in all the area west of the Rockies. Its base was a mixture of English and Chinook with a little French thrown in.

The Indians couldn't master some English sounds. For instance, they substituted l for r. Thus rice became ilce; rope was lope; rum was lum; and carbine became calpeen. They replaced f with p, causing fire to be plah. Grease was gleese, therefore candle was gleese plah.

Sometimes both Indian words and English words entered the jargon intact. Indian words which we still use are largely place names with which we are all familiar. Many English words went into the new language without change. Indians adopted the word man unchanged, but white man became squintum

skookum wa-wa. Yell was skookum cly (big cry). Sick and sick were adopted unchanged, but sick also meant sadness or grief, which was then expressed as sick tum-tum (heart).

**'The Chinook jargon
... was born of
necessity right here in
Astoria, spreading for
common usage in all
the area west of the
Rockies.'**

SOME JARGON WAS developed from natural sounds. Smell was an inhaling sound, hummm. Music or bell was tin-tin. To fight was puk-puk, and buffalo or ox was moos-moos.

In 1909 J.K. Gill Co., Portland, published a small book called *Chinook Dictionary*. In it the complexity of the original Indian languages is cited as the reason the Chinook jargon developed. This is one example; Ilxennu waitgemam, a whole sentence meaning "they went fishing with their net." No wonder the jargon developed. In the preface the book mentions that the Clatsop Indians, a tribe of the Chinooks, gained their name because they lived on and around the grassy expanse which we know

ABOUT 15 YEARS ago, Roger Tetlow, local author and historian, undertook to locate the rock which had played such an important part in early shipping on the river. By tracing the distance down the slope from Fort Astoria to the river, he found the rock hidden with soil and litter. It had been rediscovered at least once before. In 1903, George Himes, secretary of the Oregon Historical Society, had come from Portland to locate it.

Before the Big Fire in 1922, shops extended along Commercial Street as far as 17th Street. After measuring and searching, Himes found the tidal rock concealed by Johnson's fruit and cigar store which had been built over it.

The rock's prominence is assured now for on April 25, 1986, it was dedicated as a historic landmark. A plaque provided by Pacific Power & Light denotes the first secure anchorage on the river and the rock as a high tide marker for mariners, including Astor's men.

When you are passing by the spot, do take time to visualize that rock protruding high above the water, surrounded by dozens of Indian canoes coming and going as they delivered fish and furs to Fort Astoria on the bank above. Imagine the shouting and laughter as the men greeted one another, compared cargoes, grunted and groaned as they lugged their packs up the slope and then haggled over trade goods — all in the Chinook jargon — all right here in Astoria.

Polowans honor explorers' trip

Tourists are pouring into Fort Clatsop these days. Since Jan. 1 more than 20,000 have visited the reconstructed winter quarters occupied by Lewis and Clark and their explorers in the winter of 1805-06. This national monument is really a significant place for it marks the farthest point of the journey which opened up the West.

We are prone to think of Lewis and Clark as belonging especially to us since they lived here for almost four months and explored and mapped the region. But we must not forget that during their expedition they traveled through other states — Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, South and North Dakota, Montana, Idaho and Washington. Each of those states honors these men with markers, monuments and parks along their line of travel, indicating that they are just as proud of that courageous company as we are.

I learned of one such memorial a few weeks ago when Betty Lou Hard, a recent Iowan now living in Warrenton, lent me an unusual book. It is the history of Woodbury County, Iowa. In its early pages I read the account of the Lewis and Clark expedition as it related to their community. It was here the only fatality of the trip occurred, the death of Sgt. Charles Floyd.

After reading that section I talked more with Betty Lou and her mother, Dot Dunagan. Then I made additional inquiries of Scott Eckberg, park ranger at Fort Clatsop, who supplied me with an abundance of information. From these good sources, here is the story of how one community in Iowa honors the expedition.

WHEN CAPT. WILLIAM Clark was recruiting men for the trip, he selected 21-year-old Charles Floyd, a relative of his, to join the company. Proud to be chosen for such a venture, Floyd took his duties seriously. He soon was appointed one of three sergeants in the crew, being placed in charge of officers' quarters, stores, and the supply of whiskey.

To start the trip, the company entered the mouth of the Missouri at St. Louis and began their torturous journey up the river. Floyd, like some others, kept a daily journal, making his first entry May 14, 1804. He noted that progress was plagued by violent storms, swampy marshes

and "troublesome mosquitoes," and that crew members were sometimes ill.

The Woodbury County history reports that the party traveled for two months before reaching Iowa

After planting a ~~small post~~ bearing his name and the date, the company proceeded on their journey. They camped that night at the mouth of a small stream which they named Floyd River.

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For The Daily Astorian



soll. There the boats were halted while the captains and their men held a long council with the Otoe and Missouri Indians, giving them presents and assuring the chiefs of their friendship. The success of the meeting inspired the leaders to name the place Council Bluff, thus giving the name to the present city near the site.

As they proceeded upstream, one of the men, Reed, asked permission to return to an earlier campsite to search for a knife he had lost. When he did not return, the captains realized he had deserted, so they sent a party to find him. Twelve days later the men returned with the fugitive. Also with them was a chief of the Otoes and 10 men of the tribe. Reed was punished by being made to run the gauntlet, each man striking him nine times with the lash. He was then sent back to St. Louis in disgrace.

To mark the return of the search party a celebration was held with presents to the Indians, feasting and dancing. After the festivities, Floyd flung himself down on the wet sand to rest before standing sentry duty the rest of the night. By morning he was seized with pains and cramps and had to lie in the keelboat as it moved upstream. He wrote in his diary, "I am very sick, but hope to recover my health again." That was his last entry for he died a few hours later. He had spent 99 days with the expedition.

CAPT. CLARK WROTE in his journal that Floyd had died "with composure" and that they had buried him with military honors on a bluff above the Missouri River.

Two years later, on Sept. 4, 1806, as the men returned from their journey to the Pacific Ocean, they stopped at Floyd's Bluff in remembrance of their young partner.

'We are prone to think of Lewis and Clark as belonging especially to us since they lived here for almost four months and explored and mapped the region. But we must not forget that during their expedition they traveled through other states.'

They found the grave half uncovered, either by wolves or Indians. They filled the burial spot and replaced the cedar post.

Fifty years later the unpredictable Missouri River had eaten inland almost to Floyd's grave. Citizens of nearby Sioux City were alerted. A man was let down on a rope so he could reach into the grave which by then was only a hole in the perpendicular hillside. He recovered some pieces of the skeleton. More pieces were retrieved from the shore 100 feet below, 58 bones in all. The skull was found near the water's edge. Two months later,

May 28, 1857, the remains were reburied with a religious and patriotic ceremony, this time 200 yards further back from the river. Wooden markers were set at the grave.

The years passed. The markers were whittled away by souvenir hunters, and cattle trampled the prairie grass that covered the grave. Then in 1894 Sgt. Floyd's diaries were discovered and published. The Sioux City Journal aroused local interest by editorials. A memorial organization was formed to plan a suitable monument and members journeyed to Floyd's Bluff to make plans. Incredibly they couldn't find the spot, for Floyd had been so long forgotten that no one had visited the grave. Finally after some random digging they located the coffin, much decayed, but the bones were well preserved.

ONCE AGAIN, ELABORATE burial ceremonies were planned, this time for Aug. 21, 1895, the 91st anniversary of Floyd's death. More than 800 persons attended, going by train from Sioux City to the foot of Floyd's Bluff. Then led by a fife and drum corps, they climbed to the crest. There they viewed the remains, now safely placed in urns. They listened to a patriotic address and a sermon. Then while they sang "Nearer My God to Thee," the remains of Sgt. Charles Floyd were lowered to rest for the fourth time.

Today Floyd's Bluff, beautifully landscaped, is a part of the Sioux City park system. At its top is a white stone obelisk 100 feet high. At its base is the grave covered with a marble slab. Funds were provided by Congress, the State of Iowa, and matching funds from the community. The DAR erected a flagpole. The Kiwanis Club donated floodlights and dimes from school children built the gateway structure. In May 1960 the Floyd Monument was designated a National Historic Landmark, the first of its kind in the United States.

Thus by their will and their work, Iowans have honored the first American soldier to give his life west of the Mississippi River. They have highlighted the Iowa section of the Lewis and Clark trail by memorializing the 33 intrepid explorers who opened the way to the West.

Granges a credit to county

Clatsop County's Grange members, almost 700 strong, are observing National Grange Week April 24-30. To learn more about it, I had a long talk with Kathleen Kulland, who lives in the Youngs River area. She is Clatsop County deputy, the coordinator between the Oregon State Grange and the local groups called subordinates. I learned a lot from Kathleen.

Six subordinates are active in Clatsop County. The Jewell group, organized in 1910, is led by William Meeker as Grange master. Pacific subordinate, between Astoria and Seaside, has Ed Weber, Astoria, as Grange master. Organized in 1910, it is the second largest unit in the county with about 150 members. Nettie Elliott heads Wickiup out Svensen way. With approximately 220 members it is the largest subordinate in the county.

For the Brownsmead subordinate, organized in 1935, Chris Schumacher is Grange master with the help of wife Jennie. The Netel unit serves the upper Lewis and Clark area with Jorgen Madsen as Grange master. Don Fisher leads the Olney subordinate, which was reorganized in 1931. Two other units are no longer chartered. Nehalem Valley disappeared from the roster in 1961, while Necanicum subordinate merged with Pacific Grange.

THE GOVERNING STEP above the subordinates is the county-wide Pomona Grange comprised of the combined membership of all the local units. Richard Schumacher, Brownsmead, is presently Pomona Grange master. Schumacher succeeds Richard "Rip" Van Winkle who held that office for years. "It was a great loss to all of us," Kathleen Kulland said, "when 'Rip' passed away. He had served the Grange faithfully in many capacities." Mrs. Kulland then gave credit to Victor Berger of the Warrenton area, a staunch Granger of 28 years. She also mentioned the group insurance programs with Orren Kulland and Ray Raihala as Grange agents for Clatsop County.

I asked Mrs. Kulland about the history of the Grange. She told me it was organized in 1867 as a farm organization to encourage farmers of the North and South to share ideas and work together after the Civil War. The name of the organi-

zation goes back still further in history, coming from Old English farm estates called granges.

In the beginning only farmers could join, but through the years, programs have been tailored to fit

by Juvenile Grangers Danny Bash, Diana Kindred, Judy Hecox and Jane, Judy and Phyllis Cole.

An account written in 1958 by Philippa Seabrook reported honor paid to Mrs. William Yull, Seaside,

their unit. When Sally was elected in 1971, she was the first woman to hold that high office in the Grange.

One project that has caused interest and entertainment through the years is the lively traveling gavel. This involves a committee from one subordinate taking the gavel and surprising the members of another subordinate just as the meeting is beginning. The visitor then put on the program, or at least bring greetings from their own unit. The procedure then progresses from subordinate to subordinate.

MRS. KULLAND LENT me a little black book called "Places Visited" with names of visiting committees. Here again are familiar names. A few are Clifford and Clare Ritter, Charlotte Astor, Gilbert and Nina Adkins, Clarence and Kathleen Kulland, Henry and Alice Tomberg, Oliver and Ned Dunsmoor, James, Irene, and Jean Borders, Don, Bonnie, Ed, Judy and Vivian Fisher, the Henningsens, the Marxens and many others.

Several of the six subordinates in the county own their own halls and rent them to other community groups. Others sponsor various money-raising projects for scholarships and community improvement. Olney Grange, with its barbecue on the second Sunday each September, performs a community service as well as earning budget money. Likewise Brownsmead Grange makes all the corn eaters happy with its annual corn feed, proceeds going for scholarships and building maintenance.

In fact, one of the chief purposes of Grange is to provide fun and fellowship for its members and good will in the community. Clare Ritter, longtime member Brownsmead and then Wickiup, told me that when her husband Clifford died, Grange members rallied around her with such love and support that they were like one big family.

Clatsop County can well be proud of its Granges whose ideals are "the wise use of human and natural resources, the practice of brotherhood and understanding, and pride in the American heritage." It's good to call attention to the ideals during National Grange Week.

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everyone. Junior Granges involve 5- to 14-year-olds teaching patriotism and cooperation through recreation and community project.

The Youth Activities segment is offered to members 14 to 34, featuring character development, public speaking, citizenship and the understanding of legislative procedures. I talked to Victor Berger, who says he likes the Grange because "it's a fraternal, community organization that offers programs for families to work together and have fun together." Berger is past president of Olney Grange, past president of Pomona Grange. "In fact," he says, "I'm past-most-everything."

Mrs. Kulland brought me some old record books. As I scanned them I found many familiar names of members active in the '50s and '60s. For instance, Mrs. Russell Snider, Pomona lecturer, presented a bronze plaque to Elva Olsen, Brownsmead, for having provided outstanding programs. Other participants that evening were Clifford Hitchman, Myrtle Slinger, Nellie Ward, Philippa Seabrook (Mardesich) and Viola Sheets. Hitchman was in charge of Grange insurance for Clatsop County and Sheets, charter member of Olney Grange, received honors on many occasions for her work in home economics and legislative processes.

ON ANOTHER OCCASION Pacific subordinate honored Mrs. Harold Tagg and Josephine Wooden for many years of faithful service. Music for the evening was furnished

for 25 years of faithful Grange work, "active in community service as well, never failing in her duties as homemaker and mother." The evening ended with a comic fashion show put on by Lyle Ordway, Joe Otradavec, Joe Fisher and Gus Anderson.

... one of the chief purposes of Grange is to provide fun and fellowship for its members and good will in the community.'

Bill Larson was honored by Netel Grange in a "This Is Your Life" program for his years of leadership. Later, Nellie Ward, Wickiup, was recognized for 30 years of service. She was the oldest working charter member, had never missed a meeting, and at age 75 was still overseeing the upkeep of the Grange Hall. Nellie Ward died in 1977 at age 97.

Grangers at Jewell paid honor to Myrtle Slinger, matron of Juvenile Grange and home economist for Pomona Grange. Richard Sorenson, Brownsmead dairy farmer, was honored "because of his helping hand to his fellow men and because he is a credit to his community." Joe and Sally Rohne, also Brownsmead dairy farmers, have both served as Grange masters in

Women who shaped history

Mother's Day is Sunday, May 8. A quotation frequently proclaimed by eloquent speakers about this time of year is Wm. Ross Wallace's "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." Thus they pay tribute to the influence of mothers.

I'd like to do my bit by mentioning some early-day Astoria women who went beyond their families to enrich the whole community. Naturally any such list must be incomplete. But let me start by telling you about one compilation that has already been made.

A few years ago two women writers traveled the country gathering information for a book they wanted to publish. They were Lynn Sherr, a television journalist, and her co-worker, Jurate Kasickas. They said that since history was filled with the achievements of men, they wanted to celebrate the importance of women. Their book turned out to be a state-by-state travelogue of 1,500 women and the places where they made history. They gave it the title "The American Women's Gazetteer" and published it in 1976.

After spending several days in Astoria doing interviews, visiting the library, the museums and cemeteries, they selected four women who they said had been influential in molding early Astoria. I wonder if you and I would have made the same choices. Here are the four.

JANE BARNES: She spent one summer at Fort Astoria. We are familiar with her name for we celebrate Jane Barnes Day every year, (this year on Saturday, May 21). Fort Astoria, as it was becoming Fort George, was a busy trading post when in April 1814, Jane Barnes, a Portsmouth, England, barmaid, set her dainty foot on our river bank. She thus earned fame by becoming the first white woman here 30 years before the pioneers.

Chief Factor Donald McTavish, coming to take charge of Fort George, had become enchanted with the maid a few days and nights before sailing and had invited her to come with him to provide all the comforts of home.

Unfortunately, McTavish was drowned shortly after arrival, but the beautiful Jane did not lack admirers, among them Casakas,

son of the great Indian chief Comcomly. He rowed his boat from Chinook land across the river to persuade her to become his princess. He promised that his four other wives would wait on her and

Day 1843. Bethenia was married, had a son, and was deserted by her husband while still in her teens. Ambitious for herself and her child, she survived great hardships to become a successful teacher in

stone. By the time the book was published, the authors were able to quote the inscription on the stone. "Bethenia Owens-Adair, Feminist, Teacher, Physician and Social Reformer." In Astoria the Owens-Adair apartment complex perpetuates her name.

NARCISSA WHITE KINNEY: Born and educated in Pennsylvania, Narcissa White was already a temperance leader when she was sent in 1884 to lobby for legislative support on the west coast. She settled in Astoria to fight the evils of Swilltown. A young woman of energy and charm, "she gave such eloquent and persuasive speeches that those who heard never forgot them."

In 1888 she married Marshall J. Kinney whose Astoria salmon cannery was the largest in the world. After an extended wedding trip to Europe, they returned to the house on Eighth and Franklin streets which they had purchased from Conrad Boelling. It is now the home of the Don Marshalls.

After the death of their infant son, Narcissa Kinney involved herself more and more in civic affairs. She organized a local chapter of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, later becoming state president. She was delegate to the national convention in Baltimore where she told of the evil effect of alcohol on the Indians and sang a song in the Chinook language.

Narcissa was active in the Presbyterian Church, where she gave many of her speeches. In 1893 she represented Astoria at the launching of the Battleship Oregon in San Francisco. She organized the first public library in Astoria, serving as secretary and board member. When she died she left \$500 for its expansion.

In 1899 Narcissa White Kinney suffered a stroke and after two years of illness she died in Portland at age 47. The Gazetteer eulogizes her as "the good saint of art and literature."

When I started this column I intended to add to this list of four historic women some choices of my own. Now I'll save those for next week. In the meantime you might be thinking about whom you would choose.

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she would always have plenty of fat salmon to eat. When Jane repeatedly refused this princely offer, fort officials heard a rumor that she might be kidnapped. Accordingly they put Jane Barnes on the next ship going out, which took her by way of China back to Portsmouth where she had many tales to tell.

HELEN CELIAST SMITH: She was an Indian princess, daughter of Clatsop Chief Coboway. She lived for some years at Fort Vancouver where she met Solomon Smith, teacher at the fort. After they were married in 1822, Smith set up a school near Salem and also taught at the Jason Lee Mission.

But Celiast wanted to return to her own people on Clatsop Plains. There they established their home and started a school on present-day Ridge Road beyond Smith Lake. A granite stone marked "Smith Mission" now points out the location. Celiast is buried with her husband in Pioneer Cemetery adjacent to Pioneer Presbyterian Church where the large tombstone honors the two as the first schoolteachers in Oregon. The Gazetteer says of Helen Celiast Smith "She served as heroic mediator between whites and Indians. More than once she stopped Indian raids singlehandedly."

BETHENIA OWENS-ADAIR: First woman doctor west of the Rocky Mountains. Born in Missouri in 1840, she came to Oregon by covered wagon with her parents, Thomas and Sarah Owens. They arrived in Astoria on Christmas

Astoria and a milliner in Roseburg. In 1880 she earned her doctor's degree at the University of Michigan Medical School, then practiced in Portland.

'A few years ago two women writers traveled the country gathering information for a book. They said that since history was filled with the achievements of men, they wanted to celebrate the importance of women.'

Dr. Bethenia became a powerful influence in Oregon legislation as she campaigned statewide for prohibition, women's rights and family planning. In midlife she married Col. John Adair Jr., son of Gen. John Adair, first collector of customs for Oregon Territory and one of the founders of Astoria. Dr. Adair gave courageous medical service in Astoria and Warrenton until her death in 1926.

When the authors of the Gazetteer searched for her grave in Ocean View Cemetery, they were dismayed to find it poorly marked and neglected. In 1975 a group of local historians received contributions which provided a suitable memorial

3 women who molded Astoria

Last week I said I would choose some early-day Astoria women to add to the four described in the American Women's Gazeteer. What a week I've had! Even now I'm sure I have missed some of your favorites.

You will recall that the four Astoria women included in the Sherr-Kasickas book of women who have made their mark in the United States were Jane Barnes, Helen Cellast Smith, Dr. Bethenia Owens-Adair, and Narcissa Kinney. To that roster I proudly add the following who by their talent and energy have also earned a place in history.

DR. CLARA YOUNG WAFFLE, born in 1874, was the daughter of Benjamin Young, wealthy salmon packer. She grew up in the family home at 3652 Duane St. and lived there till her death in 1953. In 1910 she married Dr. Eldred Waffle. The next year they studied medicine in Europe where she also took classes in music and art. Upon their return they set up offices in the Clatsop Building at 12th and Commercial streets, later in the Young Building at 14th and Commercial. Dr. Clara specialized in child care and delivering babies. Many grateful mothers named their infant daughters Clara in honor of their attentive doctor.

Both Drs. Waffle were active in community affairs. Dr. Clara worked with the YWCA and was president of the Friday Music Club in 1928. For 16 years she was instructor of nurses at St. Mary's training school and was like a mother to many other young women in town. The Swenson sisters, Leila and Adelaide, who grew up next door, remember what kind people the Waffles were.

Daughter Josephine Waffle Swanson was reared in the family home and lived there till her death in 1981. She was salutatorian of Astoria High School Class of '31, was queen of the '34 Regatta, was married to Harry Swanson in 1940,

and taught English at the high school for 19 years. The handsome Victorian house, home to four generations of the Young family and listed on the National Register of Historic Places, now serves as a

the country, like a mother hen. She prepared periodically for flu epidemics. She inspected saloons in town and wanted the county people to clean up their "dirty beer gardens." She persuaded the ladies

the Columbia River Maritime Museum, but it was her love of Astoria and its history that consumed her energy. As longtime secretary of the Clatsop County Historical Society, she wrote hundreds of letters answering questions from people all over the nation as they sought to trace their roots to Clatsop's pioneers.

Actually, if it were not for May Miller and those who worked steadfastly with her, Clatsop County would not have Flavel Mansion which is now its outstanding historical museum. In 1936, Mrs. Miller took on the City of Astoria when it planned to tear down the deteriorating building. A Flavel granddaughter had donated the Victorian mansion to Clatsop County. When the county decided it couldn't afford to maintain the place, Mrs. Miller, bitterly opposed by many, led the community through three tax levy elections to finally win a tax base. Then she paid the county \$1 to grant authority to the historical society to develop and operate the place as a museum.

Then what does one do with a 20-room building needing a new foundation, a new roof, and a restored everything-in-between? May Miller got donated funds and volunteers to help her scrub and paint and work in the overgrown yard. Gradually the project caught on; the Historical Society grew; corporations and individuals gave money until in 1987 the restoration of Flavel House was practically complete.

However, May Miller didn't live to see the final step. She died in August 1986 at age 91. She had devoted 50 years of her life to the care and preservation of Flavel House and enhanced the historic values of this community.

...

I found other names that I wanted to include in this column, but they must wait for another time.

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bed and breakfast inn.

DR. NELLIE VERNON moved here from Portland in 1903 and never again was Astoria quite the same. A smallish woman with enormous energy and determination, she left husband James and two sons to keep the home fires burning while she achieved her doctor of medicine degree at the University of Oregon. When she returned she established her office in the basement of the family home located where the Walters Apartments now stand across from the public library. Then she proceeded to sanitize Astoria. In 1908 she was appointed as county health officer to head the public health program she had formulated, which duties she carried on until her death 40 years later. In 1915 she took on the job of city health officer as well.

In both capacities Dr. Vernon pursued public health with vigor. She kept such an eagle eye on food services that restaurateurs claimed Dr. Nellie could sniff a germ a mile away. She waged war against tuberculosis all too prevalent in the moist climate. She organized Christmas Seal sales and went out selling them herself. She set up the first mandatory immunization programs and hovered over schools, even the small ones out in

of Astor Street to be tested regularly for "diseases related to their trade." In 1919 she notified the postmaster that the post office was unsanitary and "unfit for human use." (Our present post office was built 14 years later.)

Dr. Nellie Vernon died in 1949, her husband in 1925. They are buried at Vancouver, Wash., where in their early ears they had farmed on Mill Plain. Their son, George, remained in Astoria. He was the father of well-known Astorian Leonard Vernon, who retired recently as production manager for the media center at ESD. We in Clatsop County still benefit from the health programs that his zealous grandmother set into motion.

MAY SPEXARTH MILLER, born in Astoria in 1894, graduated from Astoria High School with the Class of '11. In 1917 she was married to Ira S. Miller and had three children. Astoria dentist Dr. Rodney Miller is a son. The family home was demolished in 1977 to make way for the Astoria Clinic Annex.

May Miller was an individual with purpose. She expressed her opinions with determination and pursued her purposes with tenacity. Because of these qualities, she molded history in Astoria. She was a member of the garden club and

MacDonald helped open Japan

At noon Saturday, the newest feature on Astoria's historical landscape will be dedicated. The monument in memory of Ranald MacDonald, a native Astorian and the first English teacher in Japan, will be unveiled in public ceremonies attended by dignitaries of the Pacific Northwest and Japan. A film crew has flown from Japan to record the event for an hourlong documentary to be shown throughout that country. Northwest news reporters will also be on hand.

Who was Ranald MacDonald and why does he have a place in local history? MacDonald was a half-breed child born at Fort Astoria (Fort George) in the spring of 1824. He grew up to become a major influence in opening Japan to world trade. His father, Archibald MacDonald, was chief factor at the Hudson's Bay fur trading post, still known at that time as Fort George. His mother was Princess Raven, daughter of Chief Comcomly. Thus Ranald came from royal blood, for Comcomly was chief of the Chinook nation, possessed great wealth in material goods and slaves, had greeted the Lewis and Clark party the Astor company, and was admitted with being the first Columbia River bar pilot.

Chief Comcomly made the wedding of his daughter a memorable affair befitting the union of an Indian princess with the chief factor of the fur trading post. A procession of 50 canoes, all gaily decorated, escorted the bride from Chinook headquarters across the Columbia River (site of the present town of Chinook) to the landing now marked on Commercial Street by Tidal Rock. From there up to the fort (now Fort Astoria Park), Comcomly carpeted the path with sea otter skins that he presented as

Raven's dowry.

The couple's son, Ranald, was born in the spring of 1824. Later he chose Feb. 3 as his birthday for that was his father's birthdate. Princess Raven died soon after his birth. His

1848 at the age of 24, he shipped out as a deck hand on a whaling ship bound for the Sea of Japan. When near the northern tip of Hokkaido, he paid the ship's captain for a 27-foot sailboat, a quadrant and a

mines in Australia and living in Europe. He later returned to Toronto, then went west to British Columbia, where he became involved in unsuccessful mining ventures. Sometime around 1890, MacDonald returned to Astoria to see if anything was left of his grandfather's estate, but it was all gone. About that time he moved to Kettle Falls, Wash., northwest of Spokane. There he made his home in a small cabin near the home of a relative. He spent his time with his books and writing about his travels but was never able to find a publisher.

MacDonald died in 1894 at the age of 70. He is buried near Kettle Falls, where a large granite stone marks his grave. Thirty years after his death, the Eastern Washington Historical Society printed 1,000 copies of his autobiography, "Ranald MacDonald: The Narrative of his early life on the Columbia River under the Hudson's Bay Regime . . . and of His Great Adventure to Japan." The books did not have wide distribution, and unsold copies languished for 50 years on the shelves of the Historical Society, while in his birthplace of Astoria, later residents had never heard his name.

In 1972 Bruce Berney, director of Astoria Public Library, read MacDonald's book and realized the significance of his place in Astoria history. He made some contacts to have him recognized locally. These led to an amazing chain of events, culminating in tomorrow's ceremonies. Thus, the little boy born on these shores 164 years ago has now received international recognition.

More about this chain of events next week.

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father reared the child carefully, and his grandfather adored him. Both wanted him to have the benefits of education. Accordingly when young Ranald was 8, he was sent to Fort Vancouver to attend the school that Dr. John McLoughlin had organized, the first west of the Rockies. Later he went to live with his father's family in Toronto where, excelling in classes, he completed his formal education.

For the two centuries following 1636, when Christianity was outlawed in Japan, that country was in a period of extreme isolation. Foreigners were forbidden to enter, and Japanese returning from a foreign country were put to death. Now young MacDonald with his keen mind and expanding interests began to theorize that there might be a racial link between his own American Indian ancestry and that of the Japanese.

With a sincere desire to make friends with the people of Japan, in

few days' provision, and set out alone on his adventure.

On the third day, within sight of a fishing village on Rishiri Island, he lifted the plug of his boat and let it half fill with water that he might appear to be a sailor in distress. He was rescued by friendly Ainu fishermen, turned over to local Japanese authorities, and finally sent as a prisoner to Nagasaki on the southern tip of Japan.

Because of MacDonald's friendliness, good judgment, and love of books, while still in prison he was permitted to instruct 14 Japanese scholars in conversational English. Some of these students became interpreters for the Japanese government when dealing with Commodore Perry in 1854. Thus it was a native of Astoria who had a part in opening trade with Japan.

After nine months MacDonald was safely deported when an American ship stopped at Nagasaki to pick up a shipwrecked crew. He then spent several years working in

Discovery of Astoria's native son

Last Saturday, May 21, was a proud day for Astoria. Another chapter in history was commemorated with the unveiling of the monument to Ranauld MacDonald at Fort Astoria Park, the site of his birth.

Consuls from Japan and Great Britain were in town as well as television crews from Portland and Japan. Dignitaries and tourists added their tribute to Astoria's native son who in 1848 became the first teacher of English in Japan. Relatives of MacDonald came from Washington and Montana.

Crowds under sunny skies enjoyed the dedication ceremonies, the parade, Jane Barnes festivities and the ice cream social. Astorians are proud of all these events and of the fine public spirit which coordinated them so successfully. While extending hospitality to the many distinguished guests, they added a new dimension to Astoria's historic sites, the enduring monument to Ranauld MacDonald and ties across the Pacific.

Isn't it interesting how sometimes a small routine action starts a chain of reactions that leads to something big?

THAT HAPPENED BACK in 1972 when Bruce Berney, director of Astoria Public Library, was routinely weeding the collection. That means examining the shelves and weeding out those books that haven't been checked out for five years or more, thereby gaining space for newer, more useful volumes.

In so doing, he removed a book obviously old and unused. As he was about to set it aside for the next book sale, he noted that it was a copy of the 1923 edition of Ranauld MacDonald's autobiography. Berney didn't have the slightest notion who Ranauld MacDonald was, but the long inscription on the title page caught his eye. "Ranauld MacDonald, The Narrative of his early Life on the Columbia under the Hudson's Bay Regime; of his Experiences in the Pacific Whale Industry; and of his Great Adventure in Japan; with a Sketch of his Later Life on the Western Frontier, 1824-1894."

Since Berney had been an English teacher in Japan from 1961-63 and the book dealt both with life on the Columbia and in Japan, he set it aside for his own reading. Imagine his lively interest when he read that MacDonald was born in Fort Astoria when it was being operated by Hudson's Bay Company as Fort George and that he had become the first English teacher in Japan. His father was Archibald MacDonald, chief factor of the fur trading post; his mother, Princess Raven, daughter

of the great Chinook chief, Comcomly.

As library director, Berney likes to plan special events in which the community can share, so he says of his discovery, "That was about the time that readers of Peanuts comic strip were celebrating Beethoven's birthday, so I thought Astorians might as well celebrate the 150th anniversary of Ranauld MacDonald."

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Vera Gault
For The Daily Astorian



The event took place on Sunday afternoon, Feb. 3, 1974, (anniversary of MacDonald's birth and also of Berney's). The event was sponsored by the Astor Library Friends Association, R.F. "Rip" Van Winkle, president, and the consul general of Japan and the Japanese Ancestral Society of Portland. They brought dancers and musicians who performed Japanese selections. Mayor Harry Steinbock extended Astoria's welcome. Programs listing the events of the day and a sketch of MacDonald's life were later distributed to major libraries and to the Japanese press in North America and Japan.

Several years later, Professor Torao Tomita of Tokyo was returning to Japan after serving as visiting professor at Harvard University. He had read the program of the MacDonald celebration and had come to Astoria to learn more. Berney was able to procure for him one of the remaining copies of the autobiography, now a collector's item. Dr. Tomita translated it into Japanese and published it in Japan in 1980. Now MacDonald is almost a folk hero in Japan as people admire him for his bravery in shipwrecking himself, in going to prison, and giving himself as a teacher of English to those students who were permitted to have contact with him, all in the spirit of friendship. Some of these students became leaders in the modernization of Japan.

THROUGH THE YEARS other people from the Northwest, Canada and Japan have come to Astoria to learn more about Astoria's native son. Meantime, Berney began to wish for a suitable monument to MacDonald, now known and respected internationally. He realized

it would have special interest for Japanese seamen who often visit Astoria and for the increasing number of tourists. He obtained permission from the Astoria City Council to place such a monument in Fort Astoria Park. Then, as always, what about money to fund the project?

Berney tells the rest of the story. "Last May Clatsop County Historical Society sponsored the dedication

remodel their workshop to accommodate it. Now the impressive monument is in place without government aid or public solicitation." Dick Thompson says, "The design which Bruce Berney created for us was so well done that we proceeded at once with the styling and engraving with very little change."

COMMUNITIES ON BOTH sides of the Pacific show a widening interest in the achievements of Ranauld MacDonald. As a result, a Friends of MacDonald Society has been formed at the suggestion of Mr. Mas Tomita, president of Epson Portland computer manufacturing plant, who agreed to serve as chairman. Vice chairmen are Dr. Stephen Kohl, Japanese language and literature professor at the University of Oregon and Bruce Berney. Secretary is Barbara Peeples, Portland. Its purpose is to draw countries of the Pacific Rim closer in the spirit of friendship which inspired MacDonald.

The dedication ceremonies on May 21 were preceded by several interesting events. When Japanese television became interested in filming an hourlong documentary, phone calls and trips across the Pacific helped complete arrangements. Douglas Williams, news reporter for the Sapporo station, happened to be in Astoria making plans for his camera crew when the flatbed truck rolled up to the Granite Works bringing the 3,000-pound slab to the end of its journey from the cutting in a quarry south of Oakland, Calif., to a stone works near St. Cloud, Minn., for fabricating and to Astoria for engraving and setting.

Another interesting note: Dr. Tomita, who years before had detoured to Astoria on his return to Japan, came from Japan last week to be the keynote speaker at the seminar which preceded the ceremonies.

'Communities on both sides of the Pacific show a widening interest in the achievements of Ranauld MacDonald.'

Berney continues, "Before I had time to worry much about raising local funds, I saw our friend Susanna Von Reibold come into the library. She has been a student of Japanese literature and art for years. When I told her about the project, she wrote a check for Astoria's half of the expense.

"By January all the money had come in, including personal donations from the Japanese consul general and his assistants. The Thompson brothers of Astoria Granite Works made generous arrangements in ordering the stone. The gray granite slab measures 6½ inches thick, 4 feet wide and 6 feet high plus a pentagonal bar representing the gate to Japanese shrines. The inscription is engraved in both English and Japanese. It is the largest stone the Thompsons have ever prepared. They had to

STILL ANOTHER DETAIL in this chain of events is that the Rotary Club on the fishing island of Rishiri has set a wooden marker on the place where MacDonald first went ashore. They have sent a contribution to Friends of MacDonald Society and have offered a friendship affiliation with the Astoria Rotary Club. President Don Morden has appointed David Kamp chairman of the committee to consider such a tie.

So once again, we can observe that one small action can result in a surprising chain of events. A new insight into Astoria's history and its outreach got started because the librarian at Astoria Public Library was weeding the bookshelves.

Chinese add to Astoria's heritage

Miss Minnie Lum, 83, died on Friday, May 27, 1983. At the close of the memorial service, the organ at Calwell's Luce-Layton chapel rang out the rollicking tune, "For I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy." That was the way Minnie Lum wanted to be remembered for she was proud to be an American.

The Rev. John Goodenberger of the Astoria Presbyterian Church recalls that by Minnie's request, "America, the Beautiful" and other features of the service expressed her fervent patriotism.

Minnie Lum, aunt of Astorians Duncan Law, Kenneth Lum and Dr. Duane Jue, was a hairdresser first in Portland and then in Astoria. Patrons were scarce until one day she happened to marcel the hair of a landlady on Astor Street. After that, success came rapidly as the "ladies of the night" wanted her to do their hair. Eventually she built her own home and shop at 263 Fifth Street where she lived until her death.

She asked that all remembrances go to the Astoria YMCA.

NOT EVERY CHINESE funeral has expressed such a happy note, for early day ceremonies were formal in the Chinese tradition, expressing respect by way of more or less elaborate dependence on the wealth and social status of the deceased. The following item appeared in the June 18, 1886, issue of the Weekly Astorian.

"Win Sing, a man of some importance among his people, died and was buried in ceremonies befitting his status. The crimson banner over Chinese headquarters was flown at half mast. The funeral was held the day after his death. No expense was spared.

"The hearse drawn by two white horses headed the funeral procession. A Chinese man sat beside the driver scattering oblong pieces of paper punctured with nine holes." The mourners believed that the Evil Spirit had to go in and out of the holes of all the strips before it could catch up with the deceased. By that time the body would have been safely buried.

"After the hearse came the family members, the wife, the brother

and the sister-in-law, grieving loudly. They walked all the way to the gravesite in the woods on the hill, the brother carrying a plate of fruit.

"Following them were the hired

himself."

In an article for Cumtux (Winter 1982), Warrenton native Lloyd Ferrell, now with the Social Security Administration in Beaverton, described the early Warrenton

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mourners dressed in white. They were wailing loudly as they chanted the virtues of the departed as if to earn the \$2.50 they were being paid. With them was a paid orchestra riding in a carriage rending the air with the clash of cymbals and the thumping of drums. Behind them sat musicians dressed in yellow playing a flute, a fiddle and ringing a bell.

"Finally closing the procession were three wagons loaded with food, cooked rice, roast beef, soft biscuits, baked chicken, bean curd, dried fish, squid, chili on bamboo, duck gizzards, ground sweet potatoes and other delicacies. On the gravesite, attendants placed three coats, one pair of pants, an inkstand, pens, tablets and ink."

When the grave was filled in and covered, the chief mourners were showered with tea leaves, and the ceremony ended. Sadly, soon after, vandals ate the food and scattered litter.

THE ABOVE EVENT occurred more than 100 years ago. In those days Chinese burials were in one corner of the Pioneer Cemetery at the top of 15th Street, the Greenwood Cemetery on Olney Road and perhaps in the almost forgotten cemetery in Warrenton.

A news item in 1890 refers to the 15th Street plot. "John W. Welch, working on the cemetery bulkhead, has sunk 13 anchor holes. Each one has struck a Chinese coffin. Chinese residents are complaining about the desecration, but the coffins are so thick that the contractor can't help

acreage called the potters' field. He said that old-timers remembered the plot, now a part of Ocean View, and recalled that the Chinese section was near the present mausoleum. It was probably the burial

'Minnie, the daughter of Chinese immigrants, showed her love for America in continuous acts of service, buying bonds, helping with wartime relief work, and being a friend to countless in need. So in her last days, she planned the memorial service to be her final testimony to her love of country and desire to serve.'

ground for Chinese laborers who died while building dikes in the 1870s to turn swamps into pasture lands for D.K. Warren's cattle. Miles of dikes were built with shovel and wheelbarrow around land which later became Warrenton's townsite.

The first Chinese buried in Ocean View Cemetery was He Quong Sing, uncle of Astorians Harvey and Arthur Chan. He and their father, He Tong Sing, were the first Chinese to graduate from Astoria High School, class of 1913. They were students of distinction, members of Torch Honor Society and various music groups.

After graduation, He Quong was accepted at the University of Pittsburgh majoring in electrical engineering. When World War I came along, he wanted to enlist with his fellow students, but Chinese were not permitted to become U.S. citizens. The dean of the school wrote to President Woodrow Wilson who granted him permission to enlist.

HE SERVED THE duration in Europe where he contracted tuberculosis, dying two years after his return. Up to that time, no Chinese had been buried in Ocean View Cemetery, but upon arrangements made by the local American Legion, Post 12, He Quong Sing was buried there with full military honors. No distinction in burial sections is observed in Ocean View or any other local cemetery, but family plots naturally tend to form clusters.

Funerals for Chinese people now follow the traditional Christian order of service. Local Chinese residents give great credit to the church people who reached out to them. John Lum tells how members of the Baptist Church, especially a Mrs. McCollom, went every Sunday morning gathering up Chinese children for Sunday school. He remembers how church women helped young wives like his mother learn American ways and he remembers too Mrs. Snell who encouraged him in the study of music. Now he has been pianist and organist for the First Baptist Church for 40 years. When that church recently honored old-time members, three of the nine were Chinese, Flora Chan and John and Clara Lum. Others with 50 years or more as members so honored were Bert and Vivian Soderman, Lillian Emholt, Rachel Hanson, Laura Bolke and Wilma Williamson.

And so traditions change and influences carry on as various peoples mold into one community.

Author shares life on the river

These days we're sort of halfway between two special occasions, Mother's Week the latter part of May and Father's Day on June 19. The Columbia River Maritime Museum led the community in observance of the first with numerous nautical events.

Families will mark the second by searching for a suitable gift for dear dad. I have a suggestion — give him a nautical book. I have in mind one written last year by Portlander Sam McKinney, "Reach of Tide, Ring of History." I have trouble remembering the title, but I have only delight in reading the book.

Capt. Ray Collins and his wife, Gail, lent me their copy, telling me how much they had enjoyed it. After reading it, I proceeded to buy my own copy, for I knew I'd want to refer to it many times.

McKinney writes of his life along the Columbia, starting with his memories of a childhood summer spent at a small fishing village near Eagle Cliff on the north bank. Through the years he worked at a variety of river jobs. To revive those experiences and to learn more about early life along the water, McKinney a few years ago got into his own small boat with a 10-horsepower motor and started out. He followed the path of Robert Gray's ship across the bar. On up the river he traveled, envisioning how the primeval environs had looked to Gray and his crew on the Columbia Rediviva in 1792.

McKinney takes his readers as far upriver as Beacon Rock, 141 miles inland, where the effects of ocean tides are almost ended, hence "Reach of Tide" in the book's title. All along the way, the author explored inlets and islands, old fishing villages and newer settlements, giving reasons for their demise or survival, thus the title segment "Ring of History." McKinney writes with such artistry that from the "misty magic of early day till the haunting shadows of sunset glow," his readers share the moods of the river while they also learn the facts of history — and what fascinating history it is.

Early in his book the author emphasizes the significance of Gray's discovery 196 years ago. Since the early 1700s, Spanish, Russian and British ships had visited bays and inlets along the

seven fathoms of water. When we were over the bar, we found this to be a large river of fresh water, up which we steered." With this terse statement, Robert Gray launched the Columbia River into history.

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Pacific Coast, trading for sea otter and beaver pelts, but none discerned the mouth of the great river. Thus it was Gray who changed the map of the hemisphere.

'On up the river he traveled, envisioning how the primeval environs had looked to Gray and his crew on the Columbia Rediviva in 1792.'

McKinney introduces Gray as "an American free trader." He continues, "Under his command the ship Columbia Rediviva was the first American ship to make a round-the-world voyage. In 1792 Gray was on his second trading voyage to the Northwest coast. His practice was to sail close along the shore seeking small bays that might shelter natives willing to trade. It was a practical Yankee desire for trade and profit that prompted him to hazard the crossing of the shallow bar of an unknown inlet on the morning of 11 May 1792."

This is the way Gray described the event in his log: "At 8 a.m. being a little to windward of the entrance of the Harbor, bore away and ran in east-north-east between the breakers, having from five to

McKinney continues his book by describing his crossing of the bar and an account of the physical aspects of the river. He mentions that the Columbia carries the combined waters of a five-state, two-nation area, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, western Montana, the northwest corner of Wyoming and southwest British Columbia, that its flow is double that of the Missouri and 10 times greater than the Colorado.

By the time I finished reading McKinney's description of bar and tidal action, I understood better than before why the river is so dangerous. He concluded this section with this: "It is this condition of the fast ebbing current in collision with the incoming wave and wind that creates the dreaded conditions of the Columbia River bar."

McKinney's next chapters comment on early bar pilots and Tom Clark's long tenure in the pilots' office. He pays tribute to the Coast Guard and the history of Fort Clatsop. Then in his journey he arrives at Astoria. I wish I had space to quote the whole chapter, but Astorians will enjoy reading it for themselves.

He spent his last day here on the Lewis and Clark River and Youngs Bay. He concludes the chapter with this: "Ahead of me, Astoria was a glittering hillside of lights surrounded by a crimson river reflecting a setting sun on the horizon

of the sea. City, river, ocean and a backdrop of black-green hills. What more, I thought, could a place be? ... Astoria's future is what it has always been — a place that stirs men's dreams with visions of things possible. It waits only to again be discovered."

As he proceeds on upstream, the author gives nostalgic descriptions of what he calls "forgotten shores," such places as Deep River, Hungry Harbor, Svensen, Clifton and many others on both sides of the river. He comments on the coming of the steamboat with this last word about Astoria. "In 1850, Astoria launched the first steamboat to be built on the river. Appropriately, it was named Columbia. The ship began regular passenger and freight service between Astoria and Oregon City and the run was an immediate success."

Then McKinney takes his reader to the end of his journey and the end of his book. "Beacon Rock, 141 miles inland from the mouth of the Columbia, stands at the head of the tide on the river. For nearly 150 miles I had followed along the unchanged water level of the shoreline, visiting sites of old Indian villages, camps of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, the rotting piers of early river communities, and the islands of the lower river. ... I went ashore at Beacon Rock and climbed the zig-zag stairway built by Portlander Henry Biddle in 1918. From its 840-foot summit, I looked upriver to the barrier of Bonneville Dam which marked the end of my journey on the Columbia."

"Reach of Tide, Ring of History" is a happy book for people of the Lower Columbia. It offers the history of familiar places and some not-so-familiar, history bathed in beauty by the author who loves the river.

The book may be purchased at local bookstores and is on loan at the Astoria Public Library. Sam McKinney is presently working with the Oregon Historical Society, planning for the 1992 bicentennial celebration of Robert Gray's 1792 exploration of the Columbia River.

Women who shaped Astoria

Some time ago I ventured to choose the names of early-day women in Astoria to supplement the included in the nationally distributed book on outstanding American women (Jane Barnes, Dr. Bethenia Owens-Adair, Cellast Smith, Narcissa Kinney). Of course I found it impossible to limit my choice to only the three I listed, so here are three more. Each woman has had an impact on Astoria in her own unique way.

MARY STRONG KINNEY, born in Salem in 1859, was a major influence in business and legislative affairs in Clatsop County and in Oregon until her death in 1938. She and her husband, William S. Kinney, owned the Clatsop lumber mill on the site of the present plywood plant. They had timber interests in the county and developed a large dairy farm beyond Lewis and Clark School. In 1910 they built the big stone house that still stands on the knoll beyond the school. After her husband's death in 1898 she carried on their business interests alone and raised their four sons.

Mrs. Kinney was widely involved in community affairs. In 1916 she became justice of the peace. In 1921 she was elected to the Oregon Legislature, the first woman in Clatsop County and the second in the state to attain that post. In 1923 she was elected state senator, the first woman senator in Oregon. As a legislator she did much to aid Astoria's recovery after the 1922 fire. In her later years, she helped in the first efforts to preserve Flavel House.

Kinney sons Kenneth and Alfred became doctors. Robert and William Jr. carried on business enterprises. In 1920 son William married Dorothy Stone, who as the widowed Dorothy Stone Kinney was honored by Grace Episcopal Church in 1981 for her 40 years of service as church organist.

In December of 1943 a Liberty Ship launched in Portland was christened the Mary Strong Kinney. Thus five years after her death, Mary Strong Kinney was honored as a woman of achievement who had shaped history in Oregon.

MARY HURD ELMORE, wife of Samuel Elmore, was born in 1846 in Michigan. When she died in 1921, the obituary paid her tribute as one of Astoria's most widely known and

Columbia River Packers Association. He acquired a fleet of ships and fishing boats, was president of the Port of Astoria and was elected mayor in 1891.

At the height of his industrial

relief to her bountiful hand."

DORA BADOLLET (1861-1939) taught school in Astoria for 52 consecutive years. The first mention of her school career appeared when as a student she was awarded a prize for "faithful attendance and deportment" at Grace Parish School. In 1879 she was listed as teacher in Astoria's public school on the corner of Ninth and Exchange streets. By 1893 she was vice principal of the high school on the top floor of McClure School at Eighth and Franklin streets. When the new high school was built at the top of 16th Street (site of Clatsop Community College), she was named head of the math department, and later dean of girls.

It is as a math teacher and friend to students that the name of Dora Badollet evokes the warmest memories. In 1970, when the college was ready to dedicate its new library building, a call went out for citizens to offer a suitable name. Hers was the name most frequently mentioned, and so the college library became the Dora Badollet Library.

Many letters brought comments such as "She was always so willing to help that it was easy to learn." One student registering at Oregon State College was told, "Since you've had Miss Badollet for math teacher, we will put you in the full program — no bonehead math for you."

In addition to her teaching, Dora Badollet was active in many community affairs. For 42 years she served on the library board. She helped organize the YWCA. She was a member of the Astoria City Charter committee. When the Order of Eastern Star was formed, she was elected the first Worthy Matron. She was an active member of the Presbyterian Church.

Dora Badollet died in 1939 at age 78. Former governor A.B. Norblad was one of the casket bearers. The overflow crowd at the service heard Dora Badollet remembered as "the Florence Nightingale of education in Astoria," and "the grand dame of education in Oregon."

More outstanding ladies in a later column.

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highly respected citizens and a most generous philanthropist.

The Hurd family settled in Sacramento, where daughter Mary met and married young Samuel Elmore. They moved to Astoria in 1881;

involvement Samuel Elmore died in a car-train collision near Los Angeles. His wife brought the body home, arranged for a funeral in the Methodist church and took over management of the businesses and the rearing of their three daughters.

During the 40 years that Mary Elmore made her home in Astoria, she was prominently identified with practically every movement which had for its object the uplift of the community. She was a member of the library board, the YWCA and the board of Williamette University, giving generously to all. She was an ardent supporter of the Methodist church, to which she gave the large pipe organ as a memorial to her husband.

In 1905 the Elmores had bought the Wilkinson residence at the corner of 14th and Grand streets (Elmore Apartments since 1926). In both structure and furnishings, the residence was one of the most elegant in town. Ironically, the grandeur of the place was Mary Elmore's tragedy. In 1920 as she entered the house elevator, the gate fell pitching her for 12 feet down the shaft.

She remained an invalid until her death the following year, when she was widely eulogized: "She used a great portion of her ample fortune for the alleviation of suffering. After World War I she personally supported a number of French orphans. She had great compassion for the poor and needy, and many a family in Clatsop County owes its

"Many letters brought comments such as, 'She was always so willing to help that it was easy to learn.'"

One student registering at Oregon State College was told, "Since you've had Miss Badollet for math teacher, we will put you in the full program — no bonehead math for you." "

Elmore soon established the Elmore cannery which 100 years later was recognized as the oldest salmon cannery in the world. Its site at the foot of Second and Third streets is marked on the National Register of Historic Places. Elmore was one of the incorporators of the

Rockwell: scientist and artist

For a year and a half now, this column has highlighted early men and women whose foresight and energy have made a difference in our community. Today one more is added to the list.

I have known the name of Cleveland Rockwell for years. I have admired him as an artist, a painter of exquisite landscapes and seascapes, many of them depicting scenes in our own locality. One day Buel Ward, a retired faculty member of Astoria Middle School, lent me a book about Rockwell. Then I realized he had lived and worked in and around Astoria. The volume is titled "Cleveland Rockwell, Scientist and Artist, 1837-1907," published by the Oregon Historical Society in 1972.

Rockwell's primary profession was as a surveyor with the U.S. Coast Guard and Geodetic Survey. His first appointment was to be a crew member working along the Atlantic Coast and then with the Army during the Civil War. His starting salary in 1856 was \$15 per month plus room and board.

In 1868, Rockwell began his first West Coast assignment; he was in charge of a party to survey a portion of the San Francisco peninsula. In May Rockwell and his assistant proceeded to the mouth of the Columbia on a five-day steamer trip to update the work of the Wilkes Expedition of 1841 and other work done in 1852.

ROCKWELL'S SURVEYING began at Astoria, went eastward beyond the John Day River and westward beyond Point Adams. Later, in his annual report, Rockwell described this area: "The whole country is not only covered with a thick growth of the largest evergreen timber, but densely clothed with thick and impenetrable bushes of the berry-bearing class. This dense jungle is the principal impediment in prosecuting the topographical survey."

In 1873, Cleveland Rockwell married Cornelia Russell of Nashville, Tenn. The author makes this comment: "Her father and

uncle were respectively a state senator and governor of Tennessee. Her parents strongly opposed the marriage perhaps because of Rockwell's Union Army activities. Perhaps too they felt that at his age

work throughout the years, also bureaucratic brickbats.

By 1878, Rockwell no longer had to make seasonal trips between California and the Columbia River. The Corps of Engineers assigned



of 36 he was too old for their 14-year-old daughter.

"At any rate, in an effort to keep the marriage from her family, they were married on a ferry boat between San Francisco and Angel Island on the Bay. Shortly after, Rockwell received a salary raise of \$270 for the year, making his annual total \$2,120."

IN A LATER report, Rockwell wrote that he had traveled to the Columbia River by stagecoach and rested at Sissons near Mount Shasta. This may well have been the couple's wedding trip as they came for his summer assignment.

At this point, the book gives what it calls a "simplistic description of Rockwell's surveying procedures" in this area. However, they are not sufficiently simplistic for me, so I shall only note that they involved the establishment of longitudinal measurements by contact with observatories in Cambridge, England, and San Francisco and correlating telegraph time with the sightings of the stars.

"The result was accurate longitude determination for the area expanded to Puget Sound, British Columbia and Alaska. All figures in Rockwell's surveys were accurate and meaningful." Rockwell received many commendations for his

him to survey the Columbia River and environs as far as Portland. The Rockwells established their home in Portland at Yamhill and Taylor, the site now part of the Portland State University campus. In 1905 they moved to Willamette Heights. In 1881, a daughter was born; she became the first of their children to live to maturity.

IN 1889, ROCKWELL was instructed to resurvey "the channel near Astoria, covering the river from Tongue Point to Tansy Point and also Youngs Bay and parts of Youngs River and Lewis and Clark River . . . and also the fixing of the positions and general contours of Scarborough Hill to the north and Coxcomb Hill on the Astoria Peninsula, both of these hills being noted landmarks for the Columbia River entrance."

In April 1889, Rockwell reported on the proposed construction of a railroad bridge and trestle to cross Youngs Bay. He objected to the location, saying, "The railroad could easily be built around the head of Youngs Bay," leaving the bay itself for shipping development. This is the bridge which after 100 years of use and disuse has now been removed.

Rockwell retired from his work with the government in 1892 at the

age of 55. His wife was 33 and their daughters 10 and 12. He continued his profession from a downtown office, glad to spend more time with his family. No more exposure to the hardships of 36 years of field work; no more cold, rain, fog, hordes of mosquitoes and sleeping on the ground.

DURING THE YEARS he had embellished his charts and reports with decorative drawings. Now he increased his attention to his art, giving many pieces to friends and selling the larger works. When he died of lung infection in 1907 at age 69, The Oregonian eulogized, "Captain Cleveland Rockwell, one of Oregon's most distinguished citizens, died at 10:00 last night at his residence."

Cornelia Rockwell, now a widow, traveled with friends and devoted herself to helping children. She was a founder of the Florence Crittenden Home and the Children's Home, a member of the city Board of Charities and the Humane Society. Stricken with pneumonia, she died in 1922 at age 68.

Rockwell's works gain in recognition and appreciation with each passing year, for "he painted what he knew. . . . He knew every detail of the Columbia River. He had measured the height of every mountain and had climbed most." His experience is reflected in his 134 paintings and 362 sketches that have been identified.

The artist's works are owned by individuals and exhibited at museums across the nation. Astorians are fortunate to have four of his paintings available for enjoyment. The two at the Columbia River Maritime Museum feature a scow on Youngs Bay with Saddle Mountain in the background, and Tongue Point from the Astoria waterfront. The two displayed at the Flavel House Museum were commissioned in 1882 by Capt. George Flavel to represent his ships crossing the Columbia River Bar.

So we add the name of Cleveland Rockwell, surveyor and artist, to the list of distinguished people who have made a difference in Astoria.

Memories of the 4th, ice cream

The Mini Page of The Daily Astorian appearing each Friday is marked "Especially for Young Readers," but I always read it anyway. A few weeks ago its subject was the history of ice cream.

The account was developed by cartoons, the first depicting a runner in A.D. 62 speeding from the nearby mountains carrying snow to Rome. There it was flavored with honey and fruit for the pleasure of Emperor Nero. In the 1200s explorer Marco Polo brought the idea of sherbet from the Far East.

In 1500, when a French king married an Italian princess, she delighted him with the new food and the French created many new combinations. In 1600, King Charles I of England offered a cook a job for life to make ice cream and keep his recipe a secret. The cook broke his promise, and ice cream became well known.

The delicate food, hard to make with ice hard to get, was very expensive when introduced in America. George Washington liked it so much that in one summer he ran up a bill of \$200 for ice. Then around 1900, with freezers and refrigeration, ice cream became cheap and popular.

One statement in the Mini Page was especially caught my eye. It says that the ice cream cone was invented at the St. Louis World's Fair in 1904. It all began when Ernest Hamwi set up his pastry stand next to one selling ice cream. When the ice cream folks ran out of dishes, Hamwi shaped one of his pastries into a cone. It was a big success."

I ate my first ice cream cone on the Fourth of July 1910. My parents had moved that spring to a home-stand on the prairie of eastern Montana. Our crude home was still unpainted outside and unfinished inside when a letter came from Papa's father and stepmother that they were coming from Kansas to visit, arriving at the train station in Glendive on June 23. Mama cried because there was no paper on the walls and no curtains at the windows. Papa tried to console her with "Berthie, you know this is as good as their house, and besides, it's clean. What I don't see is — how did they get the money to come?"

Their stay was not a happy one. Papa had to make hay every day, and Mama worked all the daylight hours indoors and out. Grandpa, a thin and gentle man, had come

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For The Daily Astorian



wearing an old black fur coat that weighed him down, but he was always cold without it. He walked with a cane but mostly lay on the cot in the dining room where Mama tried to surround him with lard pails to serve as spittoons, but they were usually in the wrong places.

Grandma was a large, raw-boned woman with a raspy voice who complained endlessly and ate enormously. Mama often used our over-supply of eggs and milk to bake custard pies each morning during breakfast while the oven was hot. Now she had to bake several extras, for Grandma would eat a half a pie during mid-morning and set the other half away for afternoon. Then after a series of rolling belches, she was apt to cut into another pie to "settle" her stomach. Sometimes Mama would give a gentle hint about the work to be done, "Grandma, Vera will wipe the dishes for you." But Grandma never got around to washing them.

In the midst of this unhappy state, Papa heard of a countywide Fourth of July picnic and celebration to be held at Three Buttes about 15 miles north of our place. He said it was pretty rough country, a sort of hideout for cattle rustlers, but he thought we should go "to make a little effort to entertain the folks." Since there were no trees for miles around, people would eat in the afternoon shade of the three buttes rising straight out of the sandy soil and dry grass of the prairie.

I was so excited I could hardly wait for the day to come. Mama got up extra early to fry the chicken and pack the potato salad and white cake she had baked the night before. Finally we set out in the spring wagon, with our faithful horses, Nellie and Pearl, having to work hard to pull the extra load of people. Papa and Grandpa sat in the first seat, Mama and Grandma in the second seat and 2-year-old Glenn and I sitting on a pile of hay covered with a blanket in the back. As the sun rose higher during our three-hour trip, the day became hotter, but Grandpa never shed his fur coat.

At the picnic, most people spread their meal on oilcloth on the ground, but Mama set ours out on a white tablecloth. After we ate, Papa fed our team. Some children started to run around but had to be stopped

*"Someone called,
"Lemonade and ice
cream — come and
get it." Now some
folks rushed to the
lemonade stand,
while others lined up
at the freezers where
the ice cream was
being dispensed in
cones, the first I had
ever seen. Grandma
headed one of the
lines, and Mama
pushed me in behind
her. I didn't care for
the ice cream, but I
loved the cookie-like
cone."*

for they were getting dirt into the food of late arrivals who were having to eat in the shade of their wagons. The children couldn't run farther away for fear of rattlesnakes.

The celebration turned out to be a program. A fat man with a walrus mustache made a patriotic speech, then led in the singing of "Columbia, Gem of the Ocean." When he announced "The Star-Spangled Banner," a skinny woman who he called an elocutionist stepped up beside him and sort of spoke the

words as she did motions. When she said, "Oh say, can you see," she shaded her eyes and peered in all directions. When she got to "Long may it wave" she waved her arms. I giggled because she looked exactly like a scrawny bird trying to fly. Mama shushed me, but everyone had started to sing. At the last note, someone called, "Lemonade and ice cream — come and get it."

During the program, a dozen men had been turning hand freezers making the ice cream. They had been saving the ice since they had cut it from the river in late winter, carefully wrapping it in burlap and storing it in straw stacks or sandbanks hoping it would last till the Fourth. Those who had succeeded were the heroes of the day.

Now some folks rushed to the lemonade stand, while others lined up at the freezers where the ice cream was being dispensed in cones, the first I had ever seen. Grandma headed one of the lines, and Mama pushed me in behind her. I didn't care for the ice cream, but I loved the cookie-like cone. Grandma ate her ice cream with a spoon, tossed the empty cone into the grass and lined up again. I timidly asked her if I could have that cone before she threw it away.

"Whatcha want it for?" she asked. When I said I wanted to eat it, she rasped, "Oh, I didn't know they wuz for eatin', I thought they wuz made outa brown paper," whereupon she picked up the one on the ground and ate it, got her second one and stood in line again. So I guess cones were new to her too. After all, they had been introduced in St. Louis only six years earlier.

We started home when the sun got low. I meant to ask Papa which people were the cattle rustlers, but I fell asleep too soon.

The next day Grandpa was very tired and said they should be heading for home. A couple of mornings later when Papa drove out of the yard to take them to Glendive, Mama gave a great sigh of relief and hoped they wouldn't come to visit anymore. They never did. Grandpa soon took to his bed. The next summer Papa went to Kansas to his funeral. Poor Grandpa, he must have spent his last reserve of strength and money to make the hard trip to see his son one last time.

As for me, of all the July Fourths I've seen in my life and all the cones I have eaten, the memories of the one in 1910 are most vivid.

Story of the battleship Oregon

The history of Astoria and of Oregon is interwoven with stories of ships and their ventures on river and sea, each living out its destiny in its own unique way.

For years I have heard references to the battleship Oregon. I have glimpsed its foremast on the riverfront in Portland, always too busy with traffic to look at it. Recently when I chanced on an item that said an Astoria woman, Narcissa Kinney (Mrs. Marshall Kinney) had read a poem at its launching, I wanted to know more.

In about 1890, the U.S. government was getting nervous about Spanish ships nearing our shores, so the powers of the Navy speeded up the building of the biggest battleship our country had ever owned, the Oregon. It was ready for launching into San Francisco Bay on Thursday, Oct. 26, 1893.

The harbor was fogged in all morning as decorated yachts, tugs and small boats filled the bay. When the magic hour of noon approached, the sun burst through the mist, and there stood the giant warship Oregon, flags flying, ready to slip into the water.

Bands played, whistles tooted and sirens screamed. Two young women, one representing the state of Oregon, the other Portland, stood ready for the christening. A girl prayed. Narcissa Kinney, a well recognized dramatic orator, read a poem written by Samuel Simpson, editor of the Astoria Daily Budget. The poem, appropriately titled "The Launching of the Oregon," contained 11 long verses. The Astoria Chamber of Commerce had made arrangements for the presentation.

When Mrs. Kinney completed the reading, celebrities stood poised for

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the ritual. At two minutes till 12, the champagne splashed; the "mighty leviathan slid effortlessly into the sounding deep, while a deafening cacophony of shouts, boat whistles and band music cheered the success of the event."

For years the Oregon was the center of naval pride, but the time came when she was rusting away. Loyal Oregonians tried to save her. In the end, the Navy reclaimed her hulk to use as a barge during World War II. Eventually she was sold for scrap. Now her foremast stands in Portland's waterfront park, a small reminder of her former glory.

...

We have evidence of another mighty ship even more closely interwoven with local history. This relic affords a spectacle that draws thousands of tourists a year. It is the Peter Iredale, which author James Gibbs has called "the ship that refuses to die."

Usually ships that are beached are sucked into the sand and disappear within days or even hours. But the Iredale went ashore on a rocky ledge on Clatsop Beach, a few miles south of the Jetty and about 18 miles from Astoria. There

she has remained since that fateful day of Oct. 25, 1906, growing more battered every year.

"This wreck," explains Gibbs, "was once a handsome British sailing vessel. She was ruggedly constructed with steel plates over iron frames, a partial iron deck and steel masts. Built in 1890, she made her homeport in Liverpool. Of 2,075 gross tons, a length of 287.5 feet, and a beam of 40 feet, she was one of the largest sailing ships of the day and one of the finest. The Iredale was a familiar sight in Pacific Northwest ports in her early years, becoming especially well known on the Columbia River."

At six o'clock on that Thursday morning, the ship's distress signals brought a quick response from life-saving crews from Point Adams, Fort Canby and Fort Stevens. Evacuation was swift, orderly and without injury. Local author Don Marshall says in his book "Oregon Shipwrecks," "The crew abandoned ship via breeches buoy, but had they waited for low tide, they could have easily waded ashore."

The captain said he had intended to stand off the mouth of the Columbia River and pick up a pilot by daylight, but "a heavy southeast wind blew and a strong current prevailed. Before the vessel could be veered around, she was in the breakers and all efforts to keep her off were unavailing."

The survivors were taken by wagon taxi to the nearest train station, then to Astoria where they were turned over to British Vice Consul Peter L. Cherry, whose home still stands at 836 15th St. Cherry took charge of investigation matters, working with the Liverpool owners on insurance adjustments. Some salvage efforts were made

but were futile.

In her abandonment, the Iredale, at the mercy of the elements, became a mass of wreckage, some of which was swept out to sea and back again. In 1961, autumn storms broke off the bowsprit, robbing the ship of its picturesque outline. But still the iron hull remains, the part of the great ship that will not die. Sand fills every nook and cranny. Its visibility is determined by the tide; sometimes the entire length can be discerned; sometimes only a few high points show. In any case, these remains are still the most famous and the most photographed of any shipwreck on the North Coast and as well known as any other wreck along the coastline of the nation.

Naturally as word of the shipwreck spread, sightseers gathered. As days passed, many retrieved the ship's furnishings. In 1906, no local museums were available for the preservation of such items, so they went into common usage in private homes. Now with museums offering repository advantages, some objects from the Iredale have been contributed to the collections. At the Columbia River Maritime Museum, 1792 Marine Drive, an attractive exhibit features the ship's binnacle and compass along with other related items. Nearby stands the handsome salon sideboard attributed to the Iredale.

An attractive Iredale corner at the Heritage Center Museum, 1618 Exchange St., displays the ship's fireplace, the cabinet from the master's cabin, the ship's bell and several smaller items.

So is our rich maritime history highlighted by the telling of tales and preservation of artifacts, helping us to have a deeper appreciation of our heritage.

Musicians and other notables

Several weeks ago, two of these columns were compiled as a tribute to women of achievement in early Astoria. Naturally such a list must always be incomplete, but here briefly described are some others who earned a place in the history of the Astoria community.

Polly McKean Bell (1876-1964) was born in Astoria, the daughter of Samuel McKean, bookkeeper for the Flavel interests. Mrs. Bell and her son, Burnby, were keenly interested in the history of the Northwest. They helped in the efforts to preserve Flavel House. They personally worked to clear the weeds away to establish the site of Fort Astoria. Burnby planned and labored for the installation of the replica of a burial canoe on Coxcomb Hill as a tribute to the Indian heritage of this area. Mrs. Bell wrote and published charming reminiscences of her childhood in Astoria that sometimes have been quoted in this column.

Eathel Abbey Moore (1889-1960), local historian, was a reporter for the Astorian-Budget for 30 years. Her column, Singing Sands of Clatsop, dealt with events of early days, chiefly Indian history and lore. Born in Iowa, she was a school teacher before she and her husband moved to Hammond in 1925. Always active in community and legislative affairs, she worked diligently with the Clatsop County Historical Society to preserve Flavel House.

Mrs. Fred Lee was a leader in the Chinese community with a great talent for getting things done. In 1945 she founded and operated Happy Inn. In 1917 and for many years afterward, she and her husband taught at the school for American-born Chinese children. Lum Sue, father of John and David Lum and Flora Chan, was principal. Since the students attended public school during the day, Chinese school hours were from 5:30 to 8:30 p.m. and on Saturday mornings.

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First organized in 1913 with Ah Dogg as superintendent, it was located on Bond between Eighth and Ninth Streets. The school provided classes in Chinese language and literature. Its purpose was to help Chinese children retain their native language and culture, thus giving them advantages in procuring positions with consulates and import-export firms. Mrs. Lee died in California about 1960.

Mary Lum (1898-1974), born in California and educated in China, was the wife of Lum Sue and mother of Astorians John and David Lum and Flora Chan. An astute businesswoman, she operated her own drygoods store in the Spexarth Building. Later she moved next door to her husband's business, Lum Quing Grocery, where the Toyota agency is now. Still later she bought and operated the Rosecrest Apartments at 15th and Exchange streets. She was a faithful member of the First Baptist Church, contributing generously to its support. People remember her for her unflinching kindness and compassion to those in need.

Mattie Haddix was appointed police matron for Astoria in 1923, soon after the death of her husband, Charles, deputy customs collector. As far as is known, she was the first woman in the state to become a member of a city police force. (More about Mrs. Haddix in a later column.)

IN ADDITION TO those early women who excelled in business, many enriched the culture of the community with their talent in music.

Iva Dodge (Mrs. Charles) was organist at Astoria's First Presbyterian Church for 44 years, and Eastern Star honored her for more than 25 years as their organist. She and her husband were longtime members of the Clatsop County Historical Society, and she belonged to the Friday Music Club. The house at 956 Irving Ave. across from Central School was their home for more than 50 years. Iva Dodge died in 1973 at age 93.

*'People remember
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need.'*

Rose Coursen Reed, Portland musician, started in about 1920 to make weekly trips to Astoria to give music lessons. For 30 years, she drove down on Friday afternoons, gave vocal lessons and conducted the Astoria Choral Club. On Saturday nights she rehearsed the choir of the First Presbyterian Church with Iva Dodge as organist. When she retired, Elizabeth Nopson, an Astoria teacher and one of Mrs. Reed's voice students, was asked to take her place as choir director. Mrs. Nopson later transferred to the Methodist Church. In 1986, Mrs. Nopson, now retired at her home on Smith Lake, was honored by the Methodist Church for 25 years of service.

Dorothy Stone Kinney served as organist for Grace Episcopal

Church for more than 40 years. At a tea given in her honor in 1981, she was lauded as having served longer than any other organist in the Oregon diocese. She attended Reed College, Portland, and was a charter member of the Friday Music Club. Her husband, William Kinney Jr., was the son of William and Mary Strong Kinney, owners of Clatsop Lumber Mill, forerunner of Astoria Plywood Mill. Dorothy Kinney lived most of her life in the family home at 690 17th St., known as the B.F. Stone house. She died in 1982, at age 84.

Ruth Reed (Mrs. Clark) served as organist at the First Methodist Church in Astoria for 40 years. She also taught piano, using the church nursery as her studio, later moving to a studio in the Fisher Building. When she retired in about 1950, Bess Spicer took her place as church organist, serving until her death in 1974. The Reeds' home was first at 690 Madison, then at 722 Irving, and for a time at the Hickman house on Coxcomb Drive. Her husband was killed in a train accident in 1925.

...

The Friday Music Club is often mentioned in reports of early cultural events in Astoria and figured firmly in the lives of talented women. It started informally in 1907 with a group of young women who wanted to study music and composers and wished to share what they learned. In 1915 with additional members the group became known as the Friday Music Club. In the 1920s, they arranged for artists to give concerts in Astoria, thus setting the stage for present-day Community Concert series. The members continue to meet on the first Friday of each month, giving at least one public concert a year, supporting scholarships and adding to the musical collections at the public library and historical society.

Odds and ends of local history

Often as I am researching some subjects, I run across interesting tidbits that I jot down. Now I shall share a few of these with you.

Astoria's post office, the first west of the Rockies, was established March 9, 1847. Just six days earlier, Congress had authorized the printing of the first "lick-'em" stamps. Before that, postal patrons had to supply their own glue, often a flour-and-water paste.

...

The exact location of the original Fort Astoria was established Oct. 30, 1930. Workers excavating for the new addition to St. Mary's Hospital, now the Owens-Adair Apartments, uncovered a row of log uprights which clearly defined the north wall of the fort. It had run diagonally between Exchange and Duane streets facing the river where some painted lines on the street now mark the location. The log structures burned sometime after Hudson's Bay men moved up the river in 1825 to establish Fort Vancouver. Only a caretaker staff remained in two or three small huts to service Hudson's Bay as they went upriver and to maintain British interests at the mouth of the Columbia. Indians took over the shops and storehouses, building their campfires in or near them.

...

Salaries for Oregon legislators in the 1920s were \$3 a day for the exact number of days the Legislature was in session. As of January 1985, "Senators and representatives receive a salary of \$850 per month and \$62 for expenses for each day of the legislative session and for each day of attendance at interim and statutory committees." (ORS 717.072)

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Many people, including this writer, have had the pleasant experience of climbing Neahkahnie Mountain on a Sunday afternoon.



of climbing Neahkahnie Mountain on a Sunday afternoon. Located above Highway 101 south of Cannon Beach, it rises to a height of 1,795 feet, affording an awesome view of the Pacific Ocean. The climb is all the more enjoyable if one goes, as I did, with Margaret McCarter, Clatsop Community College botanist, learning the identity and observing the beauty of the flora from road level to the mountaintop.

Besides the spectacular view and the exhilaration of the climb, Neahkahnie offers the interest of Indian legends and the mystery of buried gold. A diary written in 1841 says, "This mountain is called Ne-a-karny after one of the Indian deities who, while sitting on the mountain, turned to stone and forever looks out over the ocean." The name also means "the place of the chief deity." The prefix "ne" attached to many Indian place names means "the place of." Thus Ne-acoxie refers to the small pine trees which grew near its mouth.

...

Lower Columbia Indians led seasonal lives. Clatsop summer homes centered around present-day Fort Stevens and Hammond. Their winter homes lay in sheltered areas around Cullaby Lake and the

Neacoxie River in Seaside. Year-round habitations were built around Tongue Point and Young's Bay. As late as 1910, a half dozen little weather-beaten houses still remained between the Wahanna and Necanicum Rivers in Seaside. The last of the Clatsops spent a few weeks there each summer. The Necanicum, "Place of the Spirit," had a special meaning for these native people.

...

Bing cherries now in local markets were named for a Chinese gardener in Milwaukie in 1875. Orehardist Seth Lewelling, who developed the new variety, said that Bing was the most dependable worker he had ever had, so he honored him by giving his name to the new cherry.

Several years ago, a friend, Margaret Hibbard of Portland, traveled with a tour group to the Holy Land. One day as they were waiting to cross a street in Jerusalem, they noted that the elderly gentleman dressed in white standing on the opposite side bore a remarkable resemblance to the man in Kentucky Fried Chicken ads back home. When they reached his side of the street, Margaret, wishing to be a friendly tourist, approached him.

"I must tell you," she said, "that you look like a famous businessman in our country, Colonel Sanders."

"I am Colonel Sanders," was his genial reply. He was on a trip to sell franchises to the Israelis. Colonel Sanders has since died.

...

Another friend, Marion Fouse, also of Portland, visited Israel last fall. As the group toured Jerusalem, Marion felt her heart warm when she saw on the street ahead the familiar golden arches of McDonald's. Only in Jerusalem, the

fast-food place is called McDavid's. But, she said, the hamburgers tasted like home.

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Evidence of Astoria's historical significance is attested to by the fact that 32 sites in the town are now listed on the National Register of Historic Places. In addition, applications for such recognition are now in progress for Uniontown and Hobson-Flavel historic districts.

Of the 32 locations, 11 can be easily viewed by the public. These include the Doughboy Monument (erected in 1936), Federal Building-Post Office (1933), Clatsop County Courthouse (1904), Flavel House museum (1885), Astoria Column (1926), Grace Episcopal Church (1886), Fort Astoria Park, 1811 (1955), Astor Building-Liberty Theater (1925), Old City Hall-Heritage Center Museum (1908), Benjamin Young House (1888) and Gustav Holmes House (1892).

The last two were private homes now converted to bed and breakfast establishments. The other 21 buildings on the list of 32 NRHP sites are mostly private homes, not open to the public. However, they can be viewed from the exterior by use of a walking tour booklet containing brief historical sketches of 71 of Astoria's most significant old homes. Also available is Don Marshall's tape of instructions for a self-guided driving tour of Astoria's historic places.

The booklets and tapes may be purchased at the museums and bookstores. Also a boon to sightseers is the van trip offered by Hoell's Historical Tours of Astoria. Reservations can be made by phoning 325-3005. One tourist said the other day, "We had planned to stay only overnight, but we found so many things to see and do that we're staying all week."

Pompey Charbonneau's story

One of the strengths of the Lewis and Clark pageant being presented at Broadway Park in Seaside each Thursday through Sunday is the characterization of the principals portrayed. In fact, they come alive so well that viewers go home wondering what happened to them after the expedition members returned from their trip to the Pacific Ocean.

We know that Capt. Meriwether Lewis, appointed governor of Louisiana, met an untimely and mysterious death in 1809. We know too that Capt. William Clark became governor of Missouri Territory and superintendent of Indian affairs.

We read various surmises about the later years of Sacajawea, the young Shoshone woman who made a historic contribution to the exploration. Documents uncovered over the last decades indicate that she died Dec. 20, 1812, at age 25, "leaving a fine infant girl." The location was Fort Manuel on the bank of the Missouri River near today's Kenel, S.D., 70 miles south of present Bismarck, N.D. This account is offered by Irving Anderson of Seattle, a well-known authority on Northwest history. His booklet, "A Charbonneau Family Portrait," has been published this year by the Fort Clatsop Historical Association and is available at the fort.

Since we are fairly familiar with these main personalities being portrayed in the Seaside pageant, I found special interest in Anderson's account of two other less-known members of the expedition, the interpreter, Toussaint Charbonneau, husband of Sacajawea, and their baby, Jean Baptiste, lovingly called "little Pomp."

Charbonneau was a French Canadian fur trader living among the Mandan Indians in the winter of 1804 when Lewis and Clark and their company made encampment at Fort Mandan in North Dakota. When the leaders accepted Toussaint for employment on the trip as guide and interpreter, they gave him permission to take one of his two wives with him. Sacajawea's child was only 55 days old when the company headed west from Fort Mandan. The Indian girl, only 16 years old, was not a paid member of the group, but was to

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help her husband deal with Indian languages as they traveled.

CHARBONNEAU HAS BEEN criticized as an inefficient member of the venture, but Anderson concludes that in an overall appraisal, he comes out pretty well. In one field, both during the trip and afterward, he drew admiration; he was a fine cook, making the best of whatever ingredients he could find.

Accounts of Charbonneau's activities after the expedition are sketchy, but an 1811 report places him and his wife in a party going up the Missouri River. Another document records him in St. Louis in 1816 when his son, Baptiste, was attending school under the legal guardianship of William Clark. Clark also adopted Charbonneau's baby daughter after the death of Sacajawea. It is not known whether the child lived beyond infancy.

From 1816 till his death in 1838, Clark maintained a lasting friendship with Charbonneau, providing jobs for him both in the fur trade and in the Indian Service. In our day, we think of tourism as a developing industry, so I am amazed when I read of the many notables who found interest and entertainment in touring frontiers. Records show that Toussaint served as guide and interpreter for many famous people exploring the newly acquired Louisiana Purchase.

Fur trade records show that Toussaint, like most other fur traders, took a succession of young Indian girls as "wives." Even at age 80, he made a 14-year-old Assiniboinne girl his bride and "the men at Fort Clark gave him a splendid chariveree." It is not known when or how Charbonneau died. The last mention shows him to

be dead by 1843 when his estate was settled by his son Baptiste.

What happened to Jean Baptiste, the baby Sacajawea packed to the Pacific Ocean and back again? From being 2 months old when the company left Mandan to being 2 years old when they returned to St. Louis, little Pompey, "dancing boy," was everyone's darling. As the group traveled on the Yellowstone River east of present Billings, Mont., Clark honored the child by giving his name to two geographic features, Pompey's Creek and Pompey's Pillar.

CLARK CARVED HIS own name and the date on the pillar, the entry now protected by a heavy glass shield. At the close of the expedition, Clark wrote a letter to Toussaint and Sacajawea for the help they had been, adding, "As to your little Son (my boy Pomp) you well know my fondness for him and my anxiety to take him and raise him as my own child."

With the advantage of being reared in the home of Gov. Clark and with the skills of his frontier heritage, Baptiste became a young man of unusual qualities. When he was 18, he caught the attention of Prince Paul Wilhelm who was on a scientific mission. In 1823 and for the next six years, Baptiste lived and traveled with the prince in Europe and Africa. He became fluent in four languages and absorbed the culture of the German court.

When he returned, he found the exciting exploration of the American West in full swing. He responded to his heritage by ranging the length and breadth of the country with such frontiersmen as Joe Meek, Kit Carson and Jim Bridger. The year 1847 found him listed as alcalde (magistrate) at the Luis Rey Mission in California. When gold was discovered at Sutter's Mill in January 1848, Baptiste was in the center of the stampede. In 1866, he joined a party headed for a new gold field in Montana Territory. By the time they had reached the Owyhee River, he had contracted pneumonia. He was taken by his partners to the nearest shelter, Inskip station, where he died on May 16, 1866, at age 61.

The site of his death and burial is near the small community of

Danner in southeastern Oregon three miles north of Highway 95 and west of Jordan Valley in Malheur County. In 1979, the grave of Jean Baptiste Charbonneau was entered on the National Register of Historic Places.

No gravesite for Sacajawea has ever been found. It is possible she was buried on a funeral platform in accordance with Indian custom. However in 1978, our federal government entered the Fort Manuel site into the National Register of Historic Places in commemoration of her death there 166 years earlier.

Thus the Charbonneau family, Toussaint, durable guide and interpreter, Sacajawea, intrepid mother and expedition member and their remarkable son, Jean Baptiste, have secured their places in American history.

In 1968, the late James Cameron, drama instructor and historian, joined the faculty of Clatsop Community College. Part of his assignment was to produce a historical pageant portraying the Lewis and Clark expedition. Apparently the community wasn't ready for the project, but for some the dream never died. Now 20 years later, by intense leadership and combined effort, the Lewis and Clark pageant has become a reality, portraying to its viewers the national significance of the expedition.

Open Forum

Watermelon mania

A fascinating tidbit on the front page of The Daily Astorian of July 19 was about the watermelon-oriented culture of a segment of the population of China.

This suggests a possible title for one of those ghastly horror movies to which we have been subjected for the past many years — "Attack of the Killer Watermelons."

JACK HOWARD
342 14th St.
Astoria

Bartlett helped shape the port

Astoria's history is made by people, an endless procession passing through the years. Each person has a part in weaving the pattern of the town. Today with Regatta time approaching, we turn the spotlight on a man who made his mark on the Port of Astoria.

Robert Rensselaer Bartlett arrived in Astoria from Seattle on Oct. 24, 1914, to become assistant engineer of the Port of Astoria. In succeeding years, he became engineer, then manager. In 1926 he was given the title of general manager with a salary of \$6,000. By his retirement in 1947, he had designed and directed the development of the Port of Astoria for 33 years.

Actually, when Bartlett arrived, Astorians had just passed a bond issue and were beginning to plan the town's first municipal docking and storage facility. Prior to that time, shipping had been handled at private docks strung along the river, docks owned by Capt. George Flavel, the Hume brothers, the Cherry family, Samuel Elmore and others, each with different facilities and modes of operation. The municipal dock was needed to end confusion and increase efficiency.

Under Bartlett's direction as he worked with commission members, the new Port of Astoria rapidly took shape. Piers 1 and 2 were dedicated in September 1915. When Pier 3 was completed in 1921, it was the second largest in the United States. A grain elevator was built near Pier 1 in 1916 and a flour mill alongside it in 1919. Also in 1919, a service railroad was built to connect local industries with the Port of Astoria and with the S.P.&S. rail line that ran through Astoria and on to Seaside. All these projects were designed and supervised by Robert Bartlett.

Besides his dedication to the development of the port, Bartlett had many community interests. He was a charter member of the Rotary Club and a member of the



Presbyterian Church. He was a charter member and one of the incorporators of the Astoria Golf & Country Club. In 1924, he drew the plans for the Masonic Temple at 16th and Franklin streets. During the hard times of Depression days, to help the port along, he offered and took a \$100-per-month cut in his salary. As port manager, he encouraged the use of Pier 3, the pride of the town, for waterfront activities. In 1921, a group of singers from Norway held a *sangerfest* there. In 1925 the facility was the gala setting for the Clatsop County Fair.

Mrs. Bartlett too made her contribution to the community. She was president of the ladies auxiliary of the country club, also of the Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church. She was president and longtime board member of the Community Thrift Shop. The Bartletts' son, Robert Jr., graduated from Astoria High School with the class of 1917; daughter Louise in 1923. Daughter Philena attended St. Helens Hall in Portland.

It's interesting to observe that in a lifetime of accomplishment, one of Bartlett's achievements most visible to the community was a project he undertook for his own satisfaction. That was the careful and meticulous building of a scale model of Capt. Robert Gray's ship, the Columbia, in which Gray dis-

covered the Columbia River in 1792. With his keen engineering mind and his attention to detail, Bartlett drew his plans from information from the Library of Congress and from the Marine Research Society of Salem, Mass. He had a local tailor, Carl Laine, cut and sew the sails. He commissioned the Wilson Shipbuilding Company of Astoria to fashion the hull of Ironwood. He handcarved the tiny pegs and rails and painstakingly arranged the cords. The result is one of the finest, most authentic models of this famous ship to be found anywhere. It was first displayed in the port office but was later given to the Clatsop County Historical Society. It is now on display in the main gallery of the Heritage Center Museum, 1618 Exchange St. This 4-foot model alone is worth a trip to the museum just to observe its exquisite detail.

'It's interesting to observe that in a lifetime of accomplishment, one of Bartlett's achievements most visible to the community was a project he undertook for his own satisfaction.'

Another contribution Bartlett made to the community is the home he designed and built for his family in 1921. Located at the corner of 15th and Lexington streets with an awesome view of the river, it was part of an area of prime residences going up near the high school (now

Clatsop Community College). The house is one of the finest examples of bungalow style of architecture in Astoria. The classic pillars and elegant front entrance add qualities of Georgian style. Harvey Loop, a longtime Astoria jeweler, bought the house in 1942. It has been for years the home of Loop's daughter, Maureen Sundstrom, her husband, Sven, and their daughters, Lisa, a soloist with the Pennsylvania-Milwaukee Ballet Company, and Yvonne, a student at Oregon State University.

The Sundstroms have in their possession the original blueprints Bartlett made for construction of the house. Local architect Ernest Brown has commented that they are of exceptional quality as are the architectural details of the house itself.

The location Bartlett chose for his home has special historical interest too, for 15th Street is one of the oldest in town. It was cleared in 1895, the first street to be opened to the top of the hill. Before that, it was only a path through the woods leading to the pioneer cemetery on what is now 15th and Niagara streets.

Funeral processions were composed of mourners toiling up the 14th, 15th or 16th street hills to finally converge on the 15th Street path. It was not an easy climb, especially in the muddy season. Caskets were carried by pallbearers, often two sets of them so they could take turns with their load.

When Bartlett retired as port manager in 1947, he was called "the grand old man who had guided the port's destinies for 33 years." He was also given credit for having been "an outstanding citizen of the town." Robert Bartlett died on Sept. 26, 1950, at age 74 after one day of illness. He left enduring and endearing footprints on the history of Astoria.

Every Regatta was 'best ever'

It's Regatta time in Astoria, the oldest continuing festival in the Northwest. As I learned of first events starting soon, I became curious about what went on at the very first Regatta, which was held in August 1894; so I hid myself off to the public library where I read newspaper accounts more than 90 years old. What treasures!

I read that the purpose of that first Regatta was to celebrate the close of the commercial fishing season. The activities of the three days were exactly what the word "regatta" means, boat races. First news coverage described the boats that would race "at the first Regatta ever to be held on the Pacific Coast." Next day's Astoria Budget carried the big headline, THE REGATTA IS ON.

Four entries qualified for the first boat race. Starting at Flavel dock (location of Pier 11), they raced around the buoy a mile upriver and back to the dock again. The winner did the two miles in 25½ minutes. Next came the double-scut fish boats; winning time, 33 minutes.

A feature of the second day was firemen's hose race on Commercial Street. Excitement and cheering ran high as Station Two won. Next day life-saving crews from Point Adams and Fort Canby competed in boat races, while free-for-all swimming contests drew dozens of entries.

The most exciting race took place on Monday, the final day, when the sloops Columbia and Manzanita took their places at the starting line. Each was gaily decorated with its own colors which crew members distributed in the form of scarves and ribbons to the ladies on the wharves so they could wave them for the ship of their color, while "the 14th Infantry Band played lustily." "A more brilliant sight has never before been seen in Astoria," the paper reported gleefully, "for dense masses of people lined the riverfront." The Columbia won.

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Next year's Regatta had some innovations, foot races. Winner for girls under 12 received a prize of \$5. Winner for boys under 14 got "a handsome medal." (I wonder if he wouldn't have preferred the \$5.) Then the fishing boats raced, and the cannery tenders and the sloops. First- and second-place winners in each race received \$50 and \$25, respectively. The festival ended with a great parade of gaily decorated boats.

Sometimes present-day Regatta committees feel discouraged. They wish for new workers to carry the load. Their wishes are as old as the Regatta. In April 1896 committees started working on that year's event. In June they all resigned. "It's impossible to get people to work," they said, "and impossible to raise money for prizes and advertising."

But the community couldn't let a good thing die. The July Budget carried a front-page story. There would be a Regatta after all. Businessmen volunteered to raise the money; they would canvass the town for donations and would publish the names and amounts of the donors.

The Astoria Fire Company said it would take charge of the program. It arranged the usual boat races, adding a feature which drew entries from Portland, yacht races from the lightship at the mouth of the

Columbia to Tillamook Rock. The celebration, which had faltered at first, was a great success.

"Each day at an early hour, a dense mass of people lined the wharves. Every boat plying between Astoria and neighboring towns was crowded. The steamers brought large crowds from upriver towns." Lodging was so scarce that boats along the river made sleeping space available.

The 1897 Regatta got off to a good start when Judge J.H.D. Gray offered to be chairman. (His home still stands at 1687 Grand Ave.) Evidently the organizers took their cue from the success of the previous year, for they too solicited funds and published names.

First on their alphabetical list of donors was the Anchor Saloon which gave \$10. Astoria National Bank gave \$25, as did numerous other businesses. Many individuals gave \$1 or \$2 or even 50 cents, but Judge J.Q.A. Bowlby (living at 1229 Franklin) donated \$20, and August Erickson (Erickson Floral Shop) gave \$50. One income item read "from ball, \$128.25." Altogether 184 donors gave \$2,770, more than enough to meet expenses.

In addition to the cash donations, chairmen Herman Wise and Albert Dunbar acknowledged 43 contributions of goods and services, such items as lumber, twine and barrels of beer. (The Wise home still stands at 1064 Harrison Ave. The Fulton home was near the present Elks building.)

Almost every year saw new features added to the festivities. In 1899 with George Fulton as chairman, the annual Grand Regatta Ball had to be moved to the Astoria & Columbia River Railroad warehouse. Rowing and swimming teams from California came for racing competition. In 1900 more royalty was added when Queen Louise Tallant enlarged her court with ladies-in-waiting. The 1901 festivities began with the first

street parade and sidewalk fair.

Almost every year plans for the Regatta started in March or April. Almost every year in June committees would call off the project, claiming there was "not enough community support." Then almost every year some courageous citizens would step forward and make the event "the best we've ever had."

In 1908 when committees announced, "We will not have a Regatta this year," Mayor Herman Wise said, "Yes, we will," and he took charge. Great crowds came to watch the races, to attend the Norwegian *sangerfest* and to see the mayor's daughter Harriet "Hattie" Wise crowned queen. From 1910 to 1915, the Astoria Motor Boat Club collected funds. Then the Chamber of Commerce took over. In 1936 a permanent Regatta committee was incorporated.

But sometimes a "white knight" or a "rescue squad" did not appear. In 1902 and 1909 committees announced, "People are not anxious to subscribe to the fund... not enough time to prepare." No Regattas were held in those years. They were also interrupted in 1918-1922 and 1942-1952 because of the two world wars.

Now this year's Regatta is ready to take off. Regatta Association President Victor Kee says that many new features have been added, including an earlier beginning for boat racing. Great efforts have been made to carry news of the festivities to communities outside of Oregon, and he expresses the age-old wish for more volunteers.

Marlene Mestrich, Anchor Club skipper, tells enthusiastically of the many contacts made by the club and the princesses as they have participated in public events. She thinks community spirit this year is high and that the Regatta gets better every year.

A tale of rival Regatta queens

When our Regatta queen and her royal court receive plaudits from admiring subjects along the parade route Saturday, they will be continuing the tradition of more than 90 years of pageantry.

Though Astoria's first Regatta took place in 1894, no mention was made of a queen until 1897. After that, the custom grew until a peak of sorts was reached in 1903, and thereby hangs a tale. The account of the Regatta queens of 1903 and 1904 is of special interest to me because it involves people who lived in my house and whose portraits hang on my living room wall.

In 1879 my house was built by Capt. Hiram Brown as a wedding gift to daughter Annie when she married Judge Charles Page. Soon the happy couple, deeming the house inadequate, built a finer one on the south corner of the same block, now the Elmore Apartments.

Then the not-so-happy couple got a divorce and Annie married Capt. Wilkinson, a Britisher who owned a fleet of ships and had a niece, Frances Thomas. In the 1890s, the Hustler Van Dusen family lived in my house with their two small daughters Maud (Allen) and Winnie (Dad of Reed and Grimberg's). 35 years later told me much of the history of my house.

Next into my house came the Charles Houstons. Houston was one of Astoria's leading contractors. Wife Nell was considered the most beautiful lady in town. Little daughter Helen grew up here and married Harry Cherry. She too visited me while on a trip from Palm Springs 20 years ago and told me details of her family. All these folks are now deceased.

Events of royalty in the Regattas of 1903 and 1904 involve the Wilkinson niece, Frances Thomas, who became queen of the 1903 Regatta, and Nell Houston, queen in 1904. Annie Wilkinson and Nell Houston, each with a wealthy husband and a handsome home, were always trying to outdo each other in social achievements. Queen-making has never been the

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same since their time.

In 1902 the Wilkinsons sailed to London to join in the festivities of the coronation of King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra following the death of Queen Victoria. Annie returned to Astoria glowing with the magnificence of royalty and the daring of her new idea. She would see that niece Frances would be queen of the next Regatta in ceremonies that no one could ever outdo.

It appears that in those early days the young woman who sold the most tickets became queen, tickets selling for 5 or 10 cents each. Some merchants offered a queen ballot for each dollar of purchase. In 1903, eight young women entered as candidates. Competition ran high. On a night two weeks before the big event, crowds jammed Regatta headquarters to hear the counting of the ballots.

Excitement rose as the race closed in on Harriet Talant and Frances Thomas. Then it ended abruptly when a certified check for \$1,000 for votes for Frances was handed to the chairman. Rumor had it that the check represented a pool "made up by a number of the gentlemen friends of Miss Thomas."

Someone must have decided early that Frances would be queen, for the next day's paper reported, "It was conceded that Miss Thomas would be a beautiful queen. Her coronation will be the most elaborate ever attempted. It will be modeled after the recent coronation

of Queen Alexandra of England. Her robes will duplicate the queen's as near as possible. The crown has already been ordered from Tiffany's in New York. A committee of ladies will be in charge of her reign, Mesdames P.A. Stokes, C.W. Fulton, G.H. George, and H.G. Van Dusen."

Coronation ceremonies took place on the opening day of festivities at a gaily decorated grandstand on the wharf. The paper said, "The queen graciously welcomed guests as they bowed before her." The big event was the Grand Ball held that evening at Foard & Stokes Hall, located at 18th and Exchange. The next day's paper ecstatically reported, "The events of the day had been grand, but the ceremonies at the Grand Ball where Queen Frances made her appearance far surpassed all else in magnificence."

The procession into the hall was comprised of 18 ladies-in-waiting, many being queens from other events held throughout the states. Then came the maids of honor, the teen-age Van Dusen girls who years later told me the story. They said they didn't have any fun, for Frances kept them busy washing her white silk hose and cleaning her white kid gloves and slippers while their friends were out in boats on the river. But reporters apparently had fun as they spread the details over most of next day's front page.

"As the court appeared, there was continuous applause and cheering. Then there was a breathless hush. Queen Frances, resplendent in her royal robes, entered under a silken canopy carried by four ladies-in-waiting. The immense crowd rose to its feet as one, while with a gracious bow to the right and then to the left, Her Highness ascended her throne. Her court costume was a marvel of white and silver in keeping with her regal carriage and exquisite beauty."

The account added that she wore a silver spangled robe of white brocade with a train 17 feet long. Over it she wore a purple velvet

cape trimmed in ermine. All these garments, the burbling report continued, as well as numerous other white outfits for the week had been handmade at Wortman & King in Portland and ordered through A. Dunbar Co. of Astoria at a cost of \$4,000.

While these elegant events were taking place, Nell Houston, the social rival, was taking in every detail. Next year, she vowed, she would be queen and top everything the Wilkinsons did. Her daughter, Helen Houston Cherry, told me that her mother spent all year planning her own reign. To be sure that she won, she got her husband to buy \$3,000 worth of tickets.

She ordered her white satin gown embroidered with simulated pearls and diamonds and an overlay of tulle. Her train was lined with pale blue brocade. Her wrap was crimson velvet trimmed with ermine. She had 20 ladies-in-waiting. Her 8-year-old daughter, Helen, was crown bearer. "When Queen Nell and her escort, Adm. H.C. Campbell, entered the ballroom, they received a standing ovation."

Perhaps Astorians were thinking that Regatta royalty was getting a little too royal, for the next day's paper got back to featuring boat races, relegating queenly activities to an inside page. The next year, 1905, Laura Seafeldt was listed as queen, but her chief duties seemed to be portraying Sacagawea dressed in burlap and moccasins in that year's innovation, a Lewis and Clark pageant.

I sometimes wonder what happened to the royal robes of Queen Frances. Queen Nell's dress and crown were eventually given to the Clatsop County Historical Society and are too fragile for display. But perhaps Nell Houston won the competition after all, for today a large portrait of her in regal array hangs in Flavel House Museum. Thus her queenly beauty is perpetuated for the admiration of the viewing public.

Shanghaied in Astoria, for real

One of the lively events of this summer has been the melodrama "Shanghaied in Astoria," which closed its season last week after 18 previous performances. It recalled in a comedic style a situation related to the history of our town. There actually were shanghaiings in Astoria — many of them.

It is apparent from the term that the practice started in Shanghai, one of China's largest seaports, when laborers were needed for West Coast railroading and mining. Its effects showed up here in the 1870s and 1880s when agents in China kidnapped workers for Astoria's booming salmon canneries.

When ships crossing the bar with these illegal entrants got word that federal officers were waiting to inspect ships, the labor bosses chained their victims and threw them overboard, thus destroying the evidence of their lawbreaking.

Shanghaiing done in Astoria meant that men taken by force from streets, woods, fields and fishing boats were pressed into service at sea, often to replace those sailors who jumped ship when they arrived in port. To build up their depleted crews, ships' captains would pay runners, or crimps, all the way from \$10 to \$200 for each unfortunate fellow they managed to deliver. Astoria was a dangerous place when ships came in.

Local history is filled with incidents relating some of these shanghaiings. In her book, "The Trail Left North," Martha McKeown (Mrs. Marshall Dana) gives the firsthand account of her uncle, Monte Hawthorne, who lived here in the early days. Men going to and from work at the canneries carried loaded guns to protect themselves against shanghaiers.

EVEN WHEN THEY met other workers, they would eye one another carefully, each with his hand on his revolver. Night crews were in special danger, but snatches occurred even in midday

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when two men would grab a loner, tie him and transport him to a waiting ship.

In other instances, saloons and sailors' boarding houses on pilings had trap doors and shanghai chutes to drop a drunken sailor into a boat. The runner would deliver the victim to a ship at anchor, collect the "blood money" and return to split it with the saloon keeper.

The story is told of a woman who ran an establishment on Commercial Street. She dropped her husband down for \$100. He returned from Liverpool two years later. Within two weeks he was found dead with a bump on his head near a pile of planking stacked out to repair the street. The grieving widow sued the city for \$75,000. In court, the district attorney is reported as saying, "You sold him once for \$100. You must think he's worth more dead than alive." She was awarded \$100.

Crimps not only collected blood money, they also found ways to cheat sailors out of their wages. They would act as employment agents to get some penniless fellow a job on a ship, then collect his wages in advance, sometimes splitting with the captain. Sailors starting on a trip signed papers that they would stay on for the duration. If they deserted, they lost their wages.

AN ARTICLE WRITTEN by "Bunco" Kelly, a notorious crimp who worked the docks in Portland

and Astoria, tells of captains nearing the end of a voyage who would brutalize their underlings to make them escape, thus forfeiting their wages. "Bunco," who got his name because of his habit of collecting money for crews he never delivered, wrote his memoirs while serving a life sentence for murder.

He called Astoria "the wickedest city in the world, worse than New Orleans." He told of the practice crimps had of waiting for a ship to dock, grabbing sailors as they jumped ship, and returning them for a fee. Once on ship again, they were beaten as an object lesson for other sailors with like intentions. He told of seeing in San Francisco four escapees returned and hanged from the yardarm to deter others from deserting.

Actually, come to think about it, after the passing of 100 years, some shanghaiing incidents may make us smile a little. For instance, Kelly himself was once shanghaiéd. He jumped ship in San Francisco, worked his way back to Portland where he was convicted of a murder which he claimed he didn't commit.

After Kelly served 12 years of his life sentence, Gov. George Chamberlain pardoned him. He returned to Astoria where he admonished men "to go to work and be good citizens, for there sure is a curse on sailor business."

Also on the lighter side is an incident related in Monte Hawthorne's story. This concerns the Rev. George Grannis, pastor of the Methodist Church, which in 1890 stood on pilings where Safeway's west parking lot is now. He was a large man who had done some prize fighting in his earlier years.

NOW ON A stormy night he climbed the stairway inside the church to ring the bell for prayer meeting. As he backed down, two runners thinking they had the usual janitor threw an overcoat over the pastor's head and started to tie his feet. He, kicking and punching,

managed to roll the two down the stairs and out the door. He then conducted the service with torn clothes and bleeding fists. The next day he gave the overcoat to the janitor, and a runner was seen in town minus three front teeth.

I heard another shanghaiing tale the other day. A big, red-haired Irishman around town was a powerful swimmer. He teamed up with another swimmer. Together they reversed the shanghaiing business. The Irishman would tie up his friend, deliver him for a \$100 fee and return to shore. The friend would loose his ropes and swim under water back to their meeting place where they split the fee. They collected several hundred dollars shanghaiing each other when different ships came to port.

As I was completing my research at the library, Lisa Penner directed me to a manuscript on shanghaiing written by Denise Albom for her senior thesis at the University of Oregon. Denise, a 1979 graduate of Astoria High School, is the daughter of well-known Astorians Russell and Rita Albom. I found that she and I had used some of the same sources in compiling our papers.

I ESPECIALLY LIKED her conclusion. She explained that the LaFollette Act of 1915 is known as the Magna Carta of seamen. It among other things abolished criminal prosecution for desertion and forbade wages paid in advance. She also noted that the development of steamships required higher skills and continuity of service for ships' crews. She concluded, "By 1915, the age of shanghaiing and sailors' abuses was over... A man no longer needed to walk the streets of Astoria with one hand on a revolver."

So now we can go to see "Shanghaied in Astoria" next summer when it plays for its fifth season. We can enjoy in comfort its merry treatment of what a hundred years ago was a tragic condition.

The first woman police officer

Mattie Lee Wilson Haddix knew most everyone in Astoria, and most everyone knew her. In fact, after she was interviewed on KOIN radio in Portland with CBS hookup, most everyone in the whole country knew her.

In 1923, Mrs. Haddix was appointed police matron for Astoria. As far as is known, she was the first woman police officer in Oregon; maybe the first in the nation.

Soon after Mattie Wilson graduated from Baylor University in Waco, Texas, in 1900, she and Charles H. Haddix were married. Eventually they moved to Astoria where Haddix was employed by Oregon, Washington, Railroad & Navigation Co. until he was appointed deputy collector of U.S. Customs at the Port of Astoria. On Feb. 12, 1920, when Charles was working on the foundation of their house in Fern Hill, a Jack gave way. He died instantly, leaving Mattie with a 4-year-old son, Charles. A daughter, Mary Lee, was born the following July.

After Astoria's disastrous fire of Dec. 8, 1922, many problems developed. City fathers opined that having a police matron would help solve some of them, so on Jan. 3, 1923, Mattie Haddix took up her new duties. One of her first tasks was searching women picked up for shoplifting, a dilemma that had long perplexed the all-male police force.

THE NEW MATRON with her office at police headquarters was vested with full police powers of arrest. The local paper took note: "Mrs. Haddix has taken up her new duties which besides looking after delinquent boys and girls also includes those of truant officer. She is well and favorably known and is expected to make a capable police matron."

Officer Haddix fulfilled all expectations. A large, energetic woman, she immediately set wheels in motion. She announced that the old curfew law, long ignored, would be rigidly enforced; no juveniles on the streets after 9 p.m. May through

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October, nor after 8 p.m. during the other months.

Curfew was sounded by the ringing of school bells. She rang the one at Shively School (present Lum and Utli location). Other officers tolled the bell at Adair (now Astor School) and at Taylor School (location of Crestview Care Center That bell is now at Fire Station No. 2). When all those bells, so widely spaced, pealed forth, most kids all over town hied themselves home for they didn't want any police officer calling on their parents.

Officer Haddix's job was unique and her service so efficient that she brought credit to the Astoria Police Department and attracted attention in wider circles. Accordingly, when she retired on July 16, 1947, after 24 years as police matron, KOIN radio station in Portland took notice.

THE STATION ARRANGED an interview with her in their Northwest Neighbors show replete with Art Kirkham as master of ceremonies and Owen Dunning's 19-piece orchestra. The popular show, sponsored by Pacific Power & Light Co., was aired by CBS and broadcast locally by KAST. A transcript is on hand at Astoria Public Library.

When Kirkham asked Mrs. Haddix what happened on her first day at work, she responded, "My very first job was to search a band of gypsy women accused of shoplifting... Each one was wearing from 10 to 15 skirts. They had so many trinkets attached to each skirt that they were practically

walking dime stores. The stuff hadn't come from any store in Astoria, and the value was too small to hold them for Portland police, so we had to let them go."

When Kirkham asked about the curfew law, Mrs. Haddix replied, "We couldn't enforce it completely, but it came in handy, especially when I knew there were kids out who were troublemakers. It gave me an excuse to round them up and get them indoors before they got into real trouble."

'(During World War II), the town was loaded with people who came to visit sailors before they went overseas. We had so many sleeping in the jail that it was hard to tell which ones we had brought in and who had come in of their own accord.'

— Mattie Haddix

Kirkham continued, "Did you get most of the juvenile cases?" "Yes," was her reply, "and that suited me perfectly. I like kids, and I have a feeling that most of them can be straightened out if they're reached in time." Then she added that she had a story about dogs that she often told to kids headed for trouble. "There were two dogs just alike. One would go to somebody who would teach it tricks and take care of it. Everyone would be proud of that dog."

"BUT THE OTHER dog was allowed to run all over the country. It was hungry and got into fights. Then it was picked up and maybe put to death." She continued, "After the story, I'd tell the youngster that

he was at the crossroads. Would he like to remain at home and be good or be a stray? He'd usually decide he'd like to be good."

"You went on duty right after Astoria's big fire," Kirkham commented. "Were there unusual problems then?"

"Yes," Mattie answered. "We worked night and day to take care of the homeless people. Thirty city blocks were burned. . . . We had a housing problem too during World War II. The town was loaded with people who came to visit sailors before they went overseas. We had so many sleeping in the jail that it was hard to tell which ones we had brought in and who had come in of their own accord. One old grandmother had come all the way from South Carolina to see her grandson. She had already spent one night in jail, so I took her home to sleep on my couch."

After more conversation, Kirkham ended the interview by thanking her for coming and saying, "Mrs. Haddix, I know the people of Astoria are glad you stayed on the job for all those 24 years."

TO GET FIRSTHAND information about Mattie Haddix, I wrote to her son, Charles E. Haddix of Sanger, Calif., a 1935 graduate of Astoria High School. He is now field consultant on the staff of U.S. Sen. Alan Cranston and chairman of the California State Refugee Focus. He supplied much of this story, adding that after his mother's retirement, she was active in community affairs and in the Christian Science Church where she served as a practitioner and representative of the Christian Science Monitor.

Mattie Haddix died on Nov. 22, 1954, at age 68. She had been struck by a car on Nov. 2, while returning to her home at the Walters Apartments across from the library after working late at election polls at the Elks Building. She is buried beside her husband and daughter, Mary, at the Pioneer Cemetery in Svensen.

So Mattie Lee Haddix takes her place among those worthy citizens who have given years of notable service to our community.

Students are in the 'real world'

The school year has come full circle around to a new beginning.

Granddaughter Laura is now a senior at Reed College after a summer job and classes at Portland State University. Grandson Mark had an early taste of college life in a summer program at Lewis and Clark College in Portland. Now a senior at Astoria High School, he tootles his trumpet in three different bands. Six-year-old Steven worries about first grade at Astor School: "Grandma, what if the teacher doesn't like me?"

Astorians of all ages are blessed with a rich choice of educational opportunities. The public school system, District 1-C, operates on a 1-4-4-4 program, meaning kindergarten, four years elementary, four years middle school and four years high school. John Jacob Astor serves families in the east half of the district with Capt. Robert Gray Elementary for residents in the west half.

Astoria Middle School is just what its name implies. It is located in the middle of town and offers middle grades 5-8. (Somehow it missed receiving a historical name.) Adjoining the middle school lies the newly developed Evergreen Park, part of the city park system. It offers two softball and three soccer fields with more game fields to come.

A High School moved into its new complex in 1956 after operating for 45 years in two buildings which are now the core of the campus of Clatsop Community College. With a broad curriculum offering many choices, it will graduate approximately 135 seniors this year.

Clatsop Community College began in 1958 with basic classes in the high school building. By 1962, it was operating full time in its present location at 16th and Jerome. Students may take liberal arts courses leading to a degree in four-year colleges or they may earn associate degrees in the fields of their interest. Astorians are fortunate to have college work available in their hometown. The college is

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also an economic boon, for it is one of the largest local employers.

In addition to these very visible institutions, Astoria enjoys many other educational assets. Two beauty colleges offer professional training. Astoria Beauty College was established in 1965 and Stylemasters College of Barbering and Hair Design in 1981. The two schools turn out about 35 graduates a year.

General Electric Government Services, located at the foot of 16th Street, provides job training and placement for all ages. Operating through the federal Job Training Partnership Act, it also administers programs at the Tongue Point Job Corps Center.

Two private schools in Astoria offer education with unique qualities of enrichment. Lewis and Clark Christian Academy, kindergarten through high school, operates from rental quarters at the Presbyterian Church on 11th Street. Star of the Sea Catholic School, kindergarten and all eight grades, started operating in its present building in 1924. Both schools offer opportunities for individual guidance with added attention to moral and Christian precepts.

In addition to the schools, many highly qualified teachers offer private instruction in music, languages and physical arts.

As this school year begins, I wish I could help more students realize what a privilege they have, but I wonder if many youths read this column. I'd like to say: Don't be irritated and impatient with your

classes because you're in a big hurry to "get out into the real world."

My dear young friends, you're in the real world right now. You have worries now, problems to face and decisions to make. They're different from those you'll have 10 years from now, but just as important to you. Don't try to just "get by." The hard work you do now and the wise decisions you make now will make life in the "real world" much more successful and satisfying.

My dear young friends, you're in the real world right now. You have worries now, problems to face and decisions to make. They're different from those you'll have 10 years from now, but just as important to you.

Going to school is a real job. Be as regular and prompt in meeting your schedule as if you were going to a "real" job. Work as hard to succeed in school as you will someday work for promotions. Consider the knowledge and training you can get in school to be money you're depositing in the bank and each grade card your statement of interest.

Don't forget, grades do count. Every time you enroll in a different school or college, your transcript gets there faster than you do. When you are applying for a job, especially one that requires particular training, your transcript and resume tell your life story.

This has happened to me. Throughout my school years, I received only one D. That was for a P.E. class in folk dancing. My feet got all twisted up when I tried to do

the Highland Fling and the Sailor's Hornpipe. I tried to make light of it, saying of course D stood for Dancing. But whenever I see my transcript, that D looks bigger and blacker than the As, Bs, and Cs that surround it.

I know that school means hard work, studying late and suffering through exams. (I saw a poster the other day in one of the beauty colleges: "As long as there are final exams, there will always be prayer in school.") But all your effort is worthwhile.

Another thing, develop some worthwhile interests or hobbies. That out-of-class skill may be the very quality that will make some employer choose you for the job. During my 21 years in personnel work with Crown Zellerbach Corp., hundreds of applications came across my desk; many interviews took place, and many choices were made. Often one small point determined the decision.

For instance, on one occasion a job was open in the engineering department. We had applications from a dozen college graduates, all meeting basic qualifications. One young man noted that he enjoyed taking pictures and had won several awards. He was hired because it would be helpful to have him photograph the progress of current construction work.

Attitudes as well as education and training are important. In fact, some surveys tell us that 85 percent of job failures are due to unsuitable personal attitudes, such as tardiness and irregularity at work, dishonesty and lack of cooperation.

I heard the other day of a young woman chosen for a job because in addition to other qualities, she had displayed desirable attitudes in the reception room before she went in for the interview. This happens over and over. Attitudes do make a difference and the applicant may never know when he is being keenly observed and evaluated.

So now at the beginning of this school year, I wish everyone, no matter what age, to make the most of our rich educational opportunities.

Library offers many opportunities

Last week I mentioned the varied and valuable educational opportunities offered in Astoria. Now I call your attention to the unique services offered by the Astoria Public Library supplementing and enriching every area of education.

The more I use the library for my own research, the more I am amazed by the research tools I find. As you know from reading this weekly column, my chief delight is in finding details of early, local history. One of my chief sources is the index card file of the local newspaper beginning in 1878 to the present day with some gaps still being worked on. The file directs the researcher to microfilm copies of the complete newspaper. What a treasure trove of information!

Then there are specialized records for those hunting information about their ancestors who were early settlers. The Astoria library is recognized throughout the Northwest as a center of genealogical information. For instance, there is the Clatsop County, Oregon Territory Federal Census for 1850, the seventh such census of the United States. It lists the population of the county as 500 with 19 persons living in Astoria, four of whom were black.

This 1850 census includes the name of every person at the usual place of his abode, adding age, sex, color, occupation of those over 15, value of real estate owned, place of birth, date of marriage and whether deaf, dumb, blind, insane, idiotic, pauper or convict. (What more could anyone wanting information about great-uncle Ezra hope to learn?)

HERE IS AN example of one listing: "Robert Shortess — farmer — age 54 — real estate value, \$20,000 — wife, Ann, age 45, Indian — 4 daughters, ½ Indian."

In 1846 Robert Shortess took a land claim, what is now the Alderbrook area of Astoria. He named Ash, Birch and Cedar streets. Then in 1870, he practically gave the land away, reserving only three acres for himself. A news

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item in an 1892 Astorian tells the story:

"Robert Shortess had borrowed \$600 from an ex-United States senator, James K. Kelly. When the note came due, Shortess was unable to make settlement. After much delay he one day offered to give Colonel Kelly a deed for his property in payment of the long overdue note. The proffer was quickly accepted... Then the owner sold a slice of it for \$13,000 and about two years later sold another piece to Messrs Seeley, Reed and Berry for \$100,000, and still had a large acreage left."

Actually, Robert Shortess was a man of stature in the Astoria of the 1850s. He had been appointed acting subagent at Astoria for Clatsop and Chinook Indians. In their behalf, he tried unsuccessfully to get white traders to limit sale of the liquor contributing to the poverty and exploitation of the Indians.

BECAUSE OF HIS interest in the welfare of the native people, and because his wife was a Clatsop, Shortess claimed ownership of land adjoining his claim where a concentration of Clatsops lived. A 1976 book, "The Chinook Indians," by Ruby and Brown, states, "Robert Shortess 'claimed' two miles along the Columbia and inland one-half mile, including all of Tongue Point, by virtue of the Organic Act of Oregon Provisional Government and hereditary title through his native wife."

The news item quoted earlier

describing the loss of the Shortess property continued with the mention of one of his daughters: "Had Mrs. Salkley's father retained possession of the acres he sold for a song his daughter and her children could be classed among the wealthiest. Through no fault of hers, the deserving lady is reduced to destitution, and the case is casually referred to as illustrating the vicissitudes of life." Robert Shortess died May 3, 1878, so he didn't live to read the 1892 account of his financial woes.

As you can see, research is not simply locating a list of dull statistics; it is putting the pieces

The more I use the library for my own research, the more I am amazed by the research tools I find. What a treasure trove of information!

together to discover how people lived in the days of long ago.

Other sources of information about the pioneer era which the library provides are Astoria City Directories from 1888 to the present and telephone directories dated intermittently since 1941 with a photostat copy of the 1925 issue. The Sanborn Fire Insurance Atlases show exactly where buildings were located, even indicating the woodsheds, stables and chicken houses on the same lots. Also there is a handy guide for translating early street names and numbers to the present name system which was adopted in 1895. Squamoqua Street is now Commercial. Franklin Avenue was first called Wall Street and present Astor Street used to be in the Columbia River.

MUCH HISTORICAL DATA can

be found in high school and university yearbooks, Oregon Historical Quarterlies and Cumtux, the publication of the Clatsop County Historical Society. Then there are fascinating post card and photo collections and clipping files. Once into these, researchers can scarcely tear themselves away.

Two features which make the Astoria library rich in research are the Astoriana collection and the Dorothy Whitney genealogical collection. These two contain books that are rare treasures in their fields, all having some relationship with local history. I have a hard time getting beyond the Fred Lockley three-volume "From The Dalles to the Sea, a History of the Columbia River Valley." Published in 1928, Lockley's book gives the history of people, towns, organizations and industries enlivened with early photos and interviews with prominent persons, including one with Mrs. George Flavel at her home a while before she died in 1922 at age 89.

The Whitney Genealogical Library began as a gift from Dorothy Whitney, for many years librarian at Seaside High School. When her eyesight failed, she wanted her prized volumes to be placed where others would appreciate them and use them. Throughout the 15 years since that time, many donors, including Tau Chapter Delta Kappa Gamma, have made generous gifts to the collection. No researchers can trace family histories, not only in Astoria and Clatsop County, but in many other areas of the nation. Because of the availability of this fine collection the Clatsop County Genealogical Society is flourishing as it undertakes many significant research projects.

Thus by means of these educational tools, we can better understand our present as we learn about the men and women of the past, the makers of American history.

Contributions of the Stones

Astoria's early days are best understood when we look at the lives of the people who have lived here. They are the makers of our history.

One person who had a part in the pattern of the town was Byron Franklin Stone, one of the principal promoters of the great salmon canning industry of the Pacific Coast. In 1909, Stone came from California to systematize and correlate the cannery operations of Samuel Elmore and those of R.D. and George W. Hume.

When Elmore died in an auto accident in California the next year, his widow, Mary Elmore, made Byron Stone manager for Elmore enterprises, one of the most extensive salmon packing and shipping concerns in the world.

In addition to his business responsibilities, Stone was active in community affairs. He served on the Port of Astoria commission from 1916 to 1925. He conducted all the correspondence with Washington, D.C., and made several trips there to bring the naval base to Astoria. He served as director of Astoria National Bank, president of the YMCA and vestryman of Grace Episcopal Church.

His wife, Ella Wells, was the granddaughter of Henry Wells of Wells Fargo fame, predecessor of American Express Co. The local Wells Fargo station stood in the clearing near the first post office. Mrs. Stone, also active in the Episcopal Church, died in 1917.

In 1910 the Stones purchased the large house at 690 17th St. It had been built in fine Victorian style in 1892 for Martin Foard, co-owner of Foard and Stokes Mercantile Co. Byron Stone died in 1934, but family members continued to live in the house until the death of daughter Dorothy Stone Kinney in 1982. She was the widow of William Kinney whose family owned the Clatsop Lumber Co., forerunner of Astoria Plywood Corp. Mrs. Kinney was honored in 1981 for her 40 years of service as organist for Grace Episcopal Church.

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Louise, is the wife of well-known Astoria building contractor Albert Mittet. Daughter Nancy died in 1975.

The Byron Stones had two sons and two daughters, Dorothy Kinney and Louise Seeley, who spent her last years living with her sister in the family home on 17th Street until her death in 1974. Two sons completed the family, Byron Franklin Stone Jr. and Charles Wells Stone, who married Grace Stokes. Her father was Philip Stokes of Foard and Stokes Mercantile Co.

The family home, maintained in almost its original condition, is one of the finest examples of Queen Anne architecture in Astoria. Now listed on the National Register of Historic Places, it is owned and occupied by Melissa Yowell, great-granddaughter of the first owner, Martin Foard. So we pay tribute to the Byron Stone family, the Foards, and the Stokeses for the contributions they made in the development of Astoria.

We remember people throughout the years for their various achievements and for the qualities of their characters and personalities. Many Astorians remember Willie Howe for his cheerfulness, his friendliness and his willingness to help everyone in every way he could.

William W. Howe, Chinese, born in Astoria, never left his hometown in all his 72 years with one big exception. He was married to a Chinese woman, and she died in 1900. Then he continued

World War II. For some time after his return, he worked in the cannery, then he got a job with the U.S. Postal Service.

He walked the delivery route in Uniontown for 20 years. He always had his dog with him and a variety of dogs joined him from street to street, eager for the doggy snacks he carried. Their barking always alerted the neighborhood that the mail was about to arrive, so many folks would go out to meet Willie and chat awhile. To his Chinese friends, he spoke Chinese; to his Finnish friends, he spoke Finnish. When he worked in the cannery, he managed a creditable dialect with his Philippine co-workers. To all others he spoke a swift and happy style of English.

We remember people throughout the years for their various achievements and for the qualities of their characters and personalities. Many Astorians remember Willie Howe for his cheerfulness, his friendliness and his willingness to help everyone in every way he could.

Willie, a bachelor, had many interests — hunting, fishing, cooking. He was an authority on the selection of edible mushrooms and their use in cooking. He was a 1935 graduate of Astoria High School, a member of Veterans of Foreign Wars and American Legion Post 12. The youngest of six boys and three girls, Willie cared for their mother until her death. Then he continued

Denver Street in the block above the Dairy Queen facing Tapiola Park. The house, now vacant, is said to be the first dwelling built on the south slope of Smith's Point. It is now obscured by trees and the extensive garden area is overgrown with vines and brush.

William Howe died of cancer on Sept. 20, 1987, and is buried in Ocean View Cemetery. The cheerfulness he spread made him a special person in Astoria.

A note about the Wells Fargo Co. mentioned earlier in the section about the Byron Stone family:

Astoria was one of the first locations in Oregon to have a Wells Fargo Station. During the 1848-1849 gold rush in California, hundreds of freighting companies sprang up. Quickly they faded or merged, thus giving birth to Wells Fargo in 1849.

Within six months the company was doing business in Oregon, opening the Astoria station in 1850. In 1849 pioneer Adam Van Dusen had established the first general store and insurance office in town. Now he became the first local agent for Wells Fargo, which by 1855 had grown to be the dominating power in the express business on the entire Pacific Coast. The company was famous for its swift and fearless service with wagon drivers carrying Colt pistols to protect their shipments.

The first Wells Fargo station in Astoria was in one of the small buildings clustered around the first post office and Fort Astoria in the vicinity of present 15th and Exchange streets. A news item in The Daily Astorian on Oct. 16, 1879, reported that the Wells Fargo station had moved into the new Van Dusen building.

Adam Van Dusen died in 1884. Later agents were C.J. Trenchard and W.E. Carpenter. Eventually Wells Fargo became American Express Co., operating from quarters at the train station while descendants of Adam Van Dusen are still prominent in Astoria's business and governmental com-

Newspaper honored in music

A few weeks ago, The Daily Astorian noted in its "In One Ear" column that an interesting item had been brought to the attention of the paper's editor, Steve Forrester.

Betty Supple of Yankee Trader Antique Shop on U.S. Highway 101 near Gearhart had appeared at his office with a piece of sheet music composed and published in 1903 by local musician A.W. Utzinger. It was titled "Budget March" and was dedicated to the Astoria Daily Budget.

In noting this happening, the newspaper suggested that anyone knowing anything about the music and the musician get in touch with me. Very shortly after the column appeared, I received a call from Mahdi Abrahamsen (Mrs. George) saying that she remembered Albert W. Utzinger well. She said back in the 1930s he had developed a Seaside Girls Marching Band in which she had played. She remembered him as a fine musician who sometimes composed the music for the special events in which the band participated.

Next I had a letter from Ruth Utzinger Hope of Albany. She helped greatly by explaining that Albert Utzinger, the musician, was not the Albert Utzinger who operated Utzinger's Book and Stationery Store for years. She remembered him as an outstanding music teacher in Seaside where her brother, Bob, went for clarinet lessons. She recalled that he had a daughter, Jennie, who married into the Wheatley family of the Wheatley-Desler Store in Seaside.

On another day I received a

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phone call from Ellen Peterson (Mrs. Ernest A.) of Astoria. She helped by suggesting that I call Wesley Shaner, who was somehow related to the Utzingers. He told me his mother, Edith, was one of the four Smith sisters, along with Jane Wallace, Hilda Sanborn and Lillian Utzinger, wife of the Albert Utzinger of the book and stationery store.

WESLEY SURMISED THAT the Seaside Albert Utzinger may have been an uncle of Wes' uncle-in-law. At any rate, he said all the family would be glad to claim such a fine musician, but he had no idea why the Budget March was dedicated to the Budget.

Then I took myself off to my trusty source, the public library. By using the newspaper index, it didn't take me long to locate the issue of Nov. 21, 1903, which carried this story:

"Albert Utzinger, formerly of this city, now of Seaside, has published a new march for piano which is respectfully dedicated to the Asto-

ria Daily Budget and bears its name. Mr. Utzinger is to be complimented for his superior ability as a composer and the Budget extends its congratulations and bows its acknowledgements for the compliment bestowed upon it. Copies will be on sale in a few days in all the leading music stores."

Naturally, having found that much information about A.W. Utzinger, I was interested to know more. I discovered several items lauding his musicianship. One said a brass band he had developed, the Western American, was famous throughout the state. Another, in announcing a concert, said, "He has long been identified with and has directed many musical affairs in the Northwest."

A news story appearing in May 1932 described in glowing terms the new uniforms Utzinger had ordered for the Seaside Girls Band, which was in much demand throughout the area. The uniforms were first worn when the band played for the formal opening of the Coast Highway at Gold Beach. Coverage of the Regatta on Sept. 1, 1932, gave high praise to the Seaside Girls' Band for their performance in the "Great Regatta Parade."

Then just a month later, the Astoria Evening Budget carried this item, "A.W. Utzinger has stopped all rehearsals with the Seaside Girls' Band until such time as the salary due him is paid. A committee is trying to find a solution to the problem. In former years, the high school district has assisted, but due to retrenching programs, no aid can be expected

from that source." Of course, the year 1932 was getting deeper into the Big Depression, so retrenching was hitting every phase of life.

THE LAST NOTE I found about Utzinger appeared in the Evening Budget of Oct. 16, 1936. "Albert W. Utzinger, 81, known far and wide as director of the Seaside Girls' Band, has died at the Seaside home of his daughter, Mrs. Harry Wheatley. He had been a musician first in Astoria then in Seaside for 33 years. He and his band had gained more than statewide recognition. He leaves his wife, Lena, daughter, Jennie, and son, Albert, of Miami, Florida."

When Mrs. Supple gave a copy of the Budget March to Steve Forrester, he had some additional copies made. Bob Jones of The Daily Astorian staff and president of Kiwanis took a copy to a recent club meeting where club pianist Betty Phillips played it for the enjoyment of the group. He gave me a copy, which I took to my daughter-in-law, Kristina Berney, who played the dashing piece for the entertainment of our family. Doubtless others will be hearing it from time to time.

So now we know something about the composer and the lively music he composed 85 years ago, but we still don't know why he dedicated this particular piece to the Astoria Daily Budget. My guess is that the paper had given him generous and appreciative coverage for his many public performances throughout the years, and the Budget March was his way of saying thank you.

Memories of a Circus, Grandpa

The circus came to Astoria a couple of weeks ago, thanks to the Chamber of Commerce for arrangements and sponsorship. I was out of town, but my son took 6-year-old Steven and his friend, 7-year-old Joshua, to see the show.

It may not have been so grandiose as some circuses of note, but for two little boys, along with a crowd of others on a Sunday afternoon, it furnished three hours of wonderment enhanced by an ample supply of cotton candy.

On the first day after my return, Steven came running in from school, hungry as usual. I, eager to hear his report of the event, asked, "What did you like best about the circus?" To which he between bites of banana replied with a question of his own, "Grandma, will you explain to me how a man can cut a woman in two and she can stand up afterwards and make a bow?"

Once again, proof that children ask questions that adults can't answer! So I asked him to describe the performance and did the showman give an explanation. "Oh, yes," said Steven. "He said his stunts were illusions. Daddy said that meant tricks of the eyes, but my eyes were seeing all right. Then the man said we shouldn't try any of his tricks at home."

I NEXT TRIED a different approach. "What," I asked, "made you and Joshua laugh the most?" To that question I received a torrent of descriptions of the antics of five little dogs. Dressed like small people, they raced, they jumped, they rolled over and slipped down slides. Steven concluded with, "Josh and I laughed so hard we almost rolled off our seats."

That statement propelled my memory back to the day of my first circus. Only it was a dog-and-pony tent show set up on a Saturday afternoon in the little farming town of Westphalia, Kansas. My mother's parents had retired from the farm where my parents continued to live. Grandpa phoned that



he would drive the three miles out from town to take me to the show.

I was 4 that summer, and I still remember that day as one of the happy times of my life. It must have been the first time I had gone anywhere without at least one of my parents. I nearly burst with pride when Grandpa arrived in his surrey (it really did have fringe on top) driving his high-stepping team of strawberry roan carriage horses named Lark and Bird. His rig was the Thunderbird of the carriage trade in the year 1908. I felt completely adult as I was lifted into the seat beside him, waving goodbye to my mother who had to stay home with my new baby brother.

I still felt very grown-up when my grandmother seated me at the table next to my grandfather so we could have our noon meal before we went to the show. She passed me food like I was real company, and I could choose what I wanted instead of having it placed on my plate. But I was too excited to eat much, for I could hardly wait to see what a dog-and-pony show was like.

THE SHOW TOOK place inside a small tent lined with wooden bleachers set up on a grassy lot in Westphalia. The grass was dry and dusty, and sawdust had been spread over the center area. Grandpa started to lead me to one of the top

rows of bleachers, but I was so eager to see everything that I sat down on the second row. However after the show started, the dust from the pony acts was stifling, so he carried me to the top row. But the heat so close to the tent top was unbearable, so we finally settled on a middle row.

I was scarcely aware of our changes in seating, though, for the ponies were doing such exciting things. With tall crowns of red and purple plumes, they marched to the beat of drums; they danced; they walked on their hind legs; they even chased the clown who looked funny in his spotted suit and tall hat.

I remember that day because of my delight in the show, but as I recall the event thoughtfully, I think I remember it chiefly because of Grandpa. Being with him gave me a feeling of warmth and security.

But when a bevy of little dogs came racing in decorated with ribbons and ruffles, my delight was complete. The dogs did somersaults; they leaped on the ponies' backs; and as a finale, they ran around the ring pushing little carriages with baby dolls in them. Grandpa later reported to my parents, "Vera laughed so hard that I had to hold her to keep her from falling off the seat." He also reported that I slept all the way home.

I remember that day because of my delight in the show, but as I recall the event thoughtfully, I think I remember it chiefly because of Grandpa. Being with him gave me a feeling of warmth and security. Of course, I had his undivided atten-

tion. He made me feel like I was his companion.

I STILL SENSE the pride I had when he let me hold the lines to drive the horses as we rode into town. He drew me close while he put his arm around me and placed his strong hands over mine as I held the reins so we took no chances.

During the show, I had the feeling that Grandpa and I were having fun together. When he saw something funny, he would laugh as heartily as I and slap his hand on his knee and say delightedly, "Well, I declare," or "Well, what d'you know!" He probably was laughing at me as much as at the show, for I was a pudgy little girl with a round face and long, tight braids, and I'm sure he was entertained by my happiness.

My family moved away from Kansas the next March, for my parents were lured to Montana by the opening of free homestead land. But even as we lived on those remote, bleak prairies, Grandpa and Grandma came to visit us every other summer. How I looked forward to those summers! Grandpa took walks with me over the stony hills to look for agates. With his dry sense of humor, he made our mealtimes happy times as he told stories about my mother's childhood and poked fun at dear, patient Grandma. Sometimes neither woman thought his stories very amusing, but I always did. I remember laughing more during those visits than I did all the rest of the year.

Grandpa died when I was 14. He is buried in the little Westphalia cemetery. I searched out the family plot when I made a pilgrimage to Kansas in 1976. I found the granite stone marked "William Ford Corney, 1850-1919." I stood there a long time remembering that long-ago dog-and-pony show and the walks and talks he and I had together, and I said a silent "Thank you, Grandpa, for making me feel so special."

Old jail has a colorful history

When a tour of historic places in Astoria took place during Regatta time, one of the most interesting buildings was the old county jail standing next to the courthouse. One of the most interesting visitors was Bob Kearney, son of Paul Kearney, Clatsop County sheriff from 1932 till 1969.

Bob said he as known as "the sheriff's kid," for he grew up helping his father around the jail. Bob and his wife, Virginia, visited Warrenton and Astoria this summer and I had a delightful chat with them over coffee one morning.

Bob Kearney said that law enforcement seemed to run in their family. His grandfather, James Kearney, served as Astoria's chief of police from 1912 till 1915. His father, Paul Kearney, started his career as chief criminal deputy when Sheriff Jack Burns followed Sheriff Harley Slusher. When Kearney was elected sheriff in 1932, he continued in office for 27 years, scarcely ever having an opponent on the ballot. In 1957 he received appointment as United States marshal.

During the years that Paul Kearney was sheriff, he and a deputy, in addition to their other duties, ran the jail, which was often referred to as Kearney's hotel.

Myron Jones served as deputy from 1936 till 1945. He had been working as state trooper for \$150 per month, so he was glad to take the new job at \$175. Later he was succeeded as deputy by George Malberg and Roy Smart.

During those years, the sheriff and his deputy looked after the inmates who usually numbered from five to 22 at any one time. The occasional women prisoners were lodged in rooms upstairs. The sheriff made arrests, served civil papers and looked after other details of county business during the day and took calls at his home during the night.

BOB KEARNEY REMEMBERS that his father made many night calls when folks needed help in case of sudden illnesses or accidents. He recalls one time when a woman out Olney way called to ask him to come and put her cows back in the pasture. He went immediately for he didn't want them straying onto the county road.

Myron Jones, now retired, recalls that his chief duties were to take care of the paperwork. He was responsible for all files, including the photographic work and the

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fingerprinting. Garnet Green, district attorney during those years, taught him not only how to take fingerprints, but also how to interpret them. Jones also shopped weekly for groceries. The county budgeted for inmates' food at the rate of 50 cents per day per person. Jones rotated the purchases among local stores a month at a time. Cooking was done by a prisoner, someone usually chosen by the other inmates. Some were excellent cooks, probably having worked in restaurants.

The men were served two meals a day, mush or pancakes in the morning, and meat or fish, potatoes and salad at night. Food taken to women upstairs was handed to them through the bars. Kearney said his mother often baked pies for holidays and sent them in as a special treat. All cooking was done on a big wood range until after World War II when an electric range was installed. Inmates were largely transients and repeaters. Some of them liked coming back to jail. They said the Astoria lockup served the best meals in the country.

Kearney said his father's jail was a relatively happy place to be. Some prisoners had to be locked up all the time, but trusties did outside work. They took care of courthouse grounds and the lawn at Flavel House, which belongs to the county. They sawed and stacked cord after cord of wood for storage in the

courthouse basement for the buildings were heated by wood furnaces connected to steam radiators.

IF BOTH OFFICERS were called away on an emergency, they locked the jail and left. Trusties after finishing their work would wait outside until they could be locked up again. Jones says in all those years, only two ever walked away. Prisoners pretty much enforced the rules themselves, for if any misbehaved, all lost their radio and coffee pot privileges.

When prisoners sentenced to the state penitentiary had to be delivered to Salem, naturally one officer had to make the trip and the other stay with the jail. When Sheriff Kearney made the trip, he tried to time it so son Bob could ride with him as guard, then on the way back, he'd drop him off in Portland where he attended University of Portland. Bob said the fellows were usually well-behaved when they traveled.



The old county jail was in use until 1976.

Some even enjoyed it and upon arrival, nearly always thanked his father for the trip. One man they delivered became editor of the prison paper and made money writing jokes for the Saturday Evening Post.

Various communities in Clatsop County had their own special deputies who worked closely with the two county officers. They also helped with Election Day chores. Bob said they were glad when they had to deliver and collect ballot boxes for they could always stop at camps out around Jewell and Vernonia and have big meals with

the loggers.

The old jail building in use from 1914 till 1976 is now one of Clatsop County's historic treasures. Built by local contractors Palmberg and Mattson, its 62 years of service make it the longest operating free-standing jailhouse in Oregon. In 1976 it was declared by the state of Oregon to be inadequate for the housing of prisoners. Since the new jail opened in 1979, the old building has been used for storage. Built in classical style, the structure measures 35 x 51 feet with cells 6 x 7 feet and 7 feet high. In the basement are stored old stills brought in from the woods and confiscated slot machines.

PEOPLE ARE THE most interesting part of any story. Grandfather James Kearney, after serving as police chief, became county roadmaster. He supervised the building of the Seaside-Cannon Beach road in 1919. He and his wife, Josephine Lelinenweber, had three children: Theresa became head of the Normal Training School at Marylhurst College; Paul, as our story has told, became sheriff; Vincent, staff member of Standard Oil for 43 years, lives with his wife, Sylvia, in the fine Victorian house at 3429 Harrison which has served as the family home for four generations.

Sheriff Paul Kearney was a notable athlete at Astoria High School, served in World War I, and married Martha Wilson, whose father owned Wilson Shipyards. They lived on the northeast corner of Eighth and Kensington, where their two children grew up. Sue Harkins now lives in California. Son Bob, who furnished many of these details, worked for years as regional sales manager for Bumble Bee Seafoods and Castle & Cooke, traveling the United States promoting products originating in Astoria. He and his wife, Virginia, now live in Florida, spending summers in Astoria.

Myron Jones, after serving nine years as deputy sheriff, became county commissioner for eight years, then head of county juvenile services for 13 years. He and his wife, Nellie, live near Smith Lake.

Charles Palmberg, contractor who built the old jail, constructed many other Astoria buildings, also grading and paving many county roads, including the Youngs River Loop Road. His sons, William, Herbert and Walter (Wally) Palmberg, live in the local area.

Astoria has a stormy history

Astorians still refer to the Oct. 14 storm 86 years ago as "the big one." Even though the main track of the Columbus Day disaster roared through the Willamette Valley, Astoria and all of Clatsop County suffered damage that took weeks to clean up.

Actually the first alarming winds started to come in on Oct. 12, 1962. High gales halted shipping, tore out Buoy 4 and blew the Columbia Lightship two miles off its charted station. For the next three days, one storm after another slammed the coastline all the way from Tatoosh to Cape Blanco. Then the peak came on the 14th when the Coast Guard reported its wind indicator clocked winds at more than 120 miles per hour.

Their force ripped out a wall of the main hangar at the airport, damaging planes, boats and other equipment stored there. Trees by the hundreds were downed throughout the county and 650 phones were knocked out. Broken windows and signs littered streets throughout the county. Officials estimated losses at more than \$500,000.

Astoria, sitting near the mouth of the Columbia, has throughout the years borne the fury of many storms funneled in from the sea. A quick scanning of early newspapers discloses that in December 1887 high winds and heavy rains wrecked many cannery buildings and set boats and log rafts adrift. In January 1916, 80-mph winds closed the bar.

IN JANUARY 1930, traffic on land and river was impeded by an ice storm that old-timers still talk about. The Columbia was frozen over at The Dalles, and ice floes stopped ferry crossings all the way to Astoria. River traffic was paralyzed. Blocks of ice piled up 6 and 7 feet high along the river banks so no landings could be made. Ice beyond Wauna made the channel impassable to wooden ships.

Steel ships took 15 hours to weave their way among the ice floes to get to Portland, while east winds were

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tearing down the river at 70 miles per hour. The Lewis and Clark River was frozen over at several points and Youngs River Falls was a motionless, crystalline mass. Temperatures remained in the teens for five nights in a row.

Then came the dreaded freezing rain and silver thaw. Breaking limbs and snapping wires resounded like giant firecrackers throughout that frozen world. Linemen risking their lives to make repairs were able to drive only a few feet before ice returned to their windshields, so they attached candles to their dashboards in an effort to keep a small space cleared.

Damaging as were all these storms, none, according to news reports, was so violent as the one in January 1971. Many of us recall that one. Schools had closed on Tuesday, Jan. 12, because of heavy snowfall, freezing temperatures and power outages. Then the winds came. First were gusts up to 80 miles per hour, then a steady blow of 90 mph at the mouth of the river. Temperatures warmed as the week went on, melting 2 feet of snowpack.

THEN THE RAINS fell — 4.8 inches in 24 hours. Five houses in the area of Irving Avenue and 27th Street began to slide and had to be vacated. I was teaching at Clatsop Community College at the time. I remember a mid-afternoon call came for men with boots to volunteer to come to help remove

furnishings, and they ran out to work in rivers of mud. Two of the houses were demolished. Three finally settled at the foot of the hill where they were repaired and are now in use.

Billboards and windows were broken all over town. Gray School suffered window and roof damage. Around the middle school 52 trees were blown down. The collapse of a large storage building at the East End Mooring Basin damaged thousands of dollars worth of crab pots and fishing gear. Two mink ranchers reported buildings blown down and mink killed. Highways were closed or limited to one-way traffic because of fallen trees. Clatsop Sheriff Carl Bondietti said the storm had done more damage than the Columbus Day storm and estimated losses at more than \$1 million.

'One fishing boat, however, was unaffected by the gale. It sailed serenely through the wreckage of the fishing fleet and past the astonished fishermen floating in the treacherous waters or clinging to their capsized boats.'

—Author Mike Helm, in 'Oregon Ghosts and Monsters'

We haven't had such severe storms in our recent dry years, but weather will always be a subject of concern and mystery. Oregon author Mike Helm even adds an element of mystery. In his book,

"Oregon Ghosts and Monsters," he has a chapter, "Ghost Ship on the Columbia Bar." In it he describes a storm that was argued about for years. It came in on May 4, 1880. In spite of threatening weather, fishermen in sailing gillnet boats were crowding the mouth of the Columbia River, daring to stay out overlong.

THE AUTHOR TELLS the story: "The storm came quickly, a howling gale out of the southwest that turned the bar into a mass of breakers. The frail fishing boats were tossed about like toys and fishermen were heaved like dolls into the raging surf. Some men drowned when they became entangled in their own nets. Some just vanished, but others managed to cling to the overturned boats until they were rescued or drifted to shore hours later."

Naturally the entire community was caught up in rampant reports of the storm, which was called "the worst tragedy ever known on the river." One report said that 200 fishermen lost their lives. The next day's Oregonian estimated "that not less than 25 lives have been lost and probably 10 to 15 boats and nets." The Daily Astorian of May 8, 1880, said, "from the best sources that we have been able to obtain information, the losses of life on this bay by the late storm foots up to 19 men."

Author Helm concludes the account with this note of mystery: "One fishing boat, however, was unaffected by the gale. It sailed serenely through the wreckage of the fishing fleet and past the astonished fishermen floating in the treacherous waters or clinging to their capsized boats. Though seen by several survivors of the storm, it was recognized by none. The ghost boat of the Columbia Bar was never seen again."

And that, folks, is a brief review of Astoria's stormy past and a small nod to Halloween.

Local Methodists have long history

When Astoria Methodists met for their loyalty dinner Sunday evening at their church at 11th and Franklin streets, they listened to talks on the history of the church and learned that they were continuing an observance that started 35 years ago during the ministry of the Rev. Orval Whitman.

But Methodist history in Astoria goes back much farther than that, for it was 148 years ago that the Rev. John Frost held the first Methodist service in the tiny settlement called Fort George.

The Rev. Jason Lee and 51 Methodist mission workers had set up headquarters near Salem. From there they fanned out over the Northwest to evangelize the Indians. Rev. Frost was assigned to Astoria. His records report that he and his wife and small son, Emory, with some crew members came down the river on a Saturday in August 1840 to spend some weeks with James Birney, factor at the fur trading post. Frost observed that the factor's home was a comfortable log house 20 by 60 feet, and that nearby he had a fine patch of potatoes.

In describing one Sunday's church service, Frost said, "We sang 'Oh God, Our Help in ages Past' and I read a portion of the Twenty-seventh Psalm, later using Job 21.15 as my text." His congregation consisted of Agent Birney, his Indian wife, Charlotte, their two daughters and two unidentified young men. Some Indians, wary of the white man's "magic," peered through the windows.

DURING THE NEXT few years, circuit riders traveled both sides of the river, teaching and preaching. By 1850, the population in Astoria (the official name after boundary settlements) had risen to 250 white settlers. The Methodists among them deemed the time had come to organize a congregation. James Welch, whose house was on the corner of 15th and Franklin, site of the present Flavel home, offered to give a lot for the church near his house (now the northwest corner of 15th and Franklin). Within three months, Astoria's first church building was completed.

In September 1853, the congregation moved into the 26 x 40-foot structure which faced east on 15th Street and had a stable on the north for shelter of horses during services. The total cost of \$1,600 was entirely paid for. The next year Astoria organized its first public school. Classes met in the church

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with the pastor as teacher until 1859. Parents paid whatever they could; the suggested payment was \$7 per child per quarter. The church was used for social and civic gatherings and by itinerant preachers of other denominations.

THE BUILDING CONTINUED to be used until 1889 when records show that the Methodists joined with the Congregationalists in their new building, also used as a court room, on the corner of 10th and Exchange streets, where The Daily Astorian building stands now. This arrangement lasted for 10 years when the Methodists began plans for a building of their own. They sold their former location to attorney John Robb, of the law firm of Robb and Fulton, for \$500 and a building lot on 11th and Duane streets (site of Safeway's west parking lot).

The Robbs were prominent in town, faithful workers in the church, and he was a successful lawyer. On one occasion when he won a hard-fought case, the loser walked into Robb's office at 10th and Bond streets and shot him dead. The trial was held in the church and the murderer was convicted as he stood at the altar rail where Robb and other worshippers had often received communion. This tragedy delayed the building of the Methodists' new church for more than a year.

The new church was finally finished and dedicated in 1881. It was 34 x 80 feet, had a steep roof, stained glass windows and a belfrey with a bell that could be heard all over town.

LIKE ALL OF downtown Astoria, the church was built on pilings. The mudflats were bare at low tide. At high tide, the water under the church was often 6 or 7 feet deep and extinguished the fire in the hot-air furnace under the sanctuary. Sunday school children were

known to take fishing poles to class and fish from the church windows. Two prominent members of the Duane Street church were Mr. and Mrs. C.G. Pauling, parents of Jean McNeeley (Mrs. Evert). Mrs. Pauling sometimes told how the church would sway when bumper logs hit the support pilings. Other influential members were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Elmore and Mrs. and Mrs. P.J. Brix. In this church in 1892 the first Astoria high school commencement was held with three members.

In 1888, the Rev. George Grannis became pastor. He was a man of boundless energy who had been a prize fighter in the east. On one occasion, the board determined that the roof must be reshingled. All the men who had volunteered for a certain day went fishing instead, so Grannis did the job himself. Some time later he was almost shanghaied. Two runners grabbed him as he backed down the belfrey ladder after ringing the bell for evening prayer meeting. He gave them more than they had bargained for and the next day one was seen in town with a swollen face and minus his front teeth.

On one occasion when he won a hard-fought case, the loser walked into Robb's office at 10th and Bond streets and shot him dead. The trial was held in the church and the murderer was convicted as he stood at the altar rail where Robb and other worshippers had often received communion.

BY 1912 THERE was talk of the need for a new building. The board voted to buy two lots on the corner of 11th and Franklin, site of the present church, two blocks up the street. The old building then was sold to the Acme Grocery Store. It was later destroyed in the fire of 1922.

The construction of the new building began in 1916 with the members mentioned earlier among the chief workers and supporters.

Mrs. Elmore paid as much as a fourth of the cost and then gave the pipe organ and altar furnishings in memory of her husband, who had died in 1910 in an auto-train collision. When the church was dedicated free from debt on March 25, 1917, the Astoria Evening Budget pronounced it "by far the most handsome and imposing structure of its kind in the city." When the congregation was ready for its first meeting in the new edifice, they gathered for a final hymn-sing in the old church then marched up the hill to the new church, singing as they went. Walking in that procession was a little Sunday school girl, now Ruth Maki, who is the only member of the present church who once attended the old Duane Street church.

DURING SUNDAY EVENING'S dinner meeting, many members recalled events of earlier years. At least a dozen couples present had been married in the church. Others have sung in the choir for years. A story told about Chuck Paetow, retired chief of police (who was unable to attend the dinner because of illness), has long been a part of church lore.

Chuck became janitor of the church at age 12. Since he had to start fires for choir practice and church, he was drafted into the choir where he has continued to sing for all these years. Along in the early '30s, Hughes-Ransom Mortuary kept a collection of about 20 canaries which they lent to the church during Easter week. When the people sang, so did the canaries. Once Paetow discovered that by whistling when he left the service to stoke the furnace he could get the canaries to sing during the sermon, much to the discomfort of the adults and the delight of the children. But one day while doing his weekly dusting, Chuck started to whistle and so did the canaries. Then Pastor Edwards came storming out of his office shouting, "Now I know who starts up those noisy birds."

Nineteen pastors have served the Methodist congregation since the present church was built 71 years ago. Rev. Orval Whitman had the longest pastorate, 1953-69. The present pastor is the Rev. Sue Owen-Bofferding, the first woman to serve as a full-time, ordained pastor at the church. In all, 46 ministers have headed the local church since the Rev. Frost held the first service in the fur trading post 148 years ago.

Care center a unique facility

Everybody is invited to a party this Sunday afternoon at the Clatsop Care and Rehabilitation Center at 16th and Franklin streets. The center is starting its 10th year of operation and the \$550,000 mortgage is paid, both good reasons for celebration.

The chief feature of the day will be the burning of the mortgage followed by tours of the facility for those who wish them. Members of the dietary staff will prepare and serve refreshments. The board of directors will preside over the festivities. Directors are Marjorie Larson, Sister Patricia McCann, Dorothy Miles, Edwin Niska and the Rev. John Goodenberger. Administrator Kenneth Taylor will be on hand as host, as will longtime staff members Vivian Graves and Marian Dodge. Patricia Barber serves as activities director and Kathleen Leonardo as director of nursing.

The care center is a unique institution in a unique location. The very ground it stands on has a history. Old diaries say that when Astor's fur traders built Fort Astoria in the summer of 1811, they cleared several acres of surrounding forest land and planted potatoes. So the lot where the center stands may have been first a potato patch, or it may have been the location of one of the fort's fur storage shacks.

At any rate, an 1874 photo appearing in a 1982 issue of *Cumtux* portrays a splendid Victorian house at the corner of 16th and Franklin and identifies it as the home of the Adam Van Dusen family. Local architect Ebba Brown recalls that a

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large old house was removed from the plot to start the construction of the Columbia Hospital in 1924. Thus that parcel of ground took another step into history.

In 1919 the Astoria Finnish Brotherhood initiated a plan to build a hospital on the site. By 1921 Astoria architect John A. Wicks, Ebba Brown's father, was commissioned to proceed with plans, which were halted by the fire of 1922. Four years later the Columbia Conference of the Augustana Lutheran Church took over the project, and the new Columbia Hospital opened Aug. 1, 1927. For nearly 50 years it was rated as one of the best small hospitals in Oregon. Now remodeled to serve the care center, the structure still retains such superior materials and workmanship that today's builders say it could not be duplicated.

Many people have fond memories of the old hospital, babies born there, loved ones cared for there, always with skill and compassion. Old timers recall early doctors such as Eldred and Clara Waffle, Frank and Vernon Fowler, Arthur Van

Dusen, E. J. Hall, Jon Straumfjord, Lawrence Lovell and Hartford, Forstrom and Pilkington.

Nurses are fondly remembered too. Gertrude Johnson, now retired, came west from Iowa in 1936 because she wanted to see the country. She was general duty and surgical nurse at Columbia Hospital for 36 years, interrupted by service in World War II. When she first arrived, she and other nurses were paid \$55 per month, room and board and the laundering of their starched white uniforms. Work shifts were 12 hours each with the nurses trying to give one another a rest break sometime during the shift. These were "the good old days."

In March 1978, Clatsop County voters, excluding residents of the Union Health District, overwhelmingly approved creation of the Clatsop Health Care District. In June voters approved a \$550,000 bond sale for the purchase and remodeling of the old building. It is the final redemption of these bonds which is being celebrated this Sunday.

With legal hurdles overcome, the new district was ready for its first board of directors, Dr. Frank Rafferty, Marjorie Leback, Elmer Piukkula, Melvin Jasmin and Louis Wasber. Then the remodeling began with project architect Ernest Brown and contractor Al Mittet in charge. The undertaking had a special meaning for the Browns, for it was Ebba's father, John Wicks, who had planned the original building almost 60 years earlier. Now the remodeled building was ready for use. During the first week of

October 1979, four residents were settled into the fourth-floor apartments. The first patient for the skilled nursing section, Thomas Young, was admitted on Oct. 11.

The whole community felt pride in the establishment of this much-needed health care facility. The Washers were honored as recipients of the National AARP Community Achievement Award. E.M. "Rosebud" Marriott, president of the local chapter, made the presentation "In recognition of your significant and valued service as volunteers dedicated to the needs of senior citizens." Ceremonies of open house and dedication were held on Saturday, Jan. 26, 1980, with state Rep. Ted Bugas as speaker.

Clatsop Care and Rehabilitation Center is unique, the only nursing home in Clatsop County offering skilled nursing care 24 hours a day. Patients requiring different levels of care are established on its three floors. Vacancies are rare. Attesting to its competence, the facility has qualified as a training center for nursing students from the Tongue Point Job Corps Center and Clatsop Community College.

Volunteers are an important part of the center's operation. Two of the most diligent are John Piukkula, treasurer for most of the 10 years of operation, and Thelma Clark, who has served for about the same length of time. Many groups sponsor special projects and churches take turns providing religious services and holiday events.

So it is in recognition of this community achievement that we can all go to the party at the center on Sunday afternoon from 2 to 4.

Astoria and its laws have grown

All the recent election activity set me to thinking about the government history of Astoria. My interest was whetted by two recent items in the Northwest Magazine supplement to The Sunday Oregonian.

In the July 10 issue, Tim Sills in his "Best Bets" section gave an inviting description of things to do and see in Astoria. He started by saying, "Astoria is the oldest incorporated town in the West."

In the Sept. 18 issue of the Northwest Magazine, a reader rebutted Sills' statement. In the Letters section, Jay Ellis Ransom of The Dalles wrote, "Astoria was not incorporated until 1865 — very late in its history . . . The Dalles was incorporated in 1857, well before Astoria was."

Naturally, two such conflicting declarations aroused my curiosity. In doing some local research, I found, "Municipal organization was effected in Astoria in 1856 with a Board consisting of James Welch, W. W. Parker, James Taylor, Conrad Boelling, and Dr. J. L. Trenchard as President."

Wanting more substantiation, I wrote to the Archives Division of the Office of Secretary of State in Salem. I received a prompt reply from Tom Backer, reference archivist: "I am enclosing a copy of the earliest charter for Astoria, dated January 17-18, 1856, extracted from the Oregon Special Laws 1855-56. The manuscript of this Act is filed in our Provisional and Territorial Government records under document No. 7215."

The new charter stated, "The government of said town shall be vested in a Board of Trustees . . .

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who shall assemble ten days after their election and choose a presiding officer from their number as president of the Board." Thus Astoria became incorporated on Jan. 18, 1856.

It's interesting to visualize the boundaries established by that first charter "all as laid down in Shively's plat of Astoria." The starting point was the north end of Broadway Street (present 24th Street at the Astoria Plywood Mill.) Then south on Salmon Street (still 24th) to Berry Street (now Jerome); from there a "straight line to the west to the southwest corner of McClure's Astoria" (now 12-13th Street), then back down to the river. Thus the first corporate limits mostly included the Fort Astoria clearing.

Now that we know the boundaries, we can take a look at some of the laws our pioneer forefathers enacted for us.

The charter provided that city officials be elected in the first Tuesday in April each year. "No election shall be held in a grocery or any other place where intoxicating liquors are vended." It also set

election hours. "The polls shall be opened at nine o'clock A.M. and kept open until six o'clock P.M."

The trustees were empowered "to levy and collect taxes, not to exceed one mill per cent, per annum" upon all taxable property and to "license, tax and regulate auctioneers, taverns, hawkers, peddlers, brokers, pawn-brokers and money changers."

The board also had the power "to license, tax, restrain, suppress, and prohibit theatrical exhibitions and other amusements, tippling-houses, gambling houses, billiard tables, bowling alleys," and to "suppress houses of ill-fame and bawdy-houses."

(I)n 1896 an ordinance was enacted to 'prevent women from loitering in barrooms, drinking shops, or gambling rooms.' Another forbade 'horses, mules, hogs, sheep, goats or any male of the cow kind' to run at large.

Officials were also empowered to "regulate the storage of gun powder, tar, pitch, rosin and all other combustible materials, and the use of lamps, candles and other lights in stores, shops, stables and

other places; to prevent, remove and secure any fire-place, stove, chimney, oven or boiler or other apparatus which may be dangerous in causing fires, and to provide for the prevention and extinguishment of fires."

Other sections of the charter dealt with road improvement, payment of city expenses and penalties for breaking the law: "But no fine to exceed one hundred dollars shall be imposed, and no offender shall be imprisoned for a longer term than ten days for any breach of the town ordinances."

As the town grew, so did the number of laws. The first charter was a document of 11 pages. The Astoria Library provided me with a copy of the 1896 charter. In 40 years, the book of law had grown to 381 pages. Several pages dealt with the building and maintenance of plank streets and gutters. "Any person having control of any lot where sidewalks have been obstructed by slides shall remove the same within 24 hours."

Also in 1896 an ordinance was enacted to "prevent women from loitering in barrooms, drinking shops, or gambling rooms." Another forbade "horses, mules, hogs, sheep, goats or any male of the cow kind" to run at large. Horses could not be driven on the street "faster than four miles per hour."

Of course, through the years many ordinances have been discarded, and many others have been added to take care of the changing times. To paraphrase Solomon's pronouncement 3,000 years ago, of the making of many laws there is no end.

The man who found the river

In 1892 Oregonians observed the passage of a hundred years since the discovery of the Columbia River by Capt. Robert Gray. They called their celebration the Centennial. Now another 100 years will soon have come around, and in 1992 a bicentennial celebration is due.

J.W. Forrester in his recent column in The Daily Astorian reminds us that the planning time for this historic observance is none too long, considering the significance of Gray's discovery. Forrester is one of four persons on the governor's commission to chart a statewide program. He is also chairman of the committee formed by the Columbia River Maritime Museum to plan that body's observance of this 1992 bicentennial.

Since we shall be reading frequent references to plans for the big event being formulated by the states of Oregon and Washington, a review of Capt. Gray's life and accomplishments seems in order.

Robert Gray was born in Rhode Island on May 10, 1755. Like many young men on the Atlantic coast, he early took to the sea. In 1788 at age 33, Capt. Gray was in command of the trade ship Lady Washington out from Boston along with the trade ship Columbia. During his trip along the Pacific Northwest coast in August 1788, he saw what he thought was the mouth of a large river. As this river was not on his charts, he decided to run in and take a look at it. The Lady Washington grounded. He worked it off the sandbar and sent a small boat ashore.

Fred Lockley, in his history "Columbia River Valley," reports that the crew of the small boat was attacked by Indians, who killed one sailor and wounded the mate. Gray

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then decided to make no further investigation of the uncharted river and sailed north to Nootka Sound, trading as he went. When Gray completed his mission, he sailed on around the world, returning to Boston in 1790.

In 1792, Capt. Gray was again trading on the west coast. This time he was in command of the ship Columbia. On May 11, Gray wrote in his log: "Saw the entrance of our desired port. Bore away and ran in east northeast between the breakers, having from five to seven fathoms of water. When we were over the bar, we found this to be a large river of fresh water, up which we stood . . . The north side of the river is a half mile distant from the ship, the south side two and a half miles. A village is west by north three-fourths of a mile. Vast numbers of natives alongside."

Obviously, Capt. Gray had sailed his ship into the north channel of the Columbia. His log entry of May 14 reads, "Sailed upwards of 13-15 miles when the channel was so narrow it was impossible to keep it." They had sailed as far as Gray's Bay west of Altoona, Wash., approximately opposite Tongue

Point.

Capt. Gray reported that the Indians brought large numbers of salmon which they traded at the rate of two salmon for one nail and one beaver skin for two spikes. In all, Gray secured 150 sea otter skins, 300 beaver skins and between 600 and 700 skins of other animals. On May 20, he sailed out over the bar and headed north for more trading, unaware that by discovering the great river, he had changed the map of North America and had provided the United States with a vital means of expansion and claim.

He had discovered the Columbia River which with its length of 1,200 miles is one of the great rivers of the world. He planted the American flag in at least two locations. . . . He thus provided one of the chief claims that helped secure the Oregon Country for the United States.

Sam McKinney, in his book "Reach of Tide, Ring of History," makes this comment: "Robert Gray was an American free trader. Under his command, the ship Columbia Rediviva was the first American ship to make a round-the-world voyage. It was a practical Yankee desire for trade and profit . . . that prompted him

to hazard the crossing of the shallow bar of an unknown inlet on the morning of 11 May 1792. The tide was just right, the wind was in the right quarter and the sea was calm." Thus the Columbia River entered history.

When Capt. Gray had completed his trading along the west coast, he sailed for Canton where he traded furs for tea and returned to Boston. He was married there in 1794 and died in 1806 while on a coasting vessel off Charleston, S.C. In 1846, 40 years later, Congress passed an act giving his widow, Martha, a pension of \$500 per year for the service her husband had rendered to the nation.

He had discovered the Columbia River which with its length of 1,200 miles is one of the great rivers of the world. He planted the American flag in at least two locations, at the mouth of the Columbia when he named the river for his intrepid little ship, and at Grays Harbor which bears his name. He thus provided one of the chief claims that helped secure the Oregon Country for the United States.

When I wondered if the Columbia River Maritime Museum had any artifacts from Gray's exploration here, Curator Larry Gilmore guided me to a Gray display which features four watercolors of the ship Columbia. The artist was George Davidson, crew member on the Columbia. The paintings are on loan by a descendant of Benjamin Popkina, ship's armorer.

So now for the next four years plans will be developed to give recognition to one of the great discoveries of our nation and to Capt. Robert Gray, the Yankee sea trader whose curiosity, persistence and seamanship led to that discovery.

Musical club continues tradition

One of the first musical events of the holiday season is being offered Sunday afternoon by the most historical musical organization in town. The Friday Musical Club, which began in 1907, will present "A Program for the Advent of Christmas" at 3 p.m. at the Performing Arts Center.

Often specialized groups are started to serve persons who have special interests; then as members move on, the club fades away. Not so with the Friday Musical Club. For more than 80 years, it has sustained and enriched the cultural atmosphere of Astoria.

The Friday Musical Club began informally soon after the turn of the century when four young ladies met each Saturday afternoon to listen to one another play and sing. Soon others wanted to be included. The two daughters of Samuel Elmore of Elmore cannery fame suggested that a club be formed. The meeting place was the Elmore mansion, now Elmore Apartments, on the corner of 14th and Grand. The purpose they adopted was to promote the study and enjoyment of music. That was what the young ladies proceeded to do; that is what the club has continued to do for all these years.

The group holds its membership at no more than 20 members, each of whom has a musical talent she is willing to share. They meet on the first Friday of each month with members presenting the program. During the year they offer at least one public concert, the one this Sunday fulfilling that goal. Another will be presented in May as a Tuesday noon concert at the Performing Arts Center. In addition, the club throughout the years has provided musical scholarships and made gifts to the public library and the historical society.

Minutes of the club go back as far



as 1912. Among the members at that time were Mrs. Frank Spittle, Mrs. H. M. Flavel, and Mrs. A. A. Finch. The concert program of 1915 was the first to list the group as the Friday Musical Club. Some later members were Mrs. J. H. Shaner, mother of Astorian Wesley Shaner, and Mrs. Charles Houston, who lived in the house which is now my home.

THE 1920S WERE the glory years for the Friday Musical Club. Those were the days before present community concerts. The ladies of the club felt the need to bring more artistry to the community so they undertook to sponsor concerts by well-known artists, a mammoth undertaking for a group of 20 busy women. Each year they canvassed the town to sell at least 500 tickets at \$5 each to pay for an annual series of four performances. Each time Astorians filled the high school auditorium (now the Clatsop Community College) with eagerness and delight. These events were actually the forerunners of our present community concerts. Presidents during that decade were Mrs. E. D. Appleton, Dr. Clara Waffle, Mrs. Clark Reed and Mrs. J. S. Dell-

inger.

The ladies highlighted each series by the appearance of at least one well-known artist, some internationally famous. They brought in Metropolitan Opera stars Anna Case, Paul Althouse, Louis Graveure, Josephine Lucchese and Nina Morgan. In 1926 they sponsored the Russian Symphonic Choir. One of their most notable triumphs was to bring to Astoria the great diva Madame Schumann-Heink. Club member Ethel Wicks recalls the thrill of that occasion when she and her sister as young girls got to mark the seats with numerals for reservations.

The purpose they adopted was to promote the study and enjoyment of music. That was what the young ladies proceeded to do; that is what the club has continued to do for all these years.

During the 1920s, music in Astoria was "bustin' out all over." The Astoria Budget of that era reveals an amazing number of musical organizations and events. Mrs. Coursen-Reed organized the Astoria Choral Club. George Cobban, music store owner and teacher, directed several music groups including the Junior Symphony. The Astoria Male Chorus and Glee Club was directed by K. W. Kilke. The Laerkin Singing Society hosted the Pacific Coast Sangerfest in 1921 and again in 1929. A new saxophone band

elected Charles W. Halderman as president. William Haga assembled a variety of marching and dance bands.

MUSICIANS OF MANY organizations got together for their own enjoyment and community entertainment. These included the Eagles Band, Elks Orchestra, Woodmen's Band, Kaleva Band, Kaleoatni Band of Uniontown and the Finnish Socialist Band. These groups performed in their own social halls, gave Sunday afternoon concerts in the city park and on the wharf and marched in parades. They made a rich contribution as they came and went. Some lasted for many years, others for only a few. The Astoria Municipal Band made its appearance with great fanfare in April 1924 and disbanded in November 1925 for lack of funds. It seems the city fathers had neglected to put the band in the budget.

Through all these 80 years the Friday Musical Club has maintained its organization and purpose without interruption. Present officers are Kathleen Redman, Sherry Cole, Josephine Walther and Carol Abraham. Programs are planned by Laurie Drage and Kristina Berney. Longtime members are Ethel Wicks with 55 years and Beatrice Bergey and Carol Abraham with more than 25 years.

Sunday afternoon's concert will feature vocal and instrumental solos and duets and a segment by the Little Ballet Theatre. It will end with a section of Christmas carols with some audience participation.

So once again the Friday Musical Club carries on tradition when it invites us to share the joy of music at its Christmas concert Sunday at 3 p.m. What a happy way to enter the holiday season.

A look at the Gray centennial

Recently we gave a brief history of Captain Robert Gray and his discovery of the Columbia River in 1792. Now commissions are being formed to recognize that event in a bicentennial celebration in 1992.

It's too early to surmise what programs will be planned, probably gatherings with speakers, pageants, trips to historic sites and, of course, extensive media coverage. Right now let us see how folks in 1892 observed the passage of the first century.

The following glimpse of 100 years ago is based on a news story quoted by Bethenia Owens-Adair in her book published before her death in 1926. In it she related her experiences as the first woman doctor west of the Rockies and of her years in Astoria.

"The celebration on May 11, 12, 13, 1892, of the 100th anniversary of the discovery of the third largest river in the world by Capt. Robert Gray was fitly held in Astoria (the second city in size in the state, though the first in point of establishment), situated at the mouth of that noble and historic stream.

"Its citizens rose with just pride to the occasion and prepared to receive and entertain with due honor the distinguished guests they invited from far and near."

The account goes on to say that the guest of honor was Prof. John Fiske, who came all the way from Boston, Gray's hometown, to deliver the main address. Another feature of the three days was the arrival of battleships Baltimore and Charleston. "Gaily decorated with

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flags and bunting, they were constantly crowded with delighted visitors, who were received with unremitting patience by officers and men who pleasantly answered the questions of the thronging people."

One unique feature was the play of searchlights on the river, the first ever seen in Astoria. "These enhanced the beauty of the night parade of several hundred boats, each with its own light at the masthead. The long, sinuous procession in the soft, dark stretch of water looked like a waving, swaying chain of glittering jewels, indeed a charming spectacle."

THE NEWS ACCOUNT went on to describe that which is usually the highlight of any celebration, the big banquet. Mrs. Samuel Elmore was general chairman, with Dr. Adair in charge of food, "and the guests universally declared that never had they sat down to a finer dinner."

The report glows with the efficiency of Dr. Adair. She appointed subcommittees so that "all workers

did their part so well under their efficient chief that the guests who sat down 500 at a time, at the long, snow-white, flower-decked tables in the immense, handsomely decorated hall, vied with each other in praise of the appetizing results."

Since Astoria was a fishing town, the ladies had decided that all kinds of seafood should be served, "the bivalves, especially, prepared in such delicious ways as the dwellers contiguous to their native home best understand." (This last referring to Oysterville, of course.)

The chief feature of this banquet array was salmon. "At each end of the long tables was served an immense Royal Chinook salmon. The various canneries contributed these salmon weighing from 60 to 80 pounds each. Roasting pans were made to order, and the salmon was roasted in bakers' ovens; from thence taken directly to the tables smoking hot. . . . Rarely is seen assembled so rare, so happy and well-satisfied company of diners."

NOW ANOTHER HUNDRED years have passed and we are planning another celebration. Chinook salmon is still the aristocrat of banquet menus, served on the most notable occasions. One of the big events in our time was the breaking of ground on Aug. 11, 1962, for the Astoria bridge. On that day, more than 1,000 onlookers gathered along the river bank behind Suomi Hall. There Gov. Mark Hatfield used a golden shovel to turn the first dirt for the construction of Amer-

ica's longest continuous truss span.

Later that day hundreds gathered for a banquet at the high school cafeteria where baked salmon was the feature of the menu. Hatfield's wife, Antoinette, was so impressed that she asked for the recipe. In her book, "ReMARKable Recipes," published later, she included the recipe with this comment, "Served at the Banquet following the ground-breaking for the Astoria bridge across the mighty Columbia River and shared with me — and now with you — by the school cafeteria cook."

I asked Deana Hatley, retired from the cafeteria staff, for information. She believed that Pat Simonsen or Mildred Hiestand had supplied the recipe, which features a seasoned crumb mixture patted over the fish. My daughter-in-law, Kristina Berney, uses this recipe for special occasions in our family. It makes a truly delicious entree.

Another momentous occasion when salmon was featured was after the dedication of the big bridge upon its completion Aug. 27, 1966. Following the ceremonies, the crowds hurried to the big salmon bake being held at the 4-H fairgrounds. I spoke with former Mayor Harry Steinbock about that day. He said he still remembers how good that salmon dinner was.

Doubtless during the festivities of this Thanksgiving season, salmon has vied with turkey for a place on family tables. Astoria and baked salmon — they just seem to go together. It was a feature of the centennial; I think we can predict it will be a feature of the bicentennial.

When electric lights were new

Holiday time is the season of lights, bright lights, colored lights along the streets and in the homes. They all tell us that Christmas is coming.

How fitting it was that electric lights first illuminated the streets of Astoria on Christmas Eve. The year was 1885. Power was furnished by burning slabwood. Point of origin was John C. Trullinger's West Shores steam sawmill. It was located along the riverfront near the present Wild Willie's Car Wash on West Marine Drive. A granite stone with a bronze plaque now marks the spot.

The lumber business was booming in 1885 when a San Francisco dynamo salesman persuaded Trullinger that he could make still more money. The following is quoted from a history of Pacific Power & Light Co.: "Look," the salesman argued, "you've got a steam engine and so much slabwood that you're using it for lumberyard fill. All it takes for you to get into the electric business is to buy one of our dynamos and a set of arc lamps. When the mill shuts down for the night you throw a belt on the dynamo, toss some more slabwood under the boiler and the money you collect for the arc lamps is velvet."

Trullinger ordered two 30-lamp machines at \$7,500 each, including the arc lamps. When the first was delivered, it was set up in the planer shed and connected to an extended line shaft. "Feed-wires

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were strung from housetop to housetop. Poles were erected only where vacant lots made too wide a gap. The rate was set at \$16 a lamp per month."

NOW TRULLINGER HAD to find patrons for his new scheme. The city of Astoria signed a contract for 10 street lamps. The C. H. Cooper drygoods store put in four and the remaining 16 were installed at affluent saloons and dance halls along the waterfront.

Electric current was turned on early on that notable Christmas Eve. The Morning Astorian, Dec. 25, 1885, reported the event:

"The Astorian is pleased to note the progress of the country; it is our daily delight to share in that progress. As we write these words our newly elected mayor is starting the first electric light in Astoria in front of our office: Its brilliant beams penetrate the darkness of the gathering night as the light of progress penetrates the primitive condition of the country . . ."

From the viewpoint of the next morning, the writer continued his ecstatic description in an elongated sentence: "At twenty minutes to seven last evening for the first time in the history of our city the electric light streamed out from a glass globe strung on wires stretched from the Astorian building, making all other lights look dim and attracting hundreds of spectators who hurrying home with Christmas presents for wife and children stopped to see the great luminous ball that shone like a sun lighting up the streets it intersected."

The report added: "Another light had been put up between Mr. Trullinger's office and his residence, lighting up that portion of the city and plainly visible at Fort Stevens."

The newly elected mayor mentioned earlier was John Trullinger himself, who took office on Jan. 1, 1886, and served a two-year term. His home, the first Astoria residence to be lighted by electricity, was a large two-story house located on present West Marine Drive in the vicinity of the Drop Anchor restaurant. The newspaper office was on the site of the present Bank of Astoria at 10th and Commercial. Astoria was the second city in the state to receive electricity, with Portland being the first and Salem the third.

"SO FAR," THE Astorian's report concluded, "Mr. Trullinger, the proprietor of the new light, has

32 subscribers and the financial outlook for the new enterprise is as brilliant as the light itself."

The happy prediction, however, didn't quite come true. The two dynamos with their initial investment of \$15,000 required additional equipment and housing. Even so, they wore out within a year. Trullinger sold them for \$150 to the electric company in Salem as spare parts for their installation. Part of the problem was erratic service. The engines had no effective governing device. From the time the plant was started up at dusk until it was shut down for the night, the engineer was kept jumping from one throttle to the other in an effort to maintain steady voltage. Along with that there were generator mishaps and line troubles.

Then of course there was the age-old problem of financial loss. Equipment was costly; some customers didn't pay their bills, so the sawmill was supporting the light plant. An item carried by the Astoria Daily Budget three years into the era of electricity announced that West Shore Mills was going to turn off the power, but "will leave lights on till the next day in city hall and jail where there are 23 globes." The solution as well as the problem was also age-old; the city council appointed a committee. Members were to negotiate with Trullinger and report back to the council on Monday evening.

More on lights next week.

Open Forum

Thank Trullingers for lights

This is the season of lights — up and down the streets how festive they are! Yet we take their magic for granted.

Downtown Astoria was lighted by oil lamps for nine years before the first electric bulbs shone forth on Christmas Eve 1885. The magician was John Corse Trullinger, owner of the West Shore Sawmill. With amazing ingenuity he strung feed wires from house to house and across vacant lots to carry current from the dynamos in his sawmill to his customers downtown.

Trullinger had visions of a growing and profitable business, but that didn't happen for him. Public enthusiasm diminished as customers complained about high costs and erratic service. Power was sometimes off for days at a time, and storekeepers hung out lanterns to light their windows and sidewalks.

Trullinger had six sons who were pressed into action. The lamps had temperamental clockwork mechanisms to regulate the arc gap between the carbon rods. It was one of the chores of the sons to keep these working. Then the generators had problems. And there were troubles with those lines that ran from housetop to housetop. Folks said that on windy days those Trullinger boys were always climbing around on somebody's roof. No wonder they were kept on the go 12 to 16 hours a day.

By the end of the first year, the plant's two \$7,500 dynamos were worn out. Trullinger sold them for

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\$150 to the Salem plant for spare parts.

A history of Pacific Power & Light Co. published in 1971 continues the story: "In 1900 a 75-horsepower dynamo was purchased to generate current for incandescent lamps, and Trullinger went out for residential as well as commercial business. The first 10- or 12 houses were wired free to get customers on the line." One of these houses was the home of his son, Thaddeus, on 14th and Exchange streets, which now houses KMUN radio operations. Undoubtedly recent restoration workers found some of the original wiring between those walls.

"IT COST \$1.50 to buy a 16-candlepower lamp. The service charge for business establishments was 75 cents a month per lamp for 10 o'clock lights, \$1 for 12 o'clock lights and \$1.50 a month for all-night lights. Residential rate was

one-half the business rate.

"A flat rate soon proved to be impractical. Merchants would neglect to pay the night watchmen to turn off their window lights at the appointed hour. Householders got into the habit of going to bed with the lights on." This led to the installation of meters and the birth of metered service."

(This reminds me of a little item I read recently. When Benjamin Harrison was president of the United States, 1889-93, he and Mrs. Harrison were so intimidated by the new-fangled electric lights installed in the White House that they didn't dare touch the switches. If there were no servants around to turn off the lights when the Harrisons went to bed, they slept with them on.)

Within a few years Trullinger had expanded his plant until he had an investment of \$75,000, but it still did not fulfill its promise of turning waste into profit. So in 1892 he sold it to Astoria Electric Co. In 1910 they sold to Pacific Power and Electric Co., the forerunner of Pacific Power & Light Co. The family continued to run the West Shore Sawmill until 1907 when it was destroyed by arson.

In 1892 John Trullinger was elected to the Oregon Legislature. Daughter Isabel cut short her study of art in San Francisco to work as his secretary. In 1900 she became the bride of Gov. T. T. Geer. Son John and his wife studied art in Europe for eight years, returning in 1910 to establish a studio in Port-

land. Several of his works are on display at Flavel House Museum. Daughter Anna became Mrs. W. D. Mack, living first in Chehalis, then settling in Astoria.

THE OTHER FIVE Trullinger sons, Perry, Thomas, William, Thaddeus, and S. Grant, sometimes called Sam, remained in this community carrying on various branches of the family business. Part of this was the extensive wharfing operations which included warehouses, a hotel, salmon packing and electrical ship repair. Grant and Thaddeus served several terms as city councilmen and as deputy customs inspectors. Grant was county treasurer throughout the 1920s. Pope Trullinger, son of Thomas, built the Trullinger Apartments on the Bond Street hill in 1924. Family members were active in the Catholic Church, on the school board and in other civic affairs.

John Corse Trullinger died in 1900 and his wife, Hannah, went to live with Grant and his wife, Georgia Badollet, sister of Astoria's longtime teacher, Dora Badollet. Their home at 638 15th St. is now the residence of Helmi Mellin. Hannah died in 1903.

The Trullinger family made impressive contributions to the industry and culture of our community, but during this festive season we remember them most for bringing electric lights to Astoria on Christmas Eve 103 years ago.

Memories of a Christmas past

Somewhere amid the blare and bustle of shopping and the rustle of wrappings and ribbons lies the true spirit of Christmas, that gentle message of wonder and love. If we take time to listen, we will hear it. I first heard it as a child many years ago.

Christmases in the prairie country of eastern Montana were always cold and bleak. Cold because the thermometer stood below zero, and bleak because the snow-drifted plains stretched for miles with no hill nor tree to obstruct the view. When winds were not blowing the dry snow from one drift to another, we could see our neighbor's barn three miles away.

Could Christmas ever come to such isolation? It could and did. Anticipation started early for my brother and me. As soon as harvest was over, our mother began to pore over Sears Roebuck's heavy catalog making out order sheets to cover household needs for the next six months, including gifts for Christmas. When the card came saying the freight had been shipped from Chicago, our father drove with team and wagon 60 miles to Glendive to pick up the shipment. What an exciting time when he returned four days later and began to pry open the wooden boxes. Mother quickly extracted the bundles that might contain the gifts and hid them till Christmas Eve when we opened packages.

I ESPECIALLY RECALL the Christmas when I was 8 and Glenn was 4. For days before the magic date, my mother kept me busy with preparations. I made paper chains from colored comics in old newspapers saved for that very purpose. I pasted tinsel around used postcards to pin on the curtains, and I strung cranberries with darning needle and grocery cord. During the evenings, Mama popped corn and we sat around the kitchen table making strings for the tree, though she

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chided Papa and Glenn for eating more than they strung.

Since there were no school or church programs to mark the holiday, my resourceful mother saw to it that we had a family program. For days she rehearsed Glenn and me on poems for us to speak and carols to sing. We were to stand straight and tall by the chimney in the dining room and always keep our hands stiffly at our sides.

***Not a whisper of a
sound in all that
frozen, starry world.
... To feel the true
spirit of the season, I
have only to find a
quiet spot, a quiet
moment, and listen.***

This year was special because we had a green tree to decorate, like those on Christmas cards. In other years we had decorated the bare branches of hazel brush or chokecherry bush and once even a huge tumbleweed that had lodged against the fence during that Christmas blizzard. This year when my father had gone to Lambert five miles down the coulee to get the mail, he had bought a cedar tree which a man had brought in from

the Yellowstone River 30 miles away. No matter that the needles were already dry and falling, we had a real tree! And we had red candles in tin holders like little fish to clip onto its branches, and Mama brought out secretly wrapped packages to place underneath. What a beautiful, exciting time!

FINALLY CHRISTMAS EVE arrived. By four o'clock, the sun was getting low so Papa did the chores early. As soon as he came back, I wanted to get on with the program and presents, but Mama said we had to have something substantial to eat before we got started on candy and nuts. So we sat down at the kitchen table to quick bowls of potato and onion soup thickened with her special thumb noodles. Then we had to wash the dishes for "You know everything must be clean for Christmas."

At long last the four of us gathered around the stove in the dining room, each sitting properly on his own chair. First my father read the Christmas story "and there were in the same country shepherds..." Then Glenn rushed through his little four-line poem. Next Mama announced with great formality, "Now we will be favored with a declamation by Miss Vera Whitney." I rose and spoke as nervously as if my audience were 10 times as large. When I sat down amid applause, I was proud that I had not stumbled over a single word. Then we sang the carols.

Now time for presents? Not yet. We had to light the candles on the tree. Papa had a bucket of water on hand while Mama did the lighting. Then we guessed which candle would burn down first. In three or four minutes all the candles were out. At long last, the presents: clothing, books for all of us, games of Old Maid and Pit, and a toy for Glenn. We took turns carefully opening the packages and thanking

each giver.

THEN MAMA BROUGHT out the fudge and divinity candy she had made, and star-shaped cookies, and walnuts and peanuts to shell. Soon we were all satisfied and relaxed and happy. Mama gathered up the wrappings and ribbons and folded them away for use next year. Papa put on his shaggy fur coat to check on the animals in the barn.

A few minutes later when he returned, he said urgently, "I wish you would all bundle up and come outside. I've never seen the stars so bright." Mama said she had to put Glenn to bed, but I went, for it was the perfect chance to wear my new red stocking cap and yarn mittens. And I liked being with my father.

We stood on the pump platform which had been blown free from snow. He opened his great coat and drew me inside with his arms around me. "Not a cloud in the sky," he observed softly. We had often watched the stars on summer evenings, so now I traced the Milky Way with its billions of shimmering lights. I knew where to look for the Big Dipper and the North Star, which now seemed to be shining directly towards me. "Papa," I asked, "do you think the Star that guided the people to Baby Jesus looked like that?" "Probably bigger," he replied. "Let's stand still and listen to see if we can hear anything."

I listened with all my might. No coyotes howled; they must have been tucked away in their dens. No birds twittered; they had all gone south. No leaves rustled, for there were no trees and no wind to blow the snow crystals. Not a whisper of a sound in all that frozen, starry world. Child that I was, I was filled with awe. As I listened, I felt surrounded by Christmas. And I've known ever since that to feel the true spirit of the season, I have only to find a quiet spot, a quiet moment, and listen.

Tying up the year's loose ends

On this final Friday of 1988 it seems appropriate to mention a number of things that have come to mind recently as I have been writing.

First off, I try, though not always successfully, to be accurate in details, and so do the folks at The Daily Astorian. Lately when I turned in the column on the Friday Music Club, Nancy Butterfield, who was typing it, phoned to ask if I should not have written Musical Club. When I looked at the program President Kathleen Redman had provided, sure enough there was the extra syllable. So Nancy corrected my copy.

I was curious about which name was carried in the original charter, so I called Ethel Wicks, member for 55 years. She confirmed that the formal name is Friday Musical Club, but she added comfortingly, "Don't feel bad that you were mistaken. We all call it Music Club when we speak of it." Incidentally, their concert of Nov. 27 drew a full house, and the music was great.

Since we are speaking of music, the Community Concert Association is now concluding its 35th year bringing quality programs to the north coast. Organized in 1953, its dedicated committees choose each year's programs and sell about 900 tickets a year.

The first president was Clifford Johnson of the plywood mill. Ethel Wicks, a charter member, served as secretary for 23 years. Dr. Ed Harvey was a long-time officer, and his wife, Ruth, was treasurer. Other early officers were Dr. William Burget, Rev. Orval Whitman, Harry Swanson, Lawrence Jackson, Edward Opdycke and Dan Hall.

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Coming on a little later were Michael Foster, Carol Abraham and Ronald Collman. I once heard a concert enthusiast remark, "As far as I am concerned, Collman is Mr. Music in this town. He's always promoting the concerts."

After the high school auditorium at 16th and Jerome burned, concerts were held in the Astor School gymnasium and at the Riviera Theater. One of the association's biggest successes was the appearance of the Helsinki Philharmonic Orchestra in 1968. Many other international groups have also been brought to town.

Present officers were Almeda Siverson, Sally Rohne, Ron Collman, Priscilla Gauthier, Ardis Steinmann, Betty Korpela, Michael Foster and Judy Enke along with 10 other board members.

With reference to my column on the Methodist Church, Ethel Berry, who lives in Uppertown, sent me information about the Norwegian-Danish Methodist Church. Dedicated in 1888, it stood on the southwest corner of 37th and Franklin in the residential area of

the Scandinavian people whom it served. Services were held in Norwegian.

In the 1930s, the congregation merged with the First Methodist Church at 11th and Franklin. The old building with its tall steeple was a landmark in Uppertown. It stood vacant for a number of years, its furnishings distributed to other churches. Its pews are in use in the chapel of the First Methodist Church which it joined. In January 1941, Albert Sorkki bought the property, tore down the building and used the fine old lumber to build a new home for his bride, Helen Peterson, where they lived for 27 years.

A holiday card from Sedoris Jordan Daniels says that she has fond memories of Astoria even though she left for California in 1929. Her family lived on Franklin Avenue next to the Home Apartments. They were friends with the Chris Schmidts, who lived around the corner on 14th Street where the Lighthouse lamp store is now. She recalls that on the day Mrs. Schmidt gave birth to baby Lisa, neighborhood children each took her a rose. Later the Schmidts built the large house on the corner of 15th and Franklin known by many as the Engebretson house. Schmidt had fish canneries in Astoria, New York and Hamburg, Germany.

In my Thanksgiving column, I spoke of the importance of salmon for Astorians' festive dinners; then I mentioned a favorite recipe in Mrs. Mark Hatfield's book, "Remarkable Recipes." Several

readers promptly phoned saying I should have included the recipe. I was going to refer them to the public library until I found that the book has unfortunately disappeared. I then borrowed my daughter-in-law's copy, and there's the recipe.

BAKED SALMON

Bake salmon in 450 degree oven for 10 minutes. Remove from oven and peel off skin. Salt lightly. Pat crumb mixture over fish.

Crumb Mixture: 3 cups fine bread crumbs; juice of two lemons; one cup butter melted; small onion finely chopped; salt and pepper to taste. Mix well together and pat onto fish. Bake at 350 degrees for 20 minutes to the pound.

"Served at a banquet following the ground-breaking for the Astoria Bridge across the mighty Columbia River and shared with me — and now with you — by the Astoria school cafeteria cook." — Antoinette Hatfield.

Recently I was talking with Frances Lonberg, manager of the Chalet and Rose Crest apartment houses. She mentioned that her mother at age 19 migrated from Finland and found work in one of Astoria's many boarding houses. "Those boarding houses," she said, "made Astoria like a West Coast Ellis Island. You should write a column about them some time."

I think that's a great idea for some columns in the new year. I'd appreciate hearing from old-timers who remember boarding house days. Please give me a call at 325-5663 or drop me a note.

And now to everybody a Happy New Year.

Living in Astoria is a blessing

The new year is traditionally a time to make lofty resolutions. It should also be a time to count one's blessings. After making a bus trip to Portland the week before Christmas, I realize that living in Astoria is one of mine.

I spent two days with longtime friend Margaret Hibbard whose apartment faces Lloyd Center with two busy streets in between. While she was writing cards, I decided I'd go to the center to take in the Christmas sights. "Look out for the traffic," Margaret called as I was leaving. "The cars on those streets don't stop for anybody."

The rain was coming down in torrents, and the gusty winds ruled out an umbrella, so I tied my rain bonnet a little tighter and sallied forth. Margaret was right; the cars didn't stop. In fact, they seemed to speed up as they passed me waiting at the crosswalk. Finally I ventured into the street where I got thoroughly splashed.

The mall was crowded with frantic shoppers hurrying in all directions. Somehow in their intent they seemed faceless. In Astoria when I go downtown, I nearly always run across some friend who suggests a cup of coffee, or maybe we just stroll briefly looking into a window or two. But now I was almost standing still in a swirl of strangers.

SPECIAL EXHIBITS HAD been built along the mall. But when I thought to look into Santa's Workshop, the long waiting line discouraged me. When I tried to view the animal pens, surrounding onlookers stood at least six circles deep. Young children were being hoisted onto parents' shoulders and older ones were trying to squirm closer, so I walked on. After all, in my four-score years I've seen a good many sheep and rabbits. I pushed on towards the skating rink. Crowds there too, and noise. Music from the rink, stereos blasting from

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various shops, voices clamoring to be heard, all in a cacophony of discords that made me long for quietude.

Then I discovered that in weaving my way through the throng, somewhere I had lost my rain bonnet which I had pocketed when entering the mall. I hadn't intended to do any shopping, but now I had to have a rain bonnet before venturing back to Margaret's. Where in all those glittering shops could I find such a simple little item as a rain bonnet?

BACK IN ASTORIA, I could go to the very counter. Now at the end of one of the side malls, I spotted a huge variety store. Once again I plunged into a sea of shoppers all trying to locate something. After wandering fruitlessly, I stopped a flurried floor girl. "Where," I queried, "will I find rain bonnets?" "I don't know," she replied without pausing. "This is only my second day here." Next I tried a girl stocking shelves. "I've no idea," she said over her shoulder. "This is my first day on the job." Finally I found rain bonnets among hair supplies.

The two checkout stands near the outside doors each had a waiting line of at least 10 people. After advancing slowly, I finally was near the cash register. The two women ahead of me were together. One with a large number of small items was paying in small coins, counting

them over and over until she decided she didn't have the necessary amount, so her friend passed her a couple of quarters.

Then the friend began to count her small change to pay for two combs, a scarf, hand lotion and some jewelry. She dug into her enormous bag searching for more coins while holding a \$20 bill in her hand. The poor cashier suggested she use the bill. "None of your business," the woman snapped. "I don't want any of this junk anyway." She swept the heap to the end of the counter and walked out.

The mall was crowded with frantic shoppers hurrying in all directions. . . . In Astoria when I go downtown, I nearly always run across some friend. . . . But now I was almost standing still in a swirl of strangers.

IN THE MEANTIME there had been commotion at the door. A very obese woman as she entered had slipped on the wet floor and sat down hard. "Get me a doctor," she called out. A security man came running to help her up, but she wouldn't budge. "I'm a-goin' to set here," she bawled, "until you get me a doctor to tell me how bad I'm hurt." By that time a supervisor had joined the security man. When I left with my 69-cent purchase, the woman was still sitting on the floor surrounded by two frustrated males and shoppers detouring around her.

In my return to the main mall, I was pushing my way past a public phone booth when I overheard the

young man inside say earnestly, "But, Jennie, I only took her out because her mother asked me to, and she paid me \$20."

When Margaret put me on the afternoon bus to return home, I felt like I was headed for peace and quiet. I recalled a recent day when I was talking with a newcomer to Astoria. When I asked what impressed him most about the town, he replied without hesitation, "The slow pace of life here," a surprising observation from someone who had just moved from a small town in Idaho, especially when most of the Astorians I know complain about being too busy. But now I realized the man was right.

The trip home was uneventful until we drove into snow, hail and freezing rain east of Astoria. I wondered uneasily if the geraniums on my porch would be frozen. But Astoria streets were clear. The cross on the new Lutheran Church was glowing. The lighted trees and anchor and the swooping lights on the Columbia River Maritime Museum gave a warm welcome and the decorations on Flavel House were more breathtaking than I had remembered.

Son Bruce was waiting at the bus station to take me to his home where Kristina had turkey quiche and hot muffins waiting for our evening meal. Granddaughter Laura had returned from Reed College for the holidays and grandson Mark was scanning application forms for college next year. After dinner I listened to 6-year-old Steven play his next day's piano lesson and a few earlier lessons as well.

Finally I was back in my own home. The geraniums were still in bloom. The house was warm because Bruce had stopped to turn up the heat before meeting the bus. As I settled down in my favorite chair to catch up on the mail, I thought once again about how lucky I am to live in Astoria.

Rain OK, but in moderation

The weather is always a subject of common interest in our town. Astoria's weather records began in 1850, earlier than those of any other Oregon community.

However, Larry Sossaman, weather service specialist at our National Weather Service office, tells me that national weather reporting service was established at the Port of Astoria Airport in 1953. Every facet of weather service is important, temperatures, winds, and humidity, but rainfall often gets the most attention because of its immediate effects.

Sossaman reports that his station recorded a rainfall of 55.20 inches for 1988, a relatively dry year. The annual average compiled over a 10-year period now stands at 69.60. A news item of January 1933 lists the annual average rainfall for that decade as 75 inches. The driest year on record was 1985 with 41.58 inches. The wettest year was 1933 when 114.03 inches descended on the town, a total depth of 9½ feet, overtaxing all drainage systems.

describing the heavy weather that year, the Astorian-Budget noted that during December the downpour totaled 36.07 inches, "shattering all records for a single month's rainfall. The greatest single day's rainfall was Dec. 9 with a deluge of 4.33 inches. Rain fell every day in this month of drenching downpours and howling gales without one clear day."

The account further comments, "Astoria's big 1933 rainfall is far from being a state record. Glenora in Tillamook County, for instance, has had 150 inches of rain in a single

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year and 42 inches in a single month."

SPEAKING OF HEAVY rainfall, Dec. 29 of our year just passed received 3.7 inches, the heaviest for a single day in 1988. My son was dismayed the next morning to find his newly painted basement floor covered with water. Somehow the sump pump had failed to function. However, his inconvenience was nothing compared to the distress and loss suffered by some Astorians in recent years when their homes were carried downhill by rivers of mud.

To learn more about these catastrophes, I went to the office of City Engineer Bob Nordlander. He set stacks of files on a desk and said if I needed any more information to say the word. From these I learned that in early 1950 one of the town's worst slide disasters occurred. "Heavy snowfall and excessive rain caused portions of Coxcomb Hill to begin to creep." By mid-April 21 homes had been damaged or demolished on

Irving Avenue.

The Daily Astorian gave an ongoing account of the disaster. Sixteen homes were rescued and moved to new locations. Five of these had to be moved across Irving Avenue bridge. Because this was risky business, city officials purchased a \$40,000 insurance policy on the bridge through the Tacoma office of Lloyd's of London at a cost of \$250.

The houses were moved along Irving Avenue to 14th, up to Jerome and finally on to Eighth and Niagara. Most were finally set down in the area of Fifth and Madison on lots provided by the city. The Pacific Area Red Cross allocated \$88,000 from its national disaster fund to help finance the movement of the houses and to assist in the rebuilding of the four houses that were destroyed.

THE UNUSUAL EVENT attracted wide attention, bringing letters offering remedies. One said, "Run pipes in and out of the wet sliding area and run in a freezing solution to freeze the ground." Another suggested, "You should dry the earth out with high frequency electronics." Still another said the solution would be to build a bulkhead around the base of the hill.

The city has developed drainage systems at various locations and has restricted building in potential slide areas. Also in questionable areas the city asks owners planning to build to consult with a soils engineer in working out structural stability.

Another earth slippage even worse than the Irving Avenue disaster occurred just four years later. In January 1954 28 houses were damaged in the vicinity of West Commercial and Duane streets west of the post office. The residences were carried down the hill or twisted askew on a river of mud which developed during 7.34 inches of rainfall in 72 hours. Huge cracks opened up, causing slabs of pavement, utility installations and houses to collide or be buried. Once again the Red Cross came in with assistance and Life magazine published a double-page story.

As I was delving into weather history, I made use of the weather data compiled by longtime weatherman Robert Tomes. His extensive charts are conveniently hung on the stairwell at Astoria Public Library where they display the highs and lows of weather behavior from 1953 until Tomes retired from the weather bureau in 1981. The charts confirm that Astoria's wettest months are traditionally November, December and January and that the wettest years in the 18-year span were 1968 with 87.09 inches and 1975 with 80.78 inches. Each of those years and several others reported damage of smaller proportions, one of the most recent being at Floral and Alameda in 1982.

We Astorians like our rain and get edgy if a dry spell lasts overlong. But weather history gives us good reason to prefer our rainfall in gentle showers rather than savage torrents. We hope that 1989 treats our town fairly and kindly.

Third year of deadlines begins

Between Christmas and New Year's in 1986, I received a phone call from J.W. "Bud" Forrester, editor of *The Daily Astorian*, now retired. He asked me to consider writing a weekly column for his paper.

My astounded reply was "At my age? I'm retired. I don't think I could make myself meet deadlines." "You can do it," he insisted. After more discussion, I countered, "I'm really complimented, but I haven't the faintest idea what I would write about." Undaunted, he replied, "You'll have plenty of ideas after you get started." Then he concluded, "Don't say no now. Think about it and give me a call."

I thought for a week, then hesitantly went to his office to say, "I'll try." He surprised me again by asking immediately, "What title shall we give your column?" Naive as I was, I had never thought of needing a title. The phrase "Then and Now" flashed into my mind. It seemed a good safety blanket to cover most any topic. Later someone told me that had been a recent Regatta theme.

The next step took me by surprise too. Mr. Editor called in Kent Kerr, staff photographer, to take my picture. As I followed Kent's instructions, I was thinking in dismay that I hadn't had a chance to go home to put on my most fetching garb or even to look at my hair in a mirror, certainly prerequisites for any flattering photo. Then my new editor said, "Your column will appear each Friday on the editorial page. We'd like to have your copy by Monday or Tuesday of each week, beginning next week. That will be January 16." Then he shook

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my hand and said, "I hope you enjoy your work." Thus in 80 minutes a columnist was born.

Now what to write about? Next week's deadline already pressed in upon me. I had been doing volunteer work at the public library indexing some of the writings of the late historian Russell Darr. He researched significant historical events. So for my own beginning I decided to expand on one episode. Accordingly my very first column reported a big happening on June 3, 1914. It was the arrival of a special train bringing dignitaries to break ground "for the long-sought Columbia River Highway that was coming into Clatsop County."

THE COLUMN APPEARED as scheduled on the next Friday with the headline "A banner day for Clatsop County." I felt like it was a banner day for me, too. At least I was launched with a column of my own with my own photograph. Friends sometimes tell me the photo makes me look grim. But it must be a good likeness, for occasionally a reader will approach me in a store saying, "I know you are Vera Gault. I recognize you from your picture."

Editor Forrester prefaced the column with an explanatory note saying that I had sometimes written feature stories for *The Daily Astorian*, that I had been a resident of Clatsop County since 1962, that I lived in one of Astoria's old houses, and that "she will write a weekly column on subjects of her own choosing."

He certainly had launched the feature with more confidence in me than I had in myself. Now starting my third year, I have turned in 105 columns without missing a deadline. Sometimes I have wondered what in the world I'd write about, but more often I've had ideas ahead, partly because interested readers have made suggestions.

These suggestions represent one of the rewards of this commitment. In receiving suggestions and in researching a subject, I meet and talk with many interesting, helpful people who become new friends. I always appreciate their willingness to share.

There are other benefits too. The paycheck helps meet monthly bills and my research has enhanced my understanding of the currents of history that make Astoria what it is today. I hope my findings give people a better knowledge and appreciation of our unique community.

ANOTHER BENEFIT I derive from the column is that I have readers. Every writer adores readers. In years gone by I have written many articles. Some were accepted; some rejected. In the latter case I'd be sad. It's no fun to expend hours and effort producing some journalistic masterpiece which editors eventually return to be laid to rest on my closet shelf.

With these columns I have the assurance of publication. I'm not sure how many readers this guarantees. I know some people skip straight from the front page to the sports page with maybe a glance at the weather in between. Some have told me, "I never read anything on the editorial page. That stuff's too deep for me." Others have told me they read the editorial page first. One dear lady even said once, "Mrs. Gault, I read your column first of all." She was selling something. Which I bought.

Since that beginning story on the development of Highway 30, the columns have centered chiefly on Clatsop County's rich history, which fascinates me. Sometimes, however, I venture a little timidly into areas of personal experience. I hope each column, no matter what the subject, gives at least a modicum of information. That's the reward people get for the effort of reading. If there is also some amusement, I'm glad.

Compiling a column is hard work for me. Some writers can sit down and dash off a story that's ready for print. I rewrite two or three times, then make changes in the final copy. Sometimes I wish I didn't have to go to my typewriter at all. In 1962 I took early retirement from Crown Zellerbach Corp. after I remarried. Following my husband's death I came to Astoria to teach at Clatsop Community College, retiring from there in 1974. Now one of these days I should consider a third retirement, yet I really like what I'm doing.

In the meantime, Mr. Editor, I thank you for getting me started. Now in my third year, I'll keep on trying to meet the deadlines for a little while longer.

It's easier just to read a book

Ellen Goodman is a syndicated columnist whose articles appear occasionally on the editorial page of The Daily Astorian. I feel a kinship with Goodman even though she is a national figure. As I labor on my columns, I wonder how long it takes her to do hers and how many times she has to rewrite, if at all.

I felt a special closeness when I read one of her recent columns. She was describing her difficulty in coping with the exploding world of technology and the time it takes to learn about bank cards, phone cards, software and computers. The article was titled "Illiterates" in a high-tech world. That term fits me exactly.

I identified myself with this problem the other evening when I went to sit with my 6-year-old grandson. After putting Steven to bed, I thought to languish in front of the television set watching whatever was on.

But when I turned the knob I got only a confusion of wavy lines. His high school brother had surrounded the machine with a maze of wires, capacitors and switches all connected to a VCR and who knows what. Fearing an explosion if I touched anything, I spent an old-fashioned evening reading a book and contemplating our changing world.

We often hear observations about the astounding advances in transportation during this century from horse-and-buggy days to the jet age. On this particular evening, completely nonplussed by the ogre in front of me, I reflected on changes in the music trade in my lifetime.

ALONG ABOUT 1912 I had my first exposure to recorded music. My parents bought a gramophone from Sears Roebuck. It looked like a little meat grinder centered on our square parlor table. It had a cylindrical metal core over which we slipped the cylindrical black



wax records. As I recall, they were about 5 inches long and maybe 3 inches in diameter. When the handle at the end of the core was turned, a needle moved over the grooves on the record, and music came forth. The sound was hardly more than a melodious squawk, but we thought it was entrancing. Child that I was, my parents at first forbade me to touch the instrument. But after the novelty wore off, I became the chief operator.

Three records came with the machine. I remember them well. One was a tenor singing "The Holy City," one "The Jolly Copper-smith," a lilting tune played on a marimba. The third was a monologue by Josh Logan, popular comedian of the day. He complained that his wife was always nagging him to fix the roof. But he couldn't work up there when it was raining, "and when it don't rain, it don't leak." My father always laughed heartily at that. Eventually the grooves on the records became so deep that the needle couldn't progress.

OUR NEXT MUSICAL machine came along in 1922. It was a Victrola in an upright cabinet with the listening dog on the label. My brother and I pooled our after-school and weekend earnings and

bought it to surprise our parents, but actually to please ourselves.

We soon had a variety of 78 rpm records. I can still hear those Sousa marches, Strauss waltzes, Hungarian dances and lively hymns like "Little Church in the Wildwood." We had to turn the handle to wind the motor and had to change the needle often, but we thought the music was grand.

I don't want any of these grand gadgets, for I couldn't possibly cope with 181 channels of anything.

... I admit I'm a high-tech illiterate and I don't even have an inferiority complex about it.

My next fascination with recorded music was with the radio. This happened in Walla Walla where I was living at home and attending Whitman College. I bought the current wonder, a crystal set, the first radio form to come into general, practical use. It had a granite-like base about the size of a thick slice of bread. (My friend Charles Simpson tells me this base was made of the metal galena, the chief ore in lead, and that it was called the crystal detector.)

Somewhere a wire was attached, sharpened to a very fine point. This was called the cat's whisker, and the operator "fished" around touching it to the detector until the spot was found which gave the best reception; this was the tuning procedure. I placed the device on the table by my bed with the ground wire and aerial wire going out

through my slightly opened window.

THE ONLY PROGRAM broadcast in Walla Walla at that early day was from the Liberty Theater. The magnificent Wuriltzer organ there provided musical animation for the silent films. When the last show ended at 11 o'clock, the organist played an hour's concert for broadcast. I always planned to end my studying by 11, put on my earphones and listened till midnight. One time I fell asleep. In my dazed waking, I couldn't figure out where that glorious music was coming from. I thought I'd died and gone to heaven.

By 1932, radio in Walla Walla had grown into a full-fledged station. I was married by that time and had my first son. The manager of KWJJ asked me to do a one-hour broadcast each Friday called the Happy Homemaker. I played records interspersed with homemaking hints, recipes and tips on child care gleaned from Parents' Magazine. I was paid \$10 a month and felt very professional.

Since those days, phonographs, radio and television sets in my home have progressed with the times. I have operated them with ease and enjoyed their quality. But I'm not progressing any more. I like what I have. I was afraid my family might give me a VCR for Christmas, so I was relieved when I received bath towels and books. I don't want any of these grand gadgets, for I couldn't possibly cope with 181 channels of anything. I can't even understand what my first-grader grandson is doing when he plays his Nintendo.

So I join Ellen Goodman, even though she's famous and I'm not. I admit I'm a high-tech illiterate and I don't even have an inferiority complex about it.

Where was 1st customs house?

Help! California wants to kidnap our customs house! In 1849 Col. John Adair established in Astoria the first U.S. Customs Service west of the Rockies. At first he operated from his home in Upper Astoria.

In 1852, the first customs house was built at what is now 34th Street and Marine Drive. A historic marker indicates the spot. Now some Californians are saying the honor of being first belongs to an adobe structure in Monterey.

Of course, we Astorians know beyond the shadow of a doubt that the distinction belongs to Astoria, but U.S. Customs officials want to dig into the matter — literally. They are considering an archeological excavation to determine the precise site of the first customs house with the eventuality of rebuilding the structure.

That's where local help is needed. When the highway sign was set in place, the historic location was well established. But if anyone can help to determine the exact boundaries of the building, excavators won't be to disturb the grounds of the new Lutheran Church which border the site. Mayor Edith Henningsgaard is excited about the prospect of this addition to Astoria's historic restoration. She hopes that anyone having old photographs of the area will lend them to Bruce Berney at the Astoria Public Library, also sharing any information about the interior of the building and its furnishings.

THE FIRST CUSTOMS house built on the site in 1852 was destroyed by fire the next year and was immediately rebuilt. Old newspaper accounts describe the building as "little more than a shanty 20 feet wide and 22 feet long (with a lean-to on the back). The government owned the land on which it was built. A 5-foot porch extended across the front. The roof extended over the porch supported by four pillars. The interior was one room lathed and plastered. The lime used in making the plaster was made from stones picked up on the nearby river bank and burned in a small kiln on the spot. In such a humble home the customs business in the Northwest Territory had its beginning." (Astorian Budget, Feb. 23, 1945; Oct. 23, 1945.)

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In its issue of June 27, 1931, the Astorian-Budget carried a copy of the original instructions given to Col. Adair as he was about to leave Washington, D.C., to return to Astoria with his commission as customs collector. The letter, dated Nov. 27, 1848, was written by the U.S. Secretary of the Treasury. "In view of your departure for Oregon to enter upon pursuit of your commission as collector of customs for the district of Oregon and inspector of revenue for the port of Astoria . . . under the Act approved 14th of August 1848, your compensation will commence on that day."

THE LETTER WENT on to explain that his salary would be \$1,000 per year "together with 3 percent of all moneys from duties arising from all goods and merchandise imported into the district of Oregon," adding that he would not be allowed to retain more than \$3,000 per year. Also, he could not receive more than \$400 per year for services other than those of collector.

The letter continued, "The collector of New York will furnish you with copies of laws and forms and an office seal and such scales, weights and measures as may be needed for your district together with an iron safe for the preservation of public moneys and papers connected with your office."

An item in the Oregon Historical Quarterly, Vol. 52, states, "In 1849, the customs district of Oregon was created with Astoria as the port of entry. Goods imported from England were dutiable . . . By Jan. 1, 1850, duties aggregating \$23,000 had been collected at Astoria; of

this amount \$4,800 had been paid, under protest, by the Hudson's Bay Company." In 1850, 44 ships entered and cleared the port.

Californians base their claim on having the oldest customs house on an adobe structure in Monterey. It was erected by the Mexican government in 1822 and used by Commodore John Sloat when he landed at Monterey on July 2, 1846, during the Mexican War. On July 7, he proclaimed U.S. jurisdiction. However, sporadic fighting continued until November when John C. Fremont received the final surrender of Mexican forces.

The Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo (1848) and the act called the Gadsden Purchase (1853) finalized peace negotiations and boundary settlement. Mexico ceded California and the extended region of New Mexico and recognized U.S. sovereignty over all of Texas north of the Rio Grande. In return the United States agreed to pay \$15 million and assume the claims U.S. citizens had made against Mexico for the destruction of property.

THE STORY IS told that in 1849 when Col. Adair was returning from Washington, D.C., with his commission, his ship landed in Monterey. He was then asked to

establish his customs house there, but he proceeded on to Astoria.

The adobe structure in Monterey has remained intact all these years. It is registered as a California state monument, owned and operated by the state Department of Parks and Recreation. It doubtless was used for U.S. purposes. But records show that Col. Adair was the first commissioned customs collector on the Pacific Coast and that the customs house in Astoria was the first to be built west of the Rockies by the U.S. government to serve that purpose.

The old customs house continued to serve the Port of Astoria until it moved to larger quarters in the 1860s, then to the new post office and federal building in 1873. It served as a private residence for years, then stood vacant, and was deemed a public nuisance. It was officially burned by the city in 1918.

Now the word coming to Mayor Henningsgaard is that the regional customs office is contemplating rebuilding the structure as a part of the historic landmarks program. Such news is like "a fresh breeze blowing." The restoration would add significantly to Astoria's importance as a historic center. Any information and memories that friends can share will be a boon to its development.

Some brief snippets of history

Sometimes brief stories reflect the changing times, and thus history is made.

I've sometimes wondered how it happened that Washington Territory became a state 30 years later than Oregon. This year our neighbors celebrate the 100th anniversary of statehood, and in a centennial edition of one of the state's newspapers, I read an explanation. It said the delay was caused by politics.

Many reasons for stalling were offered by Congress at the time, including the region's lack of transportation, the sparse population and scanty development. But many believed the true reason was partisan greed. Congressmen feared that if Washington were granted statehood, the territories of Montana, Idaho and the Dakotas would want the same. As such, they would shift the balance of power away from Eastern states.

Eventually public opinion forced action. In 1889, Congress instructed the people of the territories to draft and adopt state constitutions. Accordingly, the Dakotas became states on Nov. 2, 1889; Montana on Nov. 8; Washington on Nov. 11; and Idaho the next July 2, 1890.

Shanghaiing is part of the history of Astoria and other western ports. It started in Shanghai, China, in the mid-19th century when agents kidnapped men and shipped them to West Coast ports to work in mines and on railroads. Shanghaiing showed up in Astoria in the 1870s and '80s, when runners snatched



men from streets and farms to fill the depleted crews of outgoing ships, replacing those sailors who had jumped ship while in port.

Many civic-minded citizens tried to improve conditions on ships and in the town. Preachers were often in the forefront of such efforts. One such was Rev. Johnstone McCormac in the 1890s. Since he was fluent in four languages, he spent much time in service to crewmen on the ships in port. He held Sunday services on deck, distributed reading matter and helped sailors writing letters to their families. By means of such contacts, he often located men who had been shanghaiied and gained their rescue.

In the 1890s, a Methodist preacher, the Rev. J.W. Bushong, tried to do his bit to combat the misery caused by the 50 saloons in town. Periodically he preached rousing sermons on the evils of liquor. On the following Sundays, he invited

saloon keepers to take the pulpit to defend themselves. This always packed the sanctuary for morning worship.

In 1896, the Rev. J. J. Walter with many volunteers organized a Sunday school in one of the Elmore cannery buildings. This served families in the west part of town, chiefly a Finnish community. It did much to help immigrants adjust to their new surroundings. The Sunday school flourished until 1931 when the building burned. At the same time, Baptists were reaching out to the Chinese community. They gathered children for Sunday school classes and helped their mothers with English and homemaking in their new land. Now these children are grown and leaders in many professions.

Sometimes examples of change occur in one's own home. A few years ago, my son, his wife and 5-year-old Jennifer came from Boston to visit. As Carole was setting the table for breakfast one morning, she observed me baking waffles in my electric iron. "Jennifer," she called, "come and watch Grandma making waffles from scratch." Then she explained that the only waffles Jennifer knew were frozen ones which her mother dropped into the toaster.

Sometimes progress may seem to go in reverse. A while back, my Astoria son had converted my basement into a meeting room for his pack of Cub Scouts. At each

meeting two Cubs were appointed to come up to the kitchen to carry snacks down to the meeting (a much-coveted assignment).

On one evening, the two came up to the kitchen while I still was opening cans of juice with my trusty old can opener, the kind to be clamped on the edge of the can and turned and turned. "Hey, you guys," one little helper called back down, "come up here and see this neat can opener that doesn't even have to be plugged in." In a flash, I was surrounded by a troop of lively little boys who that night got to stay and eat in the kitchen.

This is the month of Washington's birthday and also much discussion about increasing the salaries of congressmen. The story is told that when Washington became commander-in-chief of the Continental Army, he turned down a salary of \$500 per month, saying he didn't want to profit from the war and wished only to be reimbursed for expenses.

By the end of the war he had submitted bills for more than \$400,000. When he became president, he again offered to serve for expenses only, but Congress insisted on paying him an annual salary of \$25,000.

The presidential salary today is \$200,000 per year (unless it has risen since my source was printed), plus almost the same amount for expenses.

And so the world turns, and history is always in the making.

Boarding houses home to Finns

Boarding houses in early Astoria were like homes to extended families. From the 1880s till World War II they filled a practical and social need for cannery and mill workers. Some lived in bachelor houses or company bunkhouses and went to the boarding houses for their meals. Others both lodged and ate in boarding houses. In either case, the boarding house was run by its landlady who laid down the rules, looked after her patrons and provided hearty food and plenty of it.

Boarding and rooming houses were operated chiefly by Finnish immigrants serving other Finnish immigrants more recently arrived, though workers of all origins found that they fulfilled their needs. The houses were located near places of employment. In West Astoria, they were clustered around canneries. In Uppertown they thrived near the big sawmills. A few were scattered in between. The boarding houses, in Finnish efforts to learn the language "poordin hausses," often furnished the "first home away from home" for young immigrants, both men and women. The men, often with the help of the efficient landladies, soon found jobs. The girls usually went right to work in the boarding houses or for well-established families who lived in the big houses on the hill.

THE BOARDING HOUSES were where the action was.

Newly arrived immigrants were welcomed heartily. They fitted immediately into a circle of friends, sometimes those they had already known back in the Old Country. Their new friends helped them learn the language and carried on long and lively discussions about

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how to get along in their new land. Often noisy and good-natured arguments developed over politics, religion, and which was the best boarding house. Astorian Frances Lonberg, who grew up in her mother's boarding house in Uppertown, refers to the early-day institution as "the Ellis Island of the North Coast." The late Walter Mattila in his publication, "Boarding House Finns," says it was the "melting pot" of this new land.

Mattila gives great credit to boarding house landladies for this friendly and helpful introduction.

"The boarding house queens knew which doctors their guests should go to, Finn, American or Chinese; which massager and bloodletter, Finn or Swedish; which lawyer, licensed American, licensed Finn or the Finn expert who sold real estate, insurance and newspaper subscriptions; which money lender, American banker or the Finn with money; and which store had the best bargains. She would go to the bank with her new guests, interpret for them and keep track of their money."

Mattila continues: "No one was

more helpful than the landladies in advising how to get citizenship papers and good lutefisk. They were equally handy at finding a good undertaker or getting a country Finn out of jail. They even gave advice on which of their hired girls would make the best wives." Many a boarding house romance led straight from the kitchen to the altar.

The boarding houses were where the action was. Newly arrived immigrants were welcomed heartily. They fitted immediately into a circle of friends, sometimes those they had already known back in the Old Country.

"THE REPUTATION OF the early Finntown landlady did not suffer from her young boarders leaving for homes of their own. Their scattering out into the community enhanced her prestige. Those alumni remained her devoted boosters and returned for coffee visits and brought their out-of-town guests and new emigrant friends and relatives to her house. Those of her boarders who moved elsewhere returned for church gatherings, picnics and the many weddings."

Meals at the boarding houses consisted of hearty foods served

three times a day. Frances Lonberg, whose mother operated the Hendrickson boarding house located on what is now the parking lot of the Hong Kong restaurant on Marine Drive, says that in addition to the three meals, her mother also packed lunches for workers to take with them and set out food for those who came in late. Meals consisted of fish and two or three kinds of meat, scalloped potatoes, huge loaves of white and rye bread, with pies for dessert. Mrs. Lonberg said she didn't quite remember the going price for room and board, but she thought it was around \$30 per month.

A FEW WEEKS ago, when I mentioned in this column that I would appreciate readers sharing boarding house memories, I received a letter from former Astorian Charles Haddix, now living in Sanger, Calif. He wrote, "I have a few recollections. During the early 1930s, I had an Oregonian paper route from the Tolikka Boarding House on Bond Street all the way to Astor Court. Starting on deliveries at 5 a.m. was a cold prospect. One of the features of every boarding house was the famous night lunch. After dinner was over later in the evening, there was a long table in the dining room or kitchen laden with food for boarders who came in late or had been fishing all night. Imagine a table with cold cuts of meat, open cans of sardines and other fish, loaves of bread and pies, a large pot of coffee and containers of milk. I leave it to your imagination on how a newsboy passed tables like that while delivering the morning paper at each place."

(More memories of early boarding houses next week.)

The reach of boarding houses

Boarding houses in Astoria flourished from the 1880s to World War I, the period of highest immigration. They did well in the 1920s, but had hard times during Depression days when men with no money slept under bridges and went from house to house asking for food in exchange for any small jobs.

Houses where such help was generously given were often marked with chalk by the recipients to guide the next needy persons to a handout. When World War II came along, boarding houses flourished again, though in smaller numbers, for many were turned into apartments to accommodate families of servicemen who overwhelmed existing housing.

Among the earliest boarding houses were those near the river which were put up for sailors waiting to ship out or to receive those who came to stay. Then there were company quarters which series sometimes provided for seasonal workers. These were often shacks built on pilings near the center of operations.

Then there were the boarding houses along Astor Street, chiefly from Sixth to 11th streets, which were sometimes dignified by the name hotel. These were operated by madams who kept one eye out for clients and the other eye out for police. They operated under a city license which could be rescinded for cause. Old newspapers often reported such action. Then an item a month or so later usually noted that the license had been restored.

The largest concentration of boarding houses was located in west

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Astoria. Twelve operated within a few blocks of Suomi Hall and Palo's Department Store on West Marine Drive. They were nearly always family-owned and were called by the family name.

THE LARGEST BOARDING houses in Finntown, as the area was commonly called, sometimes were three and four stories high. Each had a modest lobby, a large dining room, a compact kitchen with pantry and utility-storage room. In early days heat was provided by wood stoves. Later steam radiators were heated by wood furnaces.

Some homes, in an effort to attract more patrons, supplied saunas, though most patrons made regular visits to the steam bath houses that flourished in the neighborhood. For his 25 cents the customer received a towel, a bath, and maybe even a biscuit. Sometimes there were sandwiches for special friends after they had all steamed together. On big days a sauna brought in as much as \$5.

The landlady and her family usually had an apartment on the first floor of the boarding house or lived in a smaller house next door. She did the cooking, managed the money, looked after the guests, even asserted some discipline when necessary, for boarders respected well-run establishments.

The late Walter Mattila says in his book, "Boarding House Finns," "bartending was not an honored calling among Finntowners. In fact many belonged to the local Suomi Temperance Society. Other local temperance supporting groups were the Finnish Brotherhood and the Socialist branch of the Finnish Workers Federation."

The husband of the landlady usually had regular work outside the home. The chief place of employment was at the Union Fishermen's Cooperative Packing Company located in the present area of the Astoria-Megler Bridge approach. It was established in 1896 by 191 Finnish fishermen who at one time had as many as 400 boats on the river to supply the hundreds of workers in the cannery.

BESIDES CARRYING ON his regular job, the husband was helpful at home. He did the heavy work like cutting wood, looking after the plumbing and repairing the house. He often helped with the enormous loads of laundry by turning the wringer clamped to the sides of the galvanized washtubs. Clean beds denoted a good boarding house; no bedbugs; sheets and towels changed every week; beds made every day.

Frances Longberg, now manager of the Rosecrest and Chalet Apartments across Exchange Street from the Owens-Adair, recalls her mother's concern about cleanliness in their apartment house on the present parking lot of the Hong Kong Restaurant. She remembers the heavy laundry work which was part of her duties during high school years and comments on what joy the first Maytag washers were to boarding house operators. She also remarks that having a big family was an asset to many boarding house couples. Children made beds and swept floors before going to school.

Of all the boarding houses in Uniontown from Suomi Hall to the Doughboy Monument and along the hillside on Bond Street, only one remains to offer lodging. It stands on the corner of West Marine Drive and Bay Street west of Suomi Hall. A sign designates it as Bridge Rooms. The earliest date that I could find for it was 1896, but it is probably older.

Boarding houses were usually known by the names of their owners or operators. Well-known Astorian Ed Niska, for years biologist with the Oregon Department of Fish and Wildlife, brought me up-to-date on the succession of names for Bridge Rooms. It started out as the Moisio Boarding House, then the Erickson, the Henttu, then the widely known Karhuvaara House where his mother was famous for her fine cooking, and finally it became today's Bridge Rooms.

(More about boarding houses and their families next week.)

Boarding houses once flourished

Boarding houses in Astoria were in their heyday around the turn of the century until the late 1920s. They furnished all the comforts of an extended family to single workers and to newly arrived immigrants.

They were operated largely by Finnish families serving lumber mill workers in Uppertown and cannery workers in Unlontown with a variety of houses and residents in between. However, the biggest concentration of boarding houses was in Unlontown with probably as many as 20 scattered at one time or another between Suomi Hall and the Doughboy Monument.

The only one of these establishments still offering lodging is the Bridge Rooms on the corner of West Marine Drive and Bay Street next to Suomi Hall. Charles "Buddy" Hoell, longtime Astorian, says he has watched most of the others burn down. The place passed through a succession of owners, but was best known in the 1920s as the K. Kaara Boarding House where E. Kaara's mother was famous for her fine cooking. At that time it housed about 60 men.

It is now owned by Ellie Riutta and its residents are a half dozen elderly men, one of whom is retired fisherman Albert Aho. He lived there in the early days while fishing on the river. Now he's retired there.

Riutta recently donated the place to the Northwest Oregon Housing Authority to use for transitional housing for self-sufficient mentally ill persons in Clatsop County.

ACROSS THE STREET from the Bridge Rooms is the spot where Tolppi's Boarding House used to stand. It was built in 1887. Nearby on Taylor Street was the Takkunen House. It stood a little up the hill



toward the Taylor School, located where Oregon Healthcare Center/Crestview now stands. In 1909, when John Takkunen sold the boarding house to Emil Punkala, it became Punkala House. Later when Takkunen died, his widow bought the house back again. When she remarried, it became the Eskelin Boarding House. Later it was sold to Mr. and Mrs. Sakri Loppaka. It was known by that name till it burned in 1943.

The biggest boarding house of all and the one in longest operation was Hannula House. Daniel Hannula came to Astoria as a young man to make his fortune. He married Amalia, a Finnish girl whose heart was set on running a boarding house. In 1904 they got started building the biggest boarding house ever to be operated in Astoria's Finntown. It was four stories high and housed 75 men. Located across West Marine Drive from present-day Unlontown Cafe, it soon ran into hard times. It was too big for the highly competitive boarding house business until World War I when Astoria had a ship-building boom.

FOR YEARS, THE Hannulas' success was phenomenal. However,

some say that activities during Prohibition days added to the "pot of gold." In any case, Amalia tooted around town in her big Franklin car, the first in Astoria, though one local historian said it was a big Lincoln she drove. Still another reported, "Amalia drove a big Cadillac, the first in Astoria."

When I checked with Bob Lovell of Lovell Auto Co., he said his father sold the first Cadillac in Astoria in 1921, and Amalia could have been the customer. My guess is that during the Hannulas' years of prosperity, Amalia successively owned all three cars.

Then in 1943, Hannula House burned. When the big structure went up in flames, the Astorian-Budget, (July 21, 1943) pronounced it to be "Astoria's most devastating fire since the 1922 conflagration." Apparently the blaze started about midday from a cigarette tossed into a bucket of oily rags at a nearby car agency.

The disaster rendered homeless 200 men and several families as it wiped out Unlontown boarding houses and surrounding residences. The 75 men in Hannula House and the 53 living in the Loppaka House, mostly new immigrants, lost most of their belongings. However, Mrs. Lopakka managed to scoop \$10,000 out of her safe which had been entrusted to her. The Hannula residents suffered heavy losses in cash and war bonds.

THE WHOLE COMMUNITY rushed to the scene to help, though the many onlookers hampered rescue efforts. Fire Chief Wayne Osterby and Deputy Sheriff Myron Jones reported that people were in a panic trying to rescue belongings and stacking them in the street. Dennis Thompson, of Astoria

Granite Works, worked all night with the cleanup crews, then was inducted into the Army the next day for service in world War II. "Astoria gave me quite a sendoff," he says. Arvi Ostrom, who operated what is now Unlontown Cafe, remembers the intense heat blistered the walls of his building.

Firemen rushed in from Seaside, and some rode the ferry across from Ilwaco, Wash. The U.S. Navy Station at Tongue Point sent 144 Blue Jackets to fight the flames and stop looting. Even so, the center of Unlontown was reduced to ashes. Homeless men were bunked down in bathhouses, in hallways of surviving establishments and on ships in port. The Red Cross responded swiftly with supplies.

The fires was not the only tragedy that struck the Hannulas. Daniel and Amalia had one son, George, the apple of their eye. He married; the marriage was a stormy one; the wife was killed; and George spent 10 years in the penitentiary. When he returned, the boarding house business was gone; his father had died and his mother was in a disastrous marriage. George married again, bought a trolley and went fishing.

Of course, Unlontown has changed since the fire as new businesses have gradually been established, but some early ones have remained. Suomi Hall is still in place. Workers Tavern and the Triangle Tavern are still doing business, as are Union Steam Baths and Unlontown Cafe. Ferrell's Home Center has replaced Puusti's store. The Doughboy Monument still rises majestically in what was the hub of the Finnish community, probably the only Doughboy statue in the nation to guard a city's comfort station.

Boarding house true melting pot

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best friends as were neighboring Norwegian children.

All these children of different origins were proud to improve their use of English. But when they went to the Scow Bay Finnish Lutheran Church, located across 18th Street from present-day Social Security offices, they had to learn the confirmation studies in Finnish before they could be accepted into church membership.

AFTER FRANCES LONBERG'S father, Lauri Luukinen, died in 1929, her mother took over operation of the Hendrickson Boarding House located on Marine Drive on what is now the parking lot of the Hong Kong Restaurant. When Frances returned from school one day, she was distressed to find a new sign designating the place as the Francis Boarding House. She was embarrassed not only by the public honor which her mother intended but also because the sign gave the masculine spelling of her name with /instead of e.

The new experience of living in a

boarding house was like living in the true American "melting pot" for many languages intermingled. Lonberg recalls that the Japanese who ran the laundry next door, site of the present Home Bakery, learned a smattering of the languages of their customers. Some Finns would pay the Japanese a dime or a quarter to hear them sing the Finnish national anthem. Finnish children didn't think that was fair for they had to learn to sing it for nothing.

Lonberg now says that growing up in a boarding house was a rich and wonderful time in her life. She learned the skills and values of hard work, family cooperation and getting along with all kinds of people. She adds in an amused tone, "We kids learned early how to play pinochle and poker and a few other things from conversations we were not supposed to hear."

The biggest boarding house in Uppertown was the Poysky, located on Marine Drive and 29th Street. It was a great favorite with the men working at the O'Brien-Gram spruce mill and the Clatsop lumber mill, forerunner of the Astoria Plywood mill. Built in the 1880s, the Poysky was a fixture in the area for 60 years, then it, like so many other boarding houses, met its fate by fire. On Sept. 10, 1941, it was destroyed, leaving 23 men without lodging or belongings. The news account stated that the building went up in a flash, flames fed by multiple layers of wallpaper on dry wood walls.

MANY ASTORIA BOARDING

houses throughout the years met the same fate. Fires were often started by coal oil lamps falling from wall brackets or being upset on tables. Even though electricity came to Astoria in 1885, years passed before it came into general residential use. When the Hannula and Lopakka houses in Uniontown burned in 1943, the Astorian-Budget stated that more than 20 boarding house fires had been reported in the preceding six months. Some buildings were only slightly damaged; others completely consumed.

Among other well-established boarding houses was the Paul Peterson House opened in 1909 near the McGregor mill in East Astoria. In 1916 Martin Franciscovich leased his rooming house on Commercial near 17th to Matt Yonyich who conducted the business for 12 years. His advertising described it as a "refreshment resort and billiard parlor on the first floor and first class rooming house on the second floor."

The Usonia House at 23rd and Franklin had stood vacant for years when in 1917 it was taken over as an isolation hospital (commonly called "pest house"). Its 40 rooms were used to isolate patients with measles and smallpox — in the days before immunization.

The New Nehalem House stood at 14th and Exchange, location of present Lovell-McCall Tire Service. It was a large, three-story building resting on piling. In 1916 the two upper floors were gutted by fire. The debris was cleared away the next year.

(Continued next week)

Boarding houses needed no more

Astoria's boarding houses were usually operated by Finnish families. In West Astoria, most patrons were Finnish men employed as fishermen and cannery workers. In East Astoria, boarding house residents were Norwegian and Swedish men with a sprinkling of Danes, Germans and Austrians working in lumber mills. Between east and west were Downtown and Chinatown.

Boarding houses serving both professional and industrial people were located near downtown, the area the late historian Walter Mattila designated as Americantown. These flourished till World War II with some continuing well into the '50s. Then people gradually chose apartment living, which afforded more privacy and independence.

One of the most popular of these boarding houses was the Beaver Hotel. It was located on the way to Uppertown on the southeast corner of Marine Drive and 29th Street across from the plywood mill. Operated by the Gamble family, the Beaver also served meals to guests made reservations.

Cecil Moberg, longtime Astorian, recalls that in his growing-up years, it was a family luxury to have Sunday dinner at the Beaver. Mrs. Moberg remembers too that her family, friends of the Gambles, often enjoyed dining there. Dinners were served family style with an abundance of meat, fish, potatoes, bread and pies. Mrs. Moberg remembers with pleasure that pies were cut into five pieces instead of six or eight. Ted Stokes, a historian now living in Seaside, writes that he regularly enjoyed boarding house fare at the going rate of 35 cents per meal.

ANOTHER BOARDING HOUSE with a reputation for high-class accommodations still stands at 1546

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Franklin Ave. next door to the Masonic Temple. Built in 1870, it is included on Astoria's Walking Tour as one of the city's significant Victorian homes. The house originally belonged to the Charles Hellborn family. Hellborn was a pioneer furniture dealer and county treasurer.

Later it was the residence of George Nelson, ship's chandler, selling supplies to ships in port. In 1928 it became the Home Inn, providing lodging and meals to professional people and other day workers. Lyle Anderson, of Warrenton, a retired Bioproducts chemist, recalls the good meals and interesting conversations around the evening table. Mrs. Frank Sanborn was a long-time resident there and several teachers were regular patrons. After many years the owner, Mildred Stacy, retired but maintained the place as her home until her death on Feb. 27 at the age of 104.

Another highly regarded boarding house was the Chisholm House, now known as the Capt. Hiram Brown House. Built in 1852 at 1337 Franklin Ave., it is now the home of Paul and Wilma Williamson, who maintain its historic values as the earliest surviving residence in Astoria.

In 1926 Joanna Chisholm began her boarding house on a small scale

at the family home at 665 Franklin as the result of her own generosity. When a family friend came from the east to teach, Mrs. Chisholm invited her to stay with the family until she found other quarters.

Soon the word got around and the Chisholms found themselves in the boarding house business. By 1929 they needed more space and moved to what is now the Williamson house. Their daughter, Elizabeth, an Astoria elementary school teacher now retired, recalls that while her mother served breakfast to lodgers, she packed their lunches. Evening business grew until during World War II, 40 hungry people gathered for dinner at the five and six o'clock sittings. Esther Jensen Palmberg, retired high school teacher, was a patron at both the Home Inn and Chisholm House. She remembers what a pleasant experience it was to go from a hard day at school to a bountiful meal graciously served. Mrs. George C. Flavel, widowed daughter-in-law of Capt. George Flavel, was one of the regular patrons at Chisholm House. The business continued until Mrs. Chisholm's retirement in 1960. She died the next year at age 86.

DURING THE '30S, many families living in fine old homes started renting rooms just as current bed-and-breakfast inns have been the means of restoring at least half a dozen of Astoria's historic houses. A 1938 issue of the Astorian-Budget noted one early transition when the stately Ferdinand Fisher residence on 12th and Grand became the Magnolia Rooming House. It is now being restored as a family residence.

Need for boarding houses decreased as immigration decreased. Author Mattila, in his book "Finns and Finnicans," notes that now immigrant Finns and their chil-

dren, the Finnicans, have become one people, Astorians. But the period of transition was not easy. Children wanted their parents to discard Old Country ways and talk and dress "like Americans."

Public schools hastened the process by permitting only English to be spoken. Their rigidity is illustrated when a high school girl becoming ill phoned her father to come to get her. Since his English was limited, she spoke in Finnish. The principal suspended her for three days. (At least she had three days to recover!)

Now times have changed. Astoria flaunts its roots in advertising, historical preservation and museum exhibits. The Scandinavian Midsummer Festival each June fosters appreciation of Old World dress, crafts, music and dancing. Astorians now are quick to claim their immigrant heritage. My Astoria grandchildren are proud that their forebears on their mother's side migrated from Finland. Accordingly they have studied Finnish at Clatsop Community College in the very building where the language once was banned. They are proud that their father's grandparents migrated from Switzerland to Walla Walla, Wash.; so they study French and happily claim relatives in both lands.

Present-day perspective shows that the melting pot of boarding houses, schools and hard work has blended Astoria into a historic, unique American community. Those wishing to learn more about early days may check out Mattila's books at the public library. The audio-video cassette "Remembering Uniontown" may also be checked out at the library or purchased at the Heritage Center.

A sign of spring in the gloom

As the frigid Montana winter retreated, our little prairie school started its three-month spring term. After all, it was now April, and school had been closed since the November blizzard. Mothers who had taken their children to the small one-room building on that exciting first day were all talking at once when one spoke above the chatter, "Sunday is Easter. Let's get together for a celebration."

At age 9, I wasn't sure what Easter was all about. When Mama explained that an Easter celebration was mostly like a church service, that didn't sound like much of a celebration to me.

The only church services I knew were two that had been held at our house the previous summer. A forlorn itinerant preacher had walked the 60 miles from Glendive to our tableland preaching at ranch homes along the way. He had spent the Saturday nights at our house.

On Sunday morning after breakfast, our family and the two hired men respectfully turned our chairs in a circle to listen to the preacher's message. His sad sermon was prolonged by frequent pauses for him to blow his nose and wipe away his tears as he mournfully contemplated the dire future of "these sinful souls gathered before me."

After a lengthy prayer he solemnly shook hands with each one in the circle, even my little brother Glenn and me. Then he shouldered his pack and walked down the dusty road to repeat his message at the next farmhouse. The sincere man said he was dedicating his life to saving his "poor, lost sheep on the

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prairie."

BUT NOW MAMA assured me that an Easter celebration was not like that church service, that Easter was a happy time. There was no preacher to give a sermon, but we would sing and "put our vittles together" after church like a picnic, except it would have to be inside. (We hadn't heard the word potluck in those days.) Then was when I began to be excited about Easter for all our neighbors would be there. Mama said probably 20 or more, counting the children. Now Easter Sunday seemed very slow in coming.

On Saturday, Mama kept me busy helping her make preparations. She went to the chicken house before daylight, snatched three roosters from their haunts and killed them by wringing their necks. Later she poured boiling water over them to loosen the feathers and set them before me to pluck. Later I peeled potatoes for salad and shelled walnuts for her best whipped cream cake.

Finally Sunday morning came. I had envisioned Easter as a magic

morning of sunshine and flowers, a concept gleaned from the latest edition of my Youth's Companion. But I was disappointed, for our morning was a dreary gray with a biting wind and certainly no flowers.

MY PARENTS STRUGGLED to load the small organ into the wagon to return it to the schoolhouse. We had kept it between terms so the mice wouldn't riddle it in the vacant building. The three-mile ride was slow and rough, for even though there was no snow, the deep ruts in the road were frozen solid.

My excitement returned when we reached the schoolhouse as others were arriving. The Tinker family, who lived only a mile away, had a coal fire roaring in the potbellied stove. The women set their food on the teacher's desk with the pies and cakes going to the bench where the water pail and dipper stood. One of the men placed a big gray coffee pot on the single lid of the stove.

Children hurried to their desks to show their parents where they sat during school. I impatiently drew my father away from the cluster of men to demonstrate my inkwell with the hinged lid and to display the drawings stored in the shelf underneath. Glenn was busy with his crayons at his little desk. When the service started, Papa sat with me and Mama went to play the organ. Mr. Tinker in a strong clear voice led the singing.

I WAS GLAD we sang hymns my parents often sang at home, "Rock of Ages" and "Blessed Assurance." Papa had a fine bass voice, and

others joined in harmonizing. Then they began asking for more and more hymns as though they were feasting in the joy of making music together. I stopped singing so I could listen for it was all so beautiful.

After awhile, Mr. Tinker called on a man to read the scripture verses about Easter, another prayed and Mrs. Brown read a poem. Then with the coffee pot sending out its aroma, the leaders said we'd close the service with the Easter hymn, "Christ Arose." How those people put their hearts into that triumphant melody, "Up from the grave He arose . . . Hallelujah, Christ arose!" I nearly burst with pride as I listened to my father's voice booming out on the chorus. When the song was ended, a man called out, "Let's sing it again," and they did — with even more fervor. For me that hymn and the memory of that day will always be a part of Easter.

After the benediction came the meal, and what a meal it was! Everyone ate so heartily that it was a good thing they had done their singing beforehand. Then all too soon it was time to head for home and evening chores. On the long ride back, I had the comfortable feeling that Mama was right — Easter was a happy time.

Now as I recall that day, I can see that simple little service carried on by those humble farm people had all the true elements of Easter. After a long winter of isolation, they had come together for the warmth of worship, friendship and sharing. Easter had come and spring was on the way.

Animal stories are still popular

Surveys are quite the style these days. If I were to do a survey, I'd ask which childhood books folks remember with the most pleasure.

My curiosity came about after I spent a recent evening reading to my 7-year-old grandson. In fact, during three such evenings, he asked for the same book. Of all those on the shelves in his room, he chose Joel Chandler Harris' "Stories of Uncle Remus." His volume, a Christmas gift from a dotting aunt, is the latest printing of the stories first published in 1880.

Illustrated in color, it contains 23 of the more than 300 Uncle Remus stories. Steven has determined that it takes 20 minutes to read each story, therefore three fill the allotted bedtime story hour. No matter how husky my voice becomes, I am not allowed to quit short of the three.

All this reminds me of my childhood days when I was devoted to the Uncle Remus stories of Mr. R Rabbit and the animals of the woods. My mother always read to me as often as her farm duties and supply of stories permitted. One of the delights of the weekly mail was a letter from Aunt Mabelle in Kansas City which usually contained a clipping of an Uncle Remus story syndicated in the Kansas City Star. Later when I could read for myself, Mother subscribed for The Youth's Companion which for years featured the antics of the saucy little rabbit and his friends.

The stories have been popular with children for a hundred years, reproduced many times in many forms. They were the basis of a

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Disney movie, "Song of the South" in the 1940s. My friend, Gloria Jones, recalls that a phonograph record of the stories with Burl Ives as narrator was a treasure of her childhood.

ONE WONDERS WHY these stories have been popular for so long. Critics say it is because of their simplicity and honest values. Author Harris as he grew up in Georgia loved to visit his friends in slave quarters. Later he retold their folk stories in the native dialect through his most famous character, Uncle Remus. The tales express a kindly humor which children enjoy as they identify with the small animals which always outwit the big fierce ones.

Even as a child, much as I liked the stories, I was bothered by the heavy dialect which I found difficult to translate. Now I am bothered by it because I like children to hear language in its proper form. But not

so with Steven. If I try to smooth it out, he interrupts: "Grandma, you aren't reading it right. You are saying 'the' and 'their' instead of 'de' and 'der.'" So the dialect must be part of the stories' appeal.

Now back to childhood books we remember. I recall with nostalgia "The Five Little Peppers and How They Grew," "Anne of Green Gables," "Little Women," "The Lamplighter" and "Black Beauty." I loved the rhythm of Longfellow's poem "Hiawatha" and I splashed tears over our copy of his "Evangeline."

One book which I recall now with some amusement was "St. Elmo." When Mother ordered books for me, she always included some for herself. These were the ones Sears Roebuck's catalog described as the newest and best. Usually the books lay around on the table, but I soon noticed "St. Elmo" always disappeared. One day I saw her slip it behind the music rack on the organ. After that, whenever she went out to feed the chickens or hoe potatoes I would hurriedly read a few pages. I couldn't find much story in it, just a lot of kissing and crying. It was pretty boring, so I soon gave up.

THERE IS ANOTHER book I've been curious about for years, but I have never learned its title. When I asked my mother how she happened to name me Vera, she said it was the name of the beautiful heroine of a novel she read before I was born. Many expectant mothers must have read the same book, for four girls in

my small high school in Sidney, Mont., had the name Vera. Now the only Veras I know are of my own vintage, and I'll never know which novel provided my name.

Recently I asked my librarian friends, Dorothy Kappel and Nancy Cole, which books are favorites of today's children. They immediately said that the Peter Rabbit stories by Beatrix Potter are checked out much more frequently than the Uncle Remus books, but that all animal tales are popular. Then mentioned the Berenstain Bear books and stories by Roald Dahl such as "Charlie and the Chocolate Factory" and "The Magic Finger." Author Beverly Cleary has at least a dozen books on the "most wanted" list. Then there are the ever-popular Dr. Seuss' books. Steven wants those read and re-read.

Three books are of special interest to juveniles in our community because they are set in familiar scenes. They have been written by Patricia Beatty, whose husband spent childhood summer in Astoria visiting relatives who lived on the corner of 12th and Franklin. She wrote "Hall, Columbian," a story of Astoria at the turn of the century, "Indian Canoe-Maker," a tale of Indians at La Push on the Olympic Peninsula, and "The Nickel-Plated Beauty" with its locale at Ilwaco, Ocean Park, and Nahcotta, Wash.

How important books are in our early years! They are a part of our childhood memories. They entertain, instruct, and even help to preserve our culture and history.

Gallery provides look at past

Now we can actually look at history. The new ethnic gallery at the heritage museum at 1608 Exchange St. in Astoria offers an informative glimpse into our "melting pot" past.

Several friends asked me in recent weeks, "Have you seen the new display on immigrant history at the museum?" Having been a little housebound by the vagaries of the weather, I admitted I had not. So the other day I went. I was impressed. The exhibit is so artistically and professionally done that it could well be a microcosm of one of similar theme at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C. Space is necessarily limited but the quality is there.

The gallery located in the northeast corner of the first floor affords the visitor an introduction to nine countries from which early immigrants came to our North Coast.

Occupying center stage because of its size and rich coloring is the Chinese altar recently removed from Flavel House Museum, thus allowing the space it occupied to be restored to its original style, that of Mrs. Flavel's bedroom. Brought to Astoria in 1904, the altar was placed in the Buddhist shrine on Astor Street between Seventh and Eighth streets in the midst of Astoria's extensive Chinatown.

IN 1958, WHEN many of the aging buildings were razed, the altar was donated by the Chinese Men's Association to the Clatsop County Historical Society. Its tapestry and carvings of flowers and dragons, some overlaid with gold leaf, have been cleaned and restored by a professional art conservator.

Native Americans and earliest



settlers from the Atlantic states are recognized by a display of Indian crafts and pioneer household items. An account of Solomon Smith and his wife, the Clatsop Indian princess Cellast, records their settlement on Clatsop Plains in 1838 when they brought in the first farm horses and established the first school. Smith later became a state senator, dying in office in 1878.

Scandinavian immigrants are represented by the handsome pulpit built in 1912 for the Norwegian Lutheran Church (established in 1877) at 29th and Grand streets. The large altar painting of the Transfiguration, also done in 1912, adds focus to the exhibit. Household items owned by pioneers Agnes Fremstad, Andres Christian and Fred Grimstad give further representation to Norwegian and Swedish immigrants.

Near the Swedish hardanger, I found an elegant example of Yugoslavian stitchery and dress design. The outfit, a dress, jacket, hat and bag in red and gold, was brought from that country when immigrants Peter Kuzmanich and his wife returned to their former home for a visit in 1936. Their daughter, Ann Kuzmanich Washer,

of Astoria, gave the outfit to the museum.

SHE EXPLAINS THAT her brothers, Jack and Nick, shortened the family name to Kussman when they entered the U.S. Army. Numerous Yugoslav friends settled in Clatsop County, including the well-known Vlastalicia family in Knappa. Mrs. Mark Hatfield, nee Antoinette Kuzmanich, and her family were close friends with Ann Kuzmanich Washer's family, and probably distant relatives.

French settlers are introduced by the exhibit featuring Alexandre Gilbert and his holdings first in Astoria then in Seaside, where he served as mayor and did much to establish Seaside as a resort town. While in Astoria, he was appointed French consul and became the first treasurer of the Port of Astoria. The six houses standing close together on 18th Street between Franklin and Grand are part of his extensive rental investments in Astoria.

Courageous young people from Ireland added their efforts to the development of Clatsop County. An old churn in the ethnic display belonged to the Leahy family, homesteaders in the Olney area and early family of Evelyn Leahy Hankel, present Clatsop County Historical Society member. One can only imagine the hours of labor and pounds of butter that worn churn represents.

In a glass case nearby stands a 100-year-old Russian samovar used for making tea and heating soup. This was given by Harry and Mary Steinbock in memory of their parents who migrated from Russia. Harry Steinbock served as local mayor from 1959 to 1975, the longest period of mayoral service in the 134

years of Astoria's incorporated history.

A HANDSOME TEA set represents immigrants from Japan. This was a gift in 1890 from a labor contractor to Mrs. A. G. Spexarth, mother of the late May Miller and grandmother of local dentist, Dr. Rodney Miller.

Finnish immigrants, the largest immigrant group to settle here, have been recognized by the production of the video-cassette "Remembering Uniontown." This professionally produced film was funded in part by Esther Pernu in memory of her late husband, Lauri, with the balance being supplied by the Oregon Committee for the Humanities. Copies may be purchased at the museum gift shop.

Steve Kann, curator of collections for the historical society, joined the staff eight months ago. He is excited about the variety of artifacts in the museum collection. Many now in storage are being prepared for use in upcoming exhibits. One area now closed off bears the sign, "Coming soon: reconstructed sleeping quarters of a Chinese bunkhouse from the Elmore Cannery."

Kann gives heartfelt credit to the 10 volunteers headed by John Goodenberger Jr., who work with him in the planning and construction of exhibits. All have training and experience in the arts. As interior renovation of the building progresses, new exhibits will be developed.

A visit to the Heritage Center provides a new understanding of the rich contribution immigrants have made to the lower Columbia area and offers an entertaining way to learn our "melting pot" history.

When vaudeville came to town

4-14-89

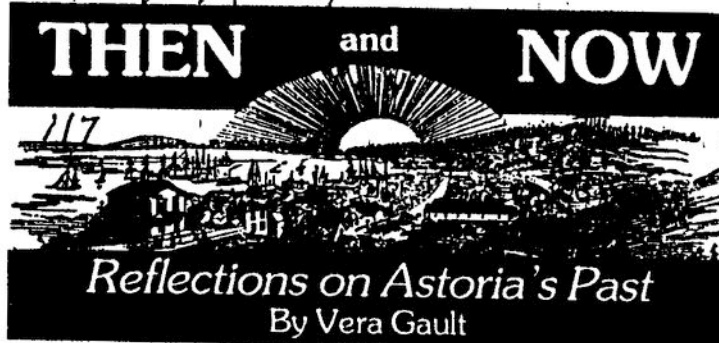
I made new friends the other day when I met Erroll Phillips and wife Elsie at the Astoria Public Library. They had come over from their home near Ocean Park, Wash., though years ago they lived near Astoria. I had been told that Erroll had played a vaudeville stand in Astoria in 1917, and I wanted to hear about it.

Vaudeville entertainment (the idea originated in France) was made up of a variety of acts, usually music, acting and dancing. In 1917 Erroll Phillips and sister Doris were billed as child dancers. Living in Portland, they got started when Doris, age 5, began taking dancing lessons from well-known teacher, Hortense Williams. One day when 7-year-old Erroll was sitting on the sidelines, the teacher recruited him to play the Tin Man in an interpretive dance number in which his little sister was dancing the Fairy Queen.

Soon the two were much in demand for local programs. Then agent booked them as one act in a vaudeville troupe managed by producers Esmo and Krohn, which played regularly at Portland's Strand Theater and the Benson Hotel. Mel Blanc with his many voices was a blossoming member of the company.

Critics' reviews lauded the children's act: "Portland takes special interest in two of its most talented little folks whenever Doris and Erroll Phillips perform. The little girl, petite and dainty, dances light as a feather, and her talented brother performs with grace and charm whenever they present the descriptive dance, 'Enchanted Prince.'"

During the years of World War I, the troupe devoted its efforts to helping the Red Cross and selling war bonds. Erroll remembers that



he and Doris accompanied by their parents gave up three Christmases in their own home while they were on the road appearing at war rallies. He also remembers that they had to drop one of their acts, "Ortchen and the Elf," because it was based on a German folk tale.

IT WAS ON one of these hectic tours that the troupe was scheduled to play three nights in Astoria. Erroll says the first show was a nightmare. The theater in which they were to perform (he doesn't remember which one but knows it burned in 1922) had failed to make adequate preparations. When the troupe arrived for rehearsal, no scenery was in place and the promised orchestra turned out to be a pianist and a drummer. "So," Phillips recalls, "my sister had to listen for the piano and ignore the drum, but the drum wasn't so bad for my leaping frog dance." Erroll's solo as the frog was a highlight, for in the midst of it the fairy princess touched him with her wand; then right on stage he peeled off his frog costume and became the richly dressed Prince Charming. Astorians loved it!

Other acts in the show included a Spanish trio and a mime. A lady singer brought down the house when she sang the wartime ditty

about a proud mother waiting for her son's company to go marching by, then breaking into the rollicking chorus, "They're All Out of Step But Jim."

Phillips said traveling to Astoria and back to Portland was great fun. The troupe came down on the steamer Haslo and returned on the Georgiana. They performed for the passengers most all the time and sold war bonds like magic.

By the time Erroll approached the age of 12, he was tired of dancing and felt too old for "that kid stuff." But Doris kept on with show business doing small parts with the Duffy Players, where budding actress Jane Darwell took her under her wing and gave her valuable training. Sadly, Doris died of pneumonia at age 17.

Erroll at age 15 went to work as copy boy at The Oregonian, later becoming an electrician for Bonneville Power. In 1950 he was transferred to the Bonneville substation in Astoria located on Youngs Bay near the yacht club, eventually becoming station operator. His area supervisor at the time was William Paetow from J.D. Ross station in Vancouver, Wash., who had charge of all the substations west of Bonneville dam. Bill Paetow, native Astorian,

is the brother of Astoria Police chief Charles Paetow, now retired.

ERROLL AND ELSIE Phillips and daughters Doris and Marian made their Astoria home on Lyngstad Heights near Miles Crossing, close to neighbors the Lyngstad family and Fred and Geraldine Clayton. Elsie worked for several years as assistant to Marjorie Halderman at the Astoria High School library. In talking with Marjorie the other day, I mentioned I had recently met friends of hers, the Phillipses from Ocean Park. Her exclamation was, "Oh, Erroll and Elsie — such lovely people!"

In 1968, when Erroll retired, they moved across the river where they had early interest in cranberry bogs. Their home is located between Klipsan and Ocean Park where Erroll has held offices in AARP and the Methodist Church and where both participate in many community activities.

Erroll had his scrapbook with him when I met him and Elsie at the Astoria Public Library. He showed me a picture of his father, who was a superintendent of Portland's city shops and master mechanic for the fire department. He was such an expert with fire equipment that in 1921 when the city of Astoria bought a Stutz fire engine, Walter Phillips was sent to check it out. It must have given great service at the big fire next year. The stately old engine now sits in Uppertown Fire Station waiting to be chief artifact in a coming fire station exhibit.

And so it goes — new friends, old scrapbooks and precious memories bring to light another segment of history.

Owens-Adair was early feminist

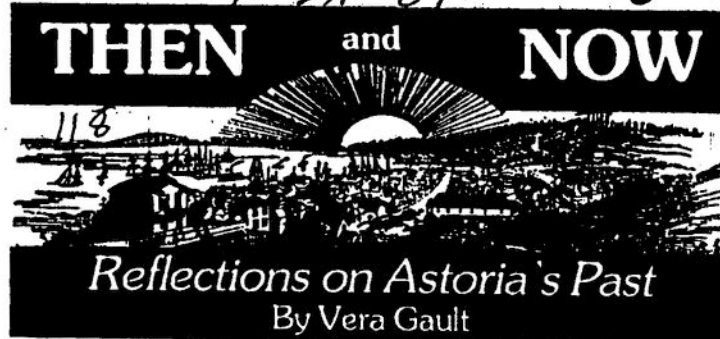
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One of the most imposing buildings in Astoria is the Owens-Adair, which provides apartment living for the elderly. Newcomers sometimes ask me why the place is so named. To local folks the explanation is a familiar one but its repetition may be useful, for Dr. Bethenia Owens-Adair (1840-1926), an outstanding figure in Oregon history, spent many of her 86 years on Clatsop Plains and in Astoria.

The first structure on the site of the present apartment house, 1508 Exchange, was Astoria's first hospital, built in 1889 by Providence Sisters of Charity and known for years as St. Mary's Hospital. In 1931 a wing was added on the west end of the original structure. The work with great good fortune uncovered the charred foundation of the original Fort Astoria, the fur trading post built in 1811. Hospital usage was terminated in 1977. In September 1983, the remodeled structure was re-opened as Owens-Adair.

Now for the explanation of the name. Dr. Bethenia Owens-Adair was the first woman doctor west of the Rockies, but she earned recognition for even more than that. Her gravestone at Ocean View Cemetery marks her as "pioneer teacher, physician, reformer, feminist."

BETHENIA OWENS WAS 3 years old when she came to Oregon with her parents, Thomas and Sarah, in the Great Wagon Train of 1843. For lively little Beth with sparkling black eyes and curly black hair, that trip provided a lifetime of memories and friendships. One of the most lasting of these was the friendship of Jesse Applegate, early settler of Southern Oregon. Applegate was captain of the cow column in the wagon train which consisted of the slower wagons and the livestock.



He often carried the child on his shoulder as he scouted the best trails for wagons and animals in their 2,000-mile trek from Independence, Mo., to Oregon.

After six months of grueling travel, the party arrived at Fort Vancouver where women and children rested in the hospitality of Dr. John McLoughlin. Thomas Owens, William Hobson and his sons, John and Richard, with others, canoed down the Columbia to Fort Astoria. Owens and Hobson chose claims on Clatsop Plains — the Owens site east of the present Astoria Golf and Country Club and the Hobson claim on the site of present Camp Rilea. They brought their families down by canoe on Christmas Day 1843, joining the six other families getting settled in the area.

Thomas and Sarah Owens were hard workers and good managers but the first decade on the Plains meant tortuous work and deprivation for both the parents and their growing family. Bethenia worked long hours every day milking cows, churning, feeding pigs and chickens and chasing them out of the precious garden and acres of potatoes and always the care of the younger children.

HER OLDER SISTER, Diana, worked in the house helping with food preparation and storage and with weaving linen from the flax

crop the provident Sarah had raised and spinning and weaving wool from the sheep.

By the end of 10 years, the Owens family had achieved comfortable pioneer living, a substantial home, large dairy operations and many acres in farm crops. Thomas had brought in horses for use instead of oxen and had helped establish the first grist mill. In 1850, he and neighbors had built the first Clatsop Plains Church. (The present one is the third structure on the site.) He had also helped set the boundaries for the first school district. Bethenia attended the three-month summer term. Later she wrote that textbooks were so scarce that there was only one for all the children in a family. Bethenia then was 12 years old and she and other children were expected to do a full day's work at home in addition to going to school.

By 1853, Thomas felt the need for more grassland for his growing herds of cattle, sheep and horses. After harvest that year he moved his family and livestock to Southern Oregon where the Umpqua Valley was the "finest grazing country west of the Rockies."

THE MOVE TO the Roseburg area marked the end of Bethenia's childhood. Legrand Hill, who had worked for the Owens on the Plains, visited them in their new

home, and he and Bethenia were married on May 4, 1854, three months before her 14th birthday. Her dress was a "pretty sky-blue figured lawn." Early marriages were common in those days. Sister Diana had married young John Hobson when she was 13. Legrand was a strong young man who liked to hunt and fish and read novels. Bethenia wrote later that her "soul overflowed with love and hope." She was ecstatic at the prospect of her own home.

The home Legrand provided was a farm he rented on credit four miles from the Owens place. On it were a couple of sheds and a ramshackle 12-by-14-foot log cabin that had neither floor nor chimney. Thomas and Sarah gave Bethenia a saddle horse, cow, calf, heifer and household necessities including a feather bed and bedding and a supply of groceries. Legrand had a horse, saddle and less than \$20.

No pioneer bridegroom could have asked for a better start than Legrand Hill had, an energetic and capable wife who had generous parents. The bride's first job that summer, after planting a garden, was to fill the unchinked walls of the hut with a mixture of mud and grass to give protection from the weather, small animals and vermin.

WHEN LEGRAND WAS not hunting, he went to camp meetings. Thomas urged his son-in-law to build a house before winter. When November came with no house in prospect, Thomas accumulated building materials, organized a work party and got the structure well under way. But before Legrand finished the roof, he smashed his thumb and decided he and his wife should go to visit her parents. By that time, Bethenia began to fear that her husband "lacked industry."

Life difficult for future doctor

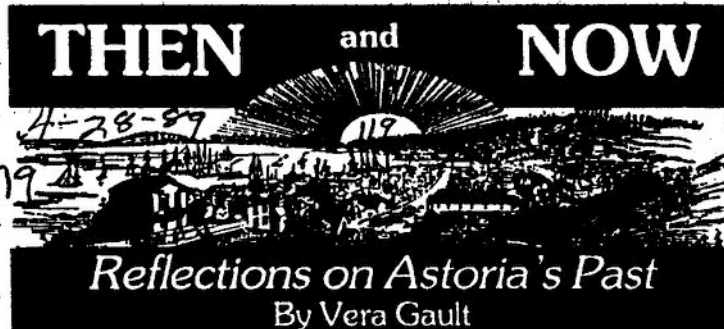
This is the second of five columns about Dr. Bethenia Owens-Adair (1840-1926) who spent years in Astoria and for whom The Owens-Adair apartment house at 1508 Exchange St. is named.

For information I am indebted to Dr. Owens-Adair's book about her life experiences and to a master's thesis, thoroughly documented, by U of O graduate student Carol McFarland, both sources available at the Astoria Public Library. I am also indebted to Marjorie Halderman, Astoria High School librarian, now retired, for information about the family, for the first wife of Marjorie's grandfather, John Hobson, was Diana Owens, sister of Bethenia Owens-Adair.

To continue the story from last week: At age 13, Bethenia Owens was married to Legrand Hill, farm worker, who preferred hunting and fishing to farming. At the end of the first year of their marriage, the \$300 rent money came due. Since the couple could not pay, the owner reclaimed the farm. Legrand was delighted for he had heard there was gold in California.

Bethenia did not object to leaving for her husband had begun to "exhibit temper" whenever she opposed him. Legrand sold the stock her parents had given them, deposited Bethenia with his aunt in Yreka and went on to find his fortune. During that winter the energetic aunt taught the 15-year-old Bethenia to become an expert seamstress while she prepared to become a mother.

WHEN THE OWENSES, now prosperous Roseburg farmers, received news of their new grandson, along with Legrand's failure to find gold, they moved the little family back to Roseburg. There Legrand met up with a man starting a brick-making business and invested the money left from



the sale of their livestock. Bethenia and baby George moved into a tent near the site of the brickworks for her husband had promised her services as a cook.

When November rains came, the bricks the men had finished all dissolved into a sea of mud, so the homeless little family returned to live with the Owenses. Now all they had left was one saddle horse. Eventually they moved into an unfinished house which Legrand worked on occasionally.

The McFarland biography of Bethenia, which is my ready source, describes the situation: "When she was unable to bear the pain of her home situation any longer, Bethenia sought her parents' counsel. Sarah was indignant. 'Any man that could not make a living with the help he has had, never will make one and with his temper he is apt to kill you.' But Thomas, abhorrent of divorce, advised his daughter to try to reconcile their differences. Peacemaking efforts were fruitless. The discipline of the 18-month-old baby became the breaking point."

LEGRAND PUNISHED HIM because he wasn't toilet trained and spanked him unmercifully when he cried. During one final, bitter quarrel, the angry father threw the child on the bed and walked out. The mother picked him up, grabbed a few garments and ran the three-quarter-mile distance to

her parents' home. The next day she and her father moved her necessities out of the house.

Bethenia and Legrand were legally separated in March 1858. When paper signing was completed, Legrand handed her a bundle and hurriedly left. When Bethenia opened the package, she discovered her blue-flowered wedding dress and veil, crumpled, damp and stained.

McFarland adds a footnote: "In all probability Legrand's final temper tantrum took the form of the ultimate, childish insult — that of spoiling his wife's wedding garments — probably by urinating on them." Proceedings of the hotly contested divorce were final on Oct. 18, 1859. Bethenia received custody of her son, now almost 3, the restoration of her maiden name and court costs.

Now Bethenia had to face some hard facts. She could barely read and write. She decided the only way she could support her son and advance herself was to get an education so she enrolled for the four-month term at the academy in Roseburg. By the end of the term she had finished the third reader and was picking up other subjects with ease. Fiercely determined to be independent, she did washing and ironing for neighbors until her father bought her a sewing machine so she could work at home.

SHE OFTEN DID nursing for

neighbors. On one such occasion a farmer hired her to care for his wife during confinement. She also did the cooking for the family of five and four hired men. She took care of the infant during the night and rose at four each morning to start the milking. Her wage was \$3 per week plus \$2 in trade at the local store. She knew the men were paid \$2 a day and got Sundays off. This injustice towards women later became one of her crusades.

In 1860, when cruel gossip about her divorce drove Bethenia from Roseburg, she went to visit on Clatsop Plains where her sister and husband, Diana and John Hobson, were developing a prosperous farm and a growing family. While there, she and Diana went to visit a friend in Oysterville who invited Bethenia and George to stay and attend school there that winter.

In the spring, Bethenia moved to Astoria where for three years she and her son lived with various families where she worked and attended school. She even taught one four-month term at a salary of \$40 per month. She also took in sewing. When she had saved \$400, she bought a half lot and hired a carpenter to build a three-room cottage. The site was on Franklin Avenue between the present Franklin and Stratford apartment buildings. (When I came to Astoria in 1964, the cottage was still standing, but burned a year later.)

Now at age 19, Bethenia had overcome the stigma of divorce and had earned the respect of the community. Then one winter evening who should appear on the doorstep of her new home but Legrand Hill. He had come to urge her to remarry him, but she wouldn't even let him enter the door. Later she wrote, "He found not the young, ignorant wife whom he had neglected and misused but a self-reliant woman who could look upon him only with pity."

(More next week)

Pioneer heads for med school

(Third of a series)

120

The Owens-Adair, the imposing apartment house at 1508 Exchange, Astoria, was named to honor Bethenia Owens-Adair (1840-1926), first woman doctor in Oregon. Daughter of pioneers Thomas and Sarah Owens, Bethenia grew up on Clatsop Plains.

At age 13, she married Legrand Hill, farm worker. At age 15, she gave birth to a son, George, and the next year divorced the father who mistreated her and the baby. At age 19 she became a teacher at \$40 per month and by taking in laundry and sewing had managed to save \$400.

She then had a three-room cottage built on Franklin Avenue between 14th and 15th streets on what is the present lawn between the Franklin and Stratford apartment houses. At last she had a home of her own and was a respected member of the community.

During her years of independence in Astoria, Bethenia had kept in touch with her family in the growing community of Roseburg. Her sister, Jane, was married by Hyman Abraham, a prospering dry goods merchant. He offered to help Bethenia start a millinery business by providing initial merchandise. So in the fall of 1867, she rented her little house in Astoria to become a shopkeeper in Roseburg.

She borrowed \$250 to go to San Francisco to learn the trade and followed up by attending the trend-setting markets there twice a year. Advertisements note her shop also carried "cloaks, shawls, hairnets, false hair and ornaments." She also offered services of a hired seamstress — all this growth within five years.

THE SOCIAL COLUMN of the Roseburg paper often carried Bethenia's name indicating she was a popular and active member of social circles. Her new interests

THEN and NOW



Reflections on Astoria's Past

By Vera Gault

were women's suffrage and temperance. In 1872 she joined the Women's Christian Temperance Union and accepted the WCTU office of state superintendent of hygiene and heredity, which she held for more than 30 years.

She proclaimed along with Susan B. Anthony that women must "equip themselves to earn their own livelihood." Carol McFarland, in her master's thesis, points out that Bethenia's unhappy four-year marriage and the struggle she had to make a living made her a powerful campaigner for the issues of the day. There were "sultors for her hand" among Roseburg social circles, but Bethenia stated that she was never born "to be controlled by the light of anyone's opinion" and that it would make little difference if that person happened to be her husband.

In 1871 Abigail Scot Duniway, Portland suffragette, started publishing *New Northwest* in support of women's rights. She and Bethenia became friends and used meeting halls and the press to promote their two great causes, prohibition and suffrage, often to the embarrassment of Bethenia's family who, along with members of polite society, profoundly believed women's place was in the home and not out making public speeches.

McFarland's biographical account of Bethenia further states: "Temperance work, a successful

millinery business and the rearing of her son might have been sufficient to keep Bethenia fully occupied, but by assisting friends in time of illness, she began seriously to revive an early interest in nursing. This interest became a significant turning point."

THE TURNING POINT led to Bethenia's determination to become a doctor. Secretly she began to study medical books knowing that to openly express her interest in medicine would subject her to public ridicule, and she had endured plenty of that during her divorce proceedings.

Secretly also she began to inquire of universities in the east about accepting her as a medical student. Early in the 1800s doctors treated most ills by massive bleeding, heavy laxatives or drugs such as opium. Practitioners, mostly women, used milder methods such as herbs and dietary changes.

In 1848, the American Medical Association was organized and the "medical establishment made a conscious effort to limit the number of practitioners." Most medical schools would not accept female applicants, but Bethenia was finally able to enroll at the Eclectic Medical College of Pennsylvania, which combined applications of the two theories.

THEN SHE BEGAN to have doubts. She consulted her old

family friend, Jesse Applegate, who encouraged her to follow her dream. She worried about such distant separation from her son, now a student at the University of California at Berkeley. She worried about her long trip to the east coast with no resource except her own strength and determination. Finally she concluded that her only true calling was medicine and that somehow she would succeed.

Her decision was made public through friends and by an announcement on the front page of the *Tri-Weekly Astorian* of Dec. 23, 1873, "Miss B. A. Owens, a well-known lady of Roseburg, will shortly start for Philadelphia, where she proposes to graduate as an M.D."

Bethenia had expected criticism for choosing such an "unwomanly" profession, but the angry reaction of her family and friends was devastating. Her brothers pronounced themselves disgraced. Even George thought her decision would "do him injury." But Bethenia with her usual spunk told her detractors they would change their minds when she returned as a qualified physician, adding, "Then I'll charge more for doctoring than I now get for your hats and ribbons." She arranged for her sister to take over her millinery shop.

On a cold night in January, Bethenia Owens boarded the 11 p.m. overland stage to San Francisco en route by train to Philadelphia. In her loneliness the tears came, then she told herself, "Every sorrow of my life has provided a blessing in disguise." She had transformed herself from a barely literate teen-ager into a successful businesswoman. Now at age 34, intelligent and attractive, she was turning her life around again. In the darkened stagecoach she plotted her future as a physician.

(More next week.)

Doctor finds home in Portland

(Fourth in a series) 121

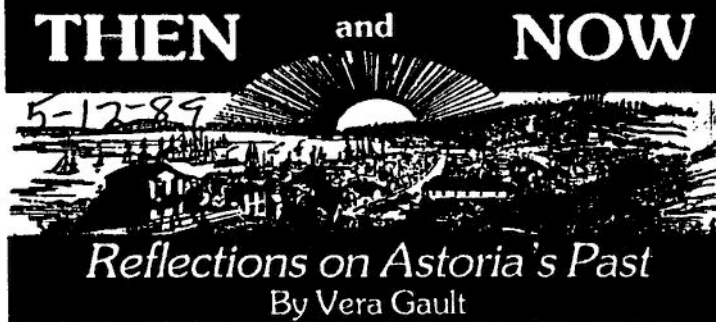
Dr. Bethenia Owens-Adair (1846-1926) grew up in a pioneer family on Clatsop Plains, was a teacher in Astoria and became the first woman doctor in Oregon. The Owens-Adair retirement home at 1508 Exchange St. is named in her memory.

In last week's account, Bethenia had just taken an overland stage from Roseburg to San Francisco to travel to Philadelphia to attend medical school. Because of her nursing experience, her study of medical texts and the help of a kindly Roseburg doctor, she was able to enter the advanced class. Midway through the year, she needed funds to continue. She had heard that Boston was an enlightened city where a female practitioner would be accepted.

So to Boston she went, rented an office overlooking Boston Commons, and began to advertise. On the very first day she had two women clients whose fees enabled her to purchase instruments and medicine. She soon learned that working women preferred a woman doctor, especially one whose treatments were gentle and whose fees were low. Flushed with success, Bethenia returned to Philadelphia and was awarded the degree of medical doctor in 1874. Then she triumphantly returned to Roseburg.

Now equipped with qualifications equal to her male counterparts, Bethenia expected the same professional acceptance she had enjoyed in Boston. Not so in Roseburg. She was unprepared for the bitter resentment her town had in store for her.

A FEW DAYS after her return, six local doctors decided to hold an autopsy on an old man who had died without funds or relatives. Almost as a prank they sent an invitation for the "Philadelphia



doctor" to attend.

To their amazement and embarrassment, she accepted and appeared at the shed where the operation was to take place. She was asked if she was aware that the autopsy was to be performed on the genital organs. "No," she replied, "but one part of the human body should be as sacred to the physician as another." One doctor spoke up, "I object to a woman being present at a male autopsy." Bethenia quietly asserted that she had been invited by written invitation and that she saw no difference between males being present at a female autopsy and the present situation. All then agreed she should stay except the dissenter who stalked out amid the "cheers and laughter of 40 or 50 men and boys" who had gathered to get a glimpse of the proceedings.

The doctors, determined to further test her mettle, set the instruments before her and requested that she do the autopsy. When the operation was completed, the thrill-seekers expressed such shock and disgust that Bethenia thought she might be tarred and feathered. Then she spotted her brothers among the onlookers. With a tall, grim-faced brother on either side, she passed safely through the crowd.

Bethenia was humiliated by the incident, sold her millinery busi-

ness which her sister had been running and established her office in Portland. She knew that her remaining friends and even her family were relieved to have her go. But in later years she admitted that the notoriety of the Roseburg operation brought her many patients in Portland. Her biographer, Carol McFarland, states, "This seemed to bear out the belief that each of Bethenia's trials brought its own reward."

BETHENIA'S YEARS OF practice in Portland were busy, happy ones. The New Northwest publication reported her as one of the "most successful physicians on the coast. Her patients are emphatic in their praise. . . . Nowhere in all our borders can be found a more efficient, successful or popular physician than Dr. B. A. Owens."

During the years in Portland, Bethenia had informally adopted a child whom the dying mother had implored her to keep. Bethenia loved Mattie Belle as her own and eventually sent her to medical school, though the girl never established a practice of her own but remained as Bethenia's helper. Her son, George, also chose the medical profession. He graduated from Willamette Medical School in Salem and took his residency at Good Samaritan Hospital in Portland.

As Bethenia practiced in Portland, she wished for advanced training in surgery, so he closed her office and enrolled at the prestigious medical school at the University of Michigan, from which she received a degree in 1880. Her old friend, Jesse Applegate, regretted her decision to enlarge her career and urged her to marry a Roseburg businessman who had long been her hopeful suitor.

BUT BETHENIA INSISTED that at age 38 she was happy in her profession and could never limit herself to a marriage that would require the traditional wifely role. In the meantime, George had joined her in study at the University of Michigan, after which they toured Europe, attending lectures in the most famous medical centers. Then he returned to marry and establish a medical career in Goldendale, Wash., and she reopened her Portland practice, renting offices at First and Main.

Now Bethenia was even more successful than before and gained more publicity as she became active in the issues of temperance and women's rights. She disregarded public opinion by venturing into Portland's red light district to assist women in need of treatment. There she found runaway girls forced to work in "houses of ill fame." To rescue them, she solicited contributions to establish the W.C.T.U. Refuge Home, later called the Florence Crittendon Home.

In 1882, Bethenia was honored by election into the Oregon State Medical Society, a far cry from her experience in Roseburg. Now at age 42, this successful woman doctor said she was truly married to her profession — then she fell in love, an ecstatic love "that knew no bounds."

(More next week)

Doctor becomes wife, author

(Fifth in a series) 172

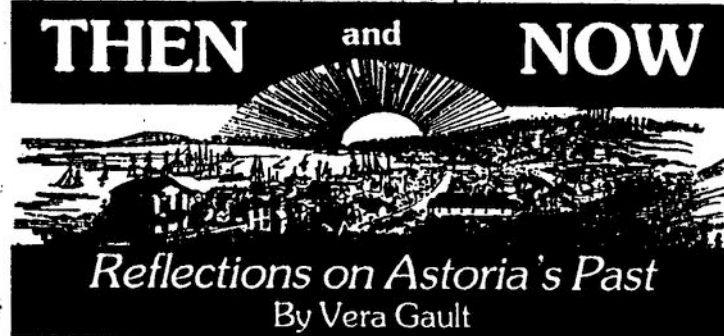
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Bethenia Owens, first woman doctor in Oregon, was reared on Clatsop Plains, graduated from Eastern medical schools and established a successful practice in Portland. After a disastrous early marriage, she reared her son alone and asserted on numerous occasions that she was "married to her profession," believing that she could do more good as a physician than as a traditional housewife.

However, on a bright morning in April 1884, an unexpected meeting changed her life — she fell in love. Oregon was about to vote on a women's suffrage amendment. Bethenia wanted to meet with Clyde Fulton, state senator from Astoria district, whom she knew to be sympathetic to the cause. When she located the senator at his Portland hotel, he invited her to have breakfast with him and three friends from Astoria, Col. John Adair and his brothers, William and Samuel, the sons of Gen. John Adair, one of the founders of Astoria. Bethenia had not seen the Adairs for years but they made a "jolly breakfast party, all talking suffrage." Col. Adair and Samuel had owned a salmon cannery, then John sold his interest to Sam and bought up tidelands with grandiose ideas of reclaiming them for commercial development.

Carol McFarland's biography of Bethenia continues the account. "It would seem that the handsome, dynamic promoter from Astoria, 45-year-old bachelor son of the highly respected customs collector, swept away Bethenia's objections to marriage. Within weeks she acknowledged that her 'love for him knew no bounds.'"

WHEN JOHN ASKED his brother, William, to be best man, he said he was pleased at his



brother's "great happiness and that he had secured so great a prize."

On Thursday evening, July 24, 1884, the wedding party proceeded down the aisle of the First Congregational Church at Second and Jefferson streets in Portland with many relatives and friends from throughout the state as guests. The bride's gown was of cream-colored brocaded satin with a long train. The next day the happy couple departed on a monthlong wedding trip bound for San Francisco. Upon their return they took up residence in Portland adjoining Bethenia's offices. It is probable that Bethenia's adopted daughter, Mattie Belle, was part of their household as she had always lived with her mother.

The bride was enchanted with her new husband, though admitting that "he is usually among the clouds and rarely gets down to terra firma." However, she trusted his vision that they would realize "millions in the near future," so she invested her money in the tidelands venture. After all, her income was "fully \$7,000 per year," so she could afford to speculate.

On Jan. 28, 1887, nine days before her 47th birthday, Bethenia gave birth to a daughter in Portland. The Tri-Weekly Astorian

announced "mother and child are doing extremely well." The mother's joy was pure ecstasy as she started planning for baby Mary Anna to attend medical college. But the infant contracted pneumonia and within three days was dead.

Bethenia's grief was so excessive that she could not bear separation from her husband who had been spending most of his time managing his affairs in Astoria. So she closed her Portland office and moved to be with him. However, her health continued to deteriorate until John insisted that they should take up residence in the country on land he had purchased south of present Youngs Bay Bridge. He promised that "in less than two years, our fortunes will be assured, and you'll never need to work again." So they, with Mattie Belle, moved to Sunnymeade Farm, where they lived for the next 11 years.

FROM HER HOME, Bethenia developed a rural medical practice. She prided herself that she never refused a call "day or night, rain or shine." She traveled on foot or astride her horse or by canoe, bundled up against wind and rain on obscure paths through the woods because she felt a responsibility to her patients. Then in her

natural kindness, she took a special child into her love. She wrote later, "In 1891 I officiated at the birth of a boy whose mother gave me her child . . . I gave it a share of my mother-love and with my husband's consent, I called him John Adair Jr." Mattie Belle died after a brief illness two years later.

In 1900, Bethenia, still in poor health, traveled to Yakima, Wash., to visit her son, George, who had transferred his practice from Goldendale. She found the high, dry climate invigorating, so with the approval of her husband, she moved there and began earning high fees which she applied to their deep indebtedness which at 10 percent interest was mounting rapidly. The colonel and John Jr. accompanied her but did not adjust to living away from Astoria, so after a time they returned to Sunnymeade.

After five successful years in Yakima, Bethenia at age 65 closed her office and retired from medicine. Alone she drove her carriage overland to The Dalles, then boarded a steamer to Portland and on to Astoria. After a month's visit with her husband and John Jr. she went to San Diego, where in the seclusion of the home of a friend she wrote her autobiography, "Dr. Owens-Adair, Some of Her Life Experiences." Published in Portland in 1906, it received wide acclaim from reviewers in Portland, Astoria and Yakima newspapers. The book is in the Astoria Public Library and has been an important resource for these columns.

Happy in the achievement of writing her book and its enthusiastic reception, Bethenia returned to Sunnymeade totally unprepared for the shock she received when she arrived.

(Conclusion next week)

History honors Owens-Adair

(East in a series)

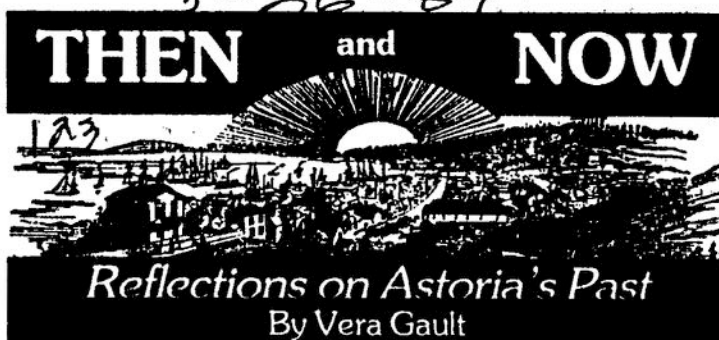
Bethenia Owens-Adair (1840-1926), first woman doctor in Oregon, grew up on Clatsop Plains, had a successful medical practice in Portland and married Col. John Adair, son of Gen. John Adair, one of the founders of Astoria. They established their home at Sunnymead Farm south of Youngs Bay from where Bethenia carried on a rural medical practice. In 1906 she spent a year in California writing about her life experiences.

Later that year, happy in the success of her book, Bethenia returned home looking forward to the comfort of Sunnymead. She was shocked by what she found. Biographer Carol McFarland states that the colonel "had apparently failed in his promise to see that the lush farmlands and orchards would be well cared for in her absence. She found neglect everywhere; even the house was unfit for occupation." Probably colonel had moved to town to be closer to society. Within the year the couple decided to live apart.

In Sept. 7, 1907, John and Bethenia signed property partition deeds. He retained the reclaimed lands nearest Warrenton. She acquired Sunnymead and another homestead, Grandview, bordering Youngs Bay on the south. It seems the colonel had so mishandled their joint property that his wife felt it necessary to remove some holdings from the risk of his speculations.

Bethenia devoted herself to putting Sunnymead into production again by renting the facilities to dairy farmers. She moved a few hundred feet down the road to the Grandview house which is still in use as a residence. With its commanding view of Youngs Bay and its expansive lawns, Grandview became a popular place for festivities.

ON JULY 15, 1909, 500 friends and public figures converged there



for a picnic and barn dance. Many arrived by train at Sunnymead Station across from present Youngs Bay Plaza where they were met by Bethenia's carriages and transported to Grandview a mile away.

During these years Bethenia threw herself into campaigning for temperance and women's rights. She rejoiced when in the election of 1912, women won the right to vote. However, the eugenics bills, the compulsory sterilization of certain classes of criminals and the criminally insane, were first defeated, then approved, and finally declared unconstitutional in 1921. But she continued to work for their passage for she firmly believed that such hereditary defects should not be passed on to future generations. Many of her convictions resulted in public health laws still in operation.

By her travels and speeches she became well-known and highly respected. When she was lecturing at Paso Robles, Calif., in 1922, a banquet on her 82nd birthday was publicized. As a result, congratulations poured in from physicians (who once had scorned her) and from officials including Gov. Ben Olcott and former Gov. Oswald West. After all, she had known 15 governors of Oregon. Sometime in later years she took her granddaughter, Vera Hill, daughter of her son, George, on a three-month tour of Europe.

In the meantime, what was

happening to Col. John Adair? Ill health and financial mismanagement resulted in John Jr. being appointed guardian of his father's affairs. Documents stated that the colonel "was unmarried, had no home and no one to provide comfort and care."

THE BULK OF his property had gone to absolve tax liens, with land nearest Warrenton released to George Warren to "clear up indebtedness." All that remained was \$14 in a checking account at Astoria Savings Bank and \$197 in the First National Bank of Portland.

Col. John Adair, 76, died in St. Mary's Hospital, Astoria, on Nov. 20, 1915, "from a lingering illness due to general disability." His son, John Jr., made his home north and east of Gearhart junction where he raised cattle. He died in 1966. His wife, Grace Dawson, of Skipanon, died in 1980.

Their daughter Marjorie, wife of Capt. Calvin "Mike" Leback, lives in Klappa. Another daughter, Florence Trudell, resides in Caldwell, Idaho, and a son, John, the fifth John Adair, in Corvallis. All three graduated from Seaside High School and went on to college and professional careers.

Bethenia, reduced to walking with a cane, finally admitted she needed help in managing her affairs. In 1925, Frank Patton, president of Astoria Savings Bank,

was appointed her guardian. He borrowed money to put the property in shape for rental and took inventory of household items which included Oriental rugs, massive furniture and 250 books.

RELATIVES LATER NOTED that items gradually disappeared and surmised Bethenia was giving them to workers in lieu of cash or that they were taking advantage of her. Visiting friends found her "lonely and needy." But Bethenia had one more piece of business to carry out. She bought 12 lots at Ocean View Cemetery for \$400, then gave explicit instruction that her grave was to be dug in the very middle of the section so that she would not be buried near any man.

Bethenia's last public appearance was at the dedication of the Astoria Column, July 22, 1926. On Sept. 11, she died at her home of a heart attack. Since her estate showed a deficit of \$2,000, her grave for 50 years was marked by only a pauper's stake. Then in 1975 the Clatsop County Historical Society with Bruce Berney as chairman acquired funds by public donation to erect a modest granite stone.

Marjorie Haldeman, whose grandfather, John Hobson, was Bethenia's brother-in-law, was asked to compile the tribute. It eulogizes her as "feminist, teacher, physician and reformer." In 1981 the 46-unit Owens-Adair apartment house at 15th and Exchange streets was named in her memory.

Today some who saw Bethenia in their childhood remember her as an eccentric, feisty, old woman who wore long black skirts and long, stringy hair in the "flapper" days of short skirts and bobbed hair. But history honors Bethenia Owens-Adair as one of the most courageous and celebrated of Oregon's pioneers who faced her difficulties with energy and integrity and saw many of her ideals come to fruition.

6-2-89 Brothers carve history in stone

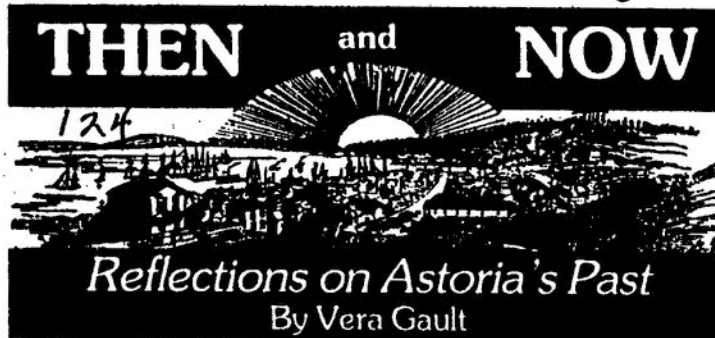
Ocean View Cemetery, five miles southwest of Astoria, was a special place to visit on Memorial Day. Its grassy slopes and myriad flowers created a serene atmosphere of beauty and remembrance.

After paying tribute to friends, I browsed through the grounds in ever-widening circles, fascinated by the variety of the personalized stones. Probably nowhere else in our land is there such an assemblage of gravestones depicting the interests of the deceased as in Ocean View. All this is due to the ingenuity of Paul Thompson, a Finnish immigrant who started Astoria Granite Works in 1917, and the energy and artistry of his sons, Dick and Denny, who have continued the family business since their return from World War II.

Personalization is the key word describing the unique service offered by the Thompson brothers. Having grown up in Astoria in the very location of their business, they nearly always know the families who seek their help.

They make at least two trips a year to granite quarries near St. Cloud, Minn., to choose a variety of stones. Their selections, already polished, are delivered by flatbed trucks to the Thompsons' workshop and display room at 415 West Marine Drive. Then the brothers lay out the engravings to suit the customer, often doing a remarkable job of utilizing the veins of the granite to develop a scene. They say they are working more and more with families on a pre-need basis; those who want to plan the memorial stone together before the need arises.

Old cemeteries in the East have long been areas of historical interest because of their quaint and touching eulogies. Now Ocean



View Cemetery has become a treasure trove of unique interpretations, a unique historical museum revealing characteristics of the area and its people.

FOR INSTANCE, A stone in memory of a man who loved horses displays a horse and the man's boots and saddles, engravings adapted from drawings made by the man's daughter. One log truck driver's stone depicts a truck so accurate in detail that the viewer can almost identify the make of the truck. The monument to a fisherman displays a trawler.

Another historical statement is made by the stone of John Tapscott, for many years purser on the T.J. Potter, a luxury steamer that traveled between Portland and Astoria. The monument carries an engraving true to scale of this famous river boat headed downstream. Its years of usefulness ended with the coming of the railroad and it was finally stripped and sunk in Youngs Bay. At low tide remnants of its hulk can still be seen along West Marine Drive near the Dairy Queen.

Often poignant family sentiments are expressed. Many readers are familiar with the book "Big Sam," written by local author Sam Churchill as a tribute to his father,

who worked for years in Clatsop County logging camps. His monument carries a drawing of the book and an ax in a stump.

A grieving grandmother paid tribute to her 9-year-old grandson with drawings of his favorite stuffed teddy bears which the Thompsons reproduced showing the bears wide awake on one side of the slab and asleep on the other with the inscription, "I went out to be a friend and friends were everywhere," signed Jason in the child's own handwriting.

Stones developed by the Thompsons appear in many cemeteries other than Ocean View. One of historical significance stands in Pioneer Cemetery next to Clatsop Plains Presbyterian Church. Until a few years ago, only a small metal marker identified the grave of Dr. Alfred C. Kinney, Astoria physician. Dr. Kinney helped to eliminate typhoid fever in Oregon, performed the first surgery at St. Vincent Hospital and was an organizer of the State Board of Health. The Clatsop County and state medical societies commissioned Astoria Granite Works to create a suitable stone. The finished work depicts the symbol of medicine, a likeness of Dr. Kinney carved in stone from a

photograph and a record of his accomplishments.

DICK AND DENNY Thompson also create markers other than gravestones. These often identify historic sites. In 1942, the Japanese submarine I-25 landed shells near Fort Stevens. Years later when the Clatsop County Historical Society wanted to mark the location of the first shelling on the continental United States since the War of 1812, the brothers were asked to create a suitable stone. Always precise in detail, they contacted the Mitsubishi Shipyard in Kobe, Japan, and received a blueprint of the I-25, from which they made a scale engraving on the stone which marks the spot.

One of the latest historic markers the Thompsons have produced rests at Fort Astoria Park, 15th and Exchange. It honors Ranald McDonald, born at Astoria and first English teacher in Japan. Its form suggest a Japanese gateway and carries the legend engraved in English on one side and in Japanese on the other side.

The Thompsons and their unique artistry have been acclaimed in professional journals in this country and beyond. A recent article written by Stanley Church, attorney and author living at Sunset Beach, appeared in the Monument Builders news journal. It concluded with this observation: "Many men and women have left their mark in the world by their talents in the various fields of art. Dick and Denny Thompson and their father, Paul, have left enduring monuments of their own artistry in public view for all time to come."

My advice — don't wait for another Memorial Day to browse in the open-air museum of Ocean View Cemetery. There's no other place like it.

Hotel named 'Astor' in '50s

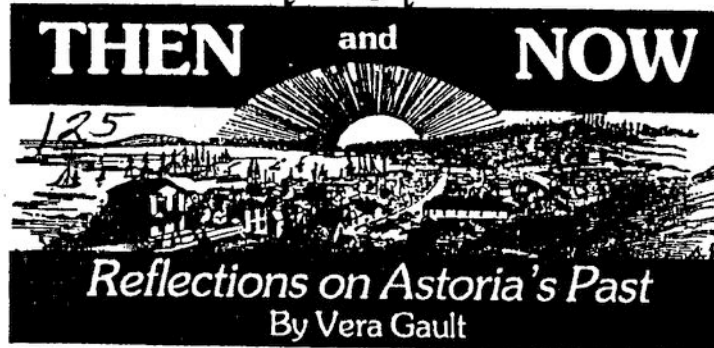
6-9-89

Frequently the subjects of these columns are chosen because someone asks me a question about local history. Then I think that if the person is interested in that topic, perhaps others will be too. This happened recently when I received a phone call from Steve Young of Landmark Management in Salt Lake City. As representative of the owners of the John Jacob Astor hotel building, he wondered if I knew when the structure became known by that name. I said I'd see what I could find out. My research uncovered a multitude of details; so this column was born.

Astorians started talking about the need for a large, elegant hotel as early as 1917. Then World War I intervened. In 1922 planning started anew, and the Columbia Hotel Co. was formed. Officers were W.A. Tyler, president, Astoria National Bank; W.P. O'Brien, mill owner; Norris Staples, city councilman and auto agency owner; Morton Nelson, furniture dealer; H.F. Hoefler, whose candies were marketed nationally; C.A. Smith, president of the chamber of commerce; and Simon Danz, manager of the Liberty and Star theaters.

By May the energetic directors had a sketch of the proposed hotel, a Columbian, and had raised the \$100,000 for the project at the corner of 14th and Commercial. Construction was started in November, only a month before Astoria's big fire of Dec. 8, 1922. A week later architect's plans were revised from the original five-story drawings to eight stories to help meet the devastating housing shortage.

REPORTS ON THE progress of the structure appeared regularly in the Astorian-Budget. By May 1923, work had proceeded to the fourth floor. In July concrete



pouring on the eighth floor was completed. By August the directors had to sell \$200,000 more in bonds to complete the building. In October windows were installed, and Austin Osburn was made business manager of the corporation. He told the press that financing of the new hotel was complete with the mortgage being held by U.S. National Bank and the grand opening was being planned for Jan. 1, 1924. In the meantime, the building, taller than any other building in the state outside of Portland, was being painted white.

Hotel Astoria opened as promised on Jan. 1, but only on a limited basis. The formal ceremonies on Feb. 24 started with a luncheon for dignitaries followed by the evening banquet and ball, all in breathtaking grandeur. The lobby was bright with Oriental rugs, mirrors, palm trees and huge floral pieces. Besides an overflow crowd of Astorians in attendance, a delegation of 60 officials, including Mayor George L. Baker, arrived from Portland by train. They and other out-of-town guests were transported from the depot by a fleet of flag-draped automobiles shuttling from the train station to the festooned hotel entrance. Astorians were exuberant. The hotel was their pride and joy. At last Astoria had entered the big league

of architectural elegance and service.

FOR THE NEXT few years, Hotel Astoria was the hub of the city's business dealings and social activities. The chamber of commerce operated from well-appointed offices. Many organizations such as Rotary, Kiwanis and Lions clubs made the hostelry their regular meeting place. The mezzanine with its gleaming brass railings and Grecian casts of fruit and flowers was the regal location for women's bridge luncheons and musicales. The basement bustled with traveling salesmen arranging their displays. Travelers coming in by train and ship and transferring to train or carriage for the resort areas of Gearhart and Seaside kept the restaurant and 150 guest rooms operating at full capacity, while local residents vied for the distinction of living in any of the 10 apartments on the skyline floor.

However, financial clouds soon began to form. Within three years, the directors sought a \$40,000 loan to keep the business open. A year later a Portland bank sued to collect \$23,000. Then construction of the Sunset Highway gave Portlanders an alternative route to the beaches, and motels provided the most popular lodging.

The hostelry, which changed hands several times during its

fading years, experienced a revival of sorts during World War II. But a variety of problems haunted the place: prohibition agents, liquor control officers, labor troubles and military police. The Army declared the area off-limits, and the Navy proclaimed it out-of-bounds.

AFTER THE WAR, another blow fell; railroad passenger service made its last regular run to Astoria on Jan. 15, 1952. The owners attempted a rescue. In 1953 they gave the place a coat of pink paint and a new name, the John Jacob Astor, honoring the New York merchant whose fur trading post marked the beginnings of Astoria in 1811. Neither innovation helped much. The corporation lacked the \$1 million required to bring the building up to standard; the city couldn't raise the \$100,000 needed to tear it down. In 1968 the hotel was condemned as a fire and safety hazard and closed. The "pink elephant" stood vacant for 10 years with ragged curtains flapping out of broken windows.

But the historians of the town couldn't give up. In 1979 they got it named to the National Register of Historic Places, the same year it was sold for back taxes. Fortunately, the final bidder had a workable plan. Renovation began in 1984, and two years later, after 20 years of misuse and vacancy, the formerly desolate building was reopened as the John Jacob Astor Apartments with 66 units of modern, federally subsidized housing located on the six upper stories.

When I told my caller in Salt Lake City that the building's name had been changed to the John Jacob Astor in 1953, he told me that plans are now under way to return the first two floors to their early elegance so that once again the 67-year-old hostelry can become the favorite meeting place for Astorians.

Memories of ferry boats mixed

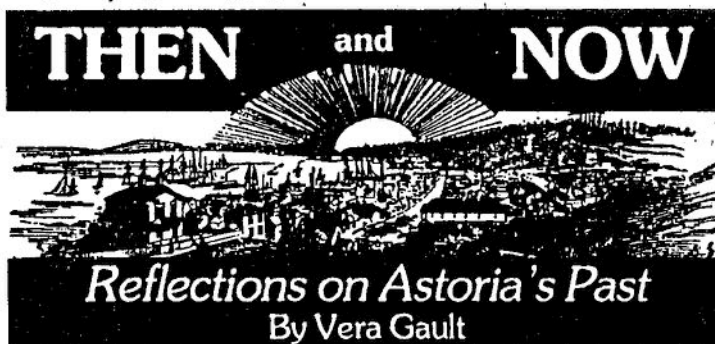
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6-16-89
For 45 years ferry service from Astoria near the mouth of the Columbia River to the Washington shore four miles to the north was a vital feature of North Coast history.

Regular ferry trips ended on July 28, 1966, when the M. R. Chessman made its last scheduled run. Many Astorians still mourn that event for they recall the days of the ferries with a wistful wish for their return.

However, when some dig a little more deeply into their memory banks, they remember the frustration of appointments missed when the ferry went aground on a sandbar. They had to sit there till the next high tide floated it off. Others remember the days of deep fog when the ferry couldn't leave its dock, and passengers who were headed for work returned home.

Still others relive their vexations when waiting lines, especially on holidays and weekends, backed up for blocks from the 14th Street landing. Drivers bemoaned the waste of gas as they edged their cars forward inch by inch knowing the ferry would be filled before they could take their turn, calculating that they might get aboard for the second loading, but maybe not until the third. By that time they'd probably decide to go by way of Longview. The bottleneck was especially tight when clam tides on the Washington side were at their peak.

BUT MOST ASTORIANS who rode the ferries at some time during those 45 years remember the happy times too. By leaving their cars at home, they could make the two-hour trip across the river and back again just for the fun of it. Mothers could take their children, have a snack on board and return relaxed. Others enjoyed riding the ferry after a tedious day



at work, dining with friends, watching the changing glow of the sunset and the seagulls at play. The fare was only 25 cents per person each way; even then some would neglect to pay the quarter for the return trip.

The river has always shaped the lives of those who settled here, for in the beginning the only highways were the waterways. When Astor's men established their fur trading post in 1811 and named the place Astoria, Chinook Indians came from their tribal headquarters across the river where the town of Chinook, Wash., is located. Their canoes were filled with otter pelts, dried salmon and other items which they wanted to trade.

When in the 1830s the first white men began to filter into the area, they too wanted to trade, so they hired Indians to transport them to camps across the river. The Indians commonly charged a fish hook to make the trip; so the first ferry service was born.

THE NEXT STEP occurred in 1840 when Solomon Smith, first teacher in Oregon and first white settler on Clatsop Plains, decided to expand Indian transport methods. He bound two canoes together to carry passengers and freight across the Columbia, weather and tides permitting. He

was operating his ferry services in 1841 when he supplied the crew members of the wrecked ship the Peacock with beef and other provisions. He also gave assistance to survivors of the Shark, U.S. sloop of war. After Smith's brave beginning, most anyone owning a boat or raft and a good supply of courage provided some kind of cross-river service.

Regular ferry service was assured in 1921 when Swedish immigrant Frits S. Elfving formed the Astoria-North Shore Ferry Company with Charles Palmberg and John Wick as co-incorporators. He commissioned the Wilson Shipbuilding Company on Youngs Bay (site of present Birdwell Motors) to build a ferry boat with 15-car capacity. Many along the Columbia had thought of such a venture but had decided that customers would be too few and the hazards too great. Skeptics said, "Only that crazy Swede had the guts to try such a scheme, but could he make it work?" When the 64-foot Tourist 1 made its first run on May 1, 1921, it carried 14 cars and was crowded with passengers. On May 24, it was launched with formal ceremonies and christened with cranberry juice.

Capt. Elfving made his plan work all right. For 25 years he ruled ferry service at the mouth of

the Columbia. Clad in his smart dark blue uniform and white cap with gold insignia, he stood 6 feet 4 inches tall and weighed 275 pounds. With his booming voice and masterful manner, he was a captain that river legends are made of.

ELFVING'S FERRY AND his dock at the foot of 14th Street miraculously escaped the fire of 1922. By 1924 business was so big that Tourist 2 with a capacity of 22 cars was added to the run. In 1931 Tourist 3, carrying 24 cars and 280 passengers joined the line. With its promenade deck, it set a new high in elegance and speed, crossing the river in 45 minutes. Later the captain added the North Beach, bought from a defeated rival company.

In 1946 the state Highway Commission wanted to operate the ferry service. Unable to make a deal with Elfving, they condemned his operation, paying him \$163,000 for his ferries and services. In 1962, the commission brought the Kitsap from Puget Sound to take care of traffic increase caused by the Seattle World's Fair. Two years later they added the M.R. Chessman to the fleet. It was named for the longtime editor and publisher of the Astorian-Budget who had also served on the Highway Commission. The Chessman carried 44 cars and soon became known as "Queen of the Line."

In 1966, the newly completed Astoria-Megler bridge took over the river traffic. During its more than 20 years in the ferry business, the Highway Commission had carried more than 2 million vehicles across the river. During last year alone, 1988, almost 1½ million vehicles crossed the bridge, an average of nearly 4,000 per day.

(More next week.)

The Viking and the ferry war

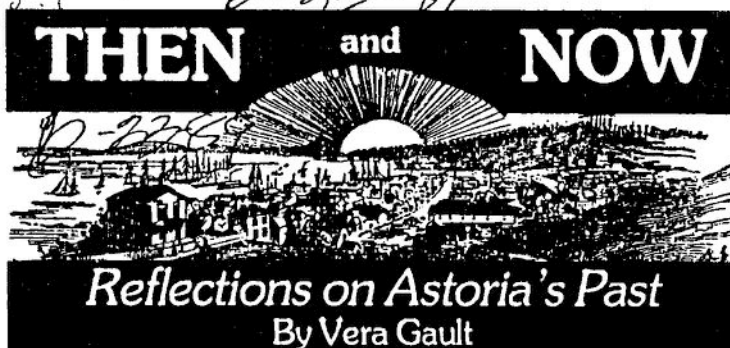
For 45 years ferry service from Astoria to the Washington shore was a part of the daily lives of Astorians. They rode the ferries for work and for fun. Even if they didn't ride often, they were always conscious of the ferries' presence.

Men arose in the morning when they heard the 6 o'clock departing whistle. Women started cooking the noon meal when they heard the 11 o'clock whistle. Others gauged the weather by the ferries. If the ferries weren't running, it was too foggy or too stormy to go fishing. During the power failure after the Columbus Day storm, the ferries were the only places "in town" where shivering Astorians could get hot coffee or a cooked meal.

During the first years of the ferry era, one figure looms large as a legend, the big Swede, sometimes called the Viking, Frits Simon Elfving. In 1921 he established the first scheduled ferry service across the Columbia River from Astoria to the north shore. With his powerful frame and booming voice, he dominated the ferry scene for 25 years.

Frits Elfving was born in Sweden on Oct. 23, 1884, ninth in a family of six boys and six girls. Parents Jonas and Helena delighted to tell that all their girls were born on uneven months of the year and the boys during even months, though brother Alfred barely kept the record straight when he was born on Feb. 29, 1888.

FRITS ATTENDED GRADE school and Bible school in Sweden until age 14 when he signed on a square rigger sailing vessel and went to sea. He learned navigation and boat building and spent three years in Sweden's Coast Guard defense. Then he decided to seek his fortune in America. He arrived at Ellis Island in 1907 and made his way across to Astoria where he joined two sisters who had pre-



ceded him, Elin, married to Charles Palmberg, and Hilda, married to Charles Larson.

In Astoria Frits started work as a carpenter at \$3 per day, then he discovered he could average \$5 a day building and selling boats. He was only 24 when Astoria-Alaska Packers Association hired him to go to Alaska as carpenters' boss to build canneries.

In 1910 he formed a partnership with his brother-in-law, Capt. Charles Larson to operate the Columbia Rock and Sand Company, using a boat, two barges, and a digger. From that, Frits saw the need for a ferry service. He formed a company and commissioned the Wilson Shipbuilding Company on Youngs Bay to build a 64-foot ferry which he launched in 1921 as the Tourist. Business boomed. In 1924 he launched Tourist 2. In 1931 as the auto age went into high gear, he added Tourist 3.

TOURIST 3, BUILT of Port Orford cedar and Honduras mahogany with brass rails around its promenade deck and teakwood floors in its restaurant, set a new high in ferry transportation. Frits Elfving, imposing in his officer's uniform, was every inch the captain and Tourist 3 was the queen of his fleet.

Elfving commanded respect on the river. He knew how to handle his ferries, which he did with a

firm hand, often running till midnight, depending on the traffic. He knew the river, every channel and sandbar. Even so, he sometimes ran aground on sands shifted by tides, causing his customers on board a delay of hours waiting for high tide to bring release, while those lined up to go on often decided to detour by way of Longview bridge.

To add to his other woes, he sometimes ran into fishnets, tangling propellers so badly that the ferry had to be beached to untangle the nets. Eventually, however, he developed guards for the propellers so the ferry could slide over the nets. Fishermen respected him for these efforts and applauded him when he used his gun to kill seals that were eating the salmon.

Elfving's boats had no competition for the first few years. The Union Pacific Railroad, with its line along the north shore, operated a ferry for awhile, carrying only passengers. Then the railroad sold it to a group of Washington residents who decided to transport cars as well.

THEY NAMED THEIR ferry the North Beach, built a dock at Megler across the river, their Astoria dock at the foot of 17th Street near Elfving's dock at the foot of 14th and proceeded to fight to gain control of the trans-river service. The competition which

followed went down in history as the "ferry war," in which underhanded tactics were used as weapons. The story of one incident was retold in the 1973 centennial edition of The Daily Astorian.

Tourist 3 was making its last run late one Saturday night. Approaching his dock, Elfving at the helm discerned what looked like pilings driven across the mouth of the ferry's berth. Typically, Elfving rang full ahead for the engine room, sounded the danger signal for the passengers and plowed through the pilings. Tourist 3 eased into its berth unscathed.

But the next morning another attempt was made. The manager of the North Beach company ordered his pile-driving crew to sink two 12-pile dolphins in front of Tourist 3 berth. A large crowd gathered to see what would happen. What happened was that Elfving phoned the sheriff's office and the sheriff led the manager and his crew off to jail for driving dolphins without a permit. Then the captain backed Tourist 3 off and rammed the dolphins until they broke, then resumed his regular schedule.

Capt. Elfving must have felt great satisfaction at the speed of retribution. Next morning when the North Beach was edging into its next-door berth, it struck one of the broken pilings which had drifted into its territory. Its rudder and propeller were so badly damaged that it had to be beached for several days for repair. Elfving then proceeded to eliminate the opposition. He bought out the North Beach Company.

(My thanks to Herb and Wally Palmberg and Roland "Do-Do" Larson whose conversations about their uncle, Frits Elfving, provided me with much of the information for this column and others to follow.)

Stories about Elfving abound

6-30-89

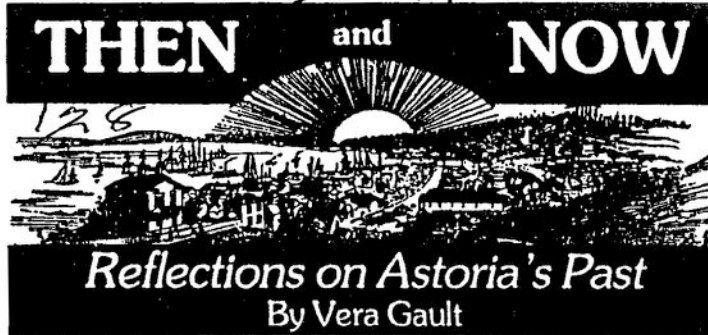
The years of the ferries added lively stories to local history. Many centered around the colorful figure of Capt. Frits Elfving, whose boats dominated the trans-river traffic for 25 years.

When he started the ferry business in 1921 by launching Tourist 1, folks called him "that crazy Swede" and predicted swift failure. But business boomed with auto usage. It seemed most everyone had to cross the river. In 1924 he added Tourist 2 and in 1931 came Tourist 3.

Of course, Elfving's success attracted a rival. A group of eager Washington businessmen launched a new ferry, the North Beach, with the firm intent of putting "that Swede" out of business. Thus the notorious "ferry war" began, involving both legal skirmishes and illegal tactics. Townspeople loved the excitement and often met the ferries to see what would happen next. The high point came when the "enemy" was driving piling to obstruct Elfving's landing at the foot of 14th Street. The captain ordered Tourist 3 full speed ahead, scattering the logs like matchsticks and the frightened workers as well, while onlookers wildly cheered.

Both sides in the "war" tried their best to attract the trade. Herb Palmberg, Elfving's nephew, tells of earning college money by working 15 hours a day, seven days a week, as a "hawker" on the north shore competing with a rival hawker to persuade waiting cars to board his ferry. Later Elfving bought the rival company and sold the North Beach to a Portland firm that converted it to a river cargo vessel.

ELFVING NEVER LOST his Swedish accent. When he had time to roam the deck, he loved to regale tourists with stories of the river. When the ferry passed Sand Island in mid-trip, newcomers were amazed to see horses pulling nets loaded with fish. When water obscured the sand, the captain would explain solemnly to his



incredulous audience, "Vell you see, our horses here are trained to walk on water." Horses "walking on water" came to be a standard joke in Astoria.

Frits took pride in keeping his ferries on schedule, standing with his big watch in his hand watching for the exact moment of take-off. One time he proudly displayed a wristwatch his wife had given him for Christmas. "It's a beauty," he

Elfving never belonged to any service clubs, nor did he participate in any public activities. His work was his life.

said. Then he pulled out his old-fashioned Hamilton, watched it for the exact second, then said briskly, "Vell, it's best ve go now." Always after that, he wore his gift watch but ran his ferries by the old pocket watch.

After eliminating his competition in 1932, Elfving operated peaceably until World War II came in 1941. The day after Pearl Harbor, Army officers from Fort Stevens appeared asking to use Tourist 2, paying him \$35,000 for the craft. For the duration, Tourist 2 laid mines at the mouth of the Columbia, also running as a ferry between Fort Stevens and Fort Canby.

IN 1946, ELFVING bought the boat back for \$36,000. He always chuckled about that, saying it was the only time the government ever made a profit on the sale of surplus goods. But Elfving didn't lose on the transaction either, for the ferry came back equipped with fine new engines.

At the close of the war, the captain's 25 years of ferry service came to an end. The Oregon Highway Commission decided to take over the ferry business. Unable to strike a deal with Elfving, they condemned his holdings, paying him \$163,000 for his boats and service. Naturally, then the captain had a hard time finding things to do. His wife, Laura, remarked that she was beginning to realize what a beautiful life she had enjoyed before his retirement. They had lived since 1922 in the house he had built at 413 Franklin, surrounded by the homes of four brothers and sisters and their families all living within a six-block area on Franklin, Grand and Harrison avenues.

After Laura's death in 1961, Frits decided to take a trip around the world, on shipboard of course. To keep in touch, he sent postcards to his relatives, all closely typed, probably on some purser's machine. Herb Palmberg still has the cards he received. The following is a message contained on one, showing how Frits retained his Swedish language habits and disdained spelling rules. One can almost hear him saying, "Vell, you

know vat I mean."

"KUNGSHOLM, FEB. 14 1962 Well land in Bombay in the morneng. We saeleng on Aerben Sea temp 78, water temp 77. Have not Seen anny rin Sens I left home, noting but sunshin. I had a mack a tack on Oregon lastnight, and I maed a good talk, got lots pres and aplod. I am only one on bord from Oregn. (signed) F.S. Elfving. (The spelling of Frits and Fritz has appeared interchangeably through the years, but he signed his citizenship papers Frits and so it appears on his gravestone.)

One of the proudest events of Frits Elfving's life occurred when he was chosen to serve as grand marshal of the 1965 Regatta parade.

During his last years, he relied more and more on his relatives, for his only child, Eddie, a 1933 graduate of Astoria High School, died suddenly after his return from service in World War II. Eddie's widow, Frances Watzek, later married John Warren, famed high school coach for whom the local athletic field is named. They, with Eddie's two children, who took the Warren name, moved to Eugene, leaving Frits with nieces and nephews as closest family.

He especially relied on Roland "DoDo" Larson, whose wife, Ida, is a nurse. They came from their home at 30th and Harrison to give him regular care through a heart condition and finally cancer, later acquiring his house at 413 Franklin Ave. as their home where they continue to live.

Frits Elfving died at age 87 at Columbia Hospital on March 25, 1971. He is buried in Ocean View Cemetery where an engraving of Tourist 3 marks his granite stone. Elfving never belonged to any service clubs, nor did he participate in any public activities. His work was his life, and for all those years he gave the community a vital and unique service.

(More about ferries next week.)

Some careers ended with ferries

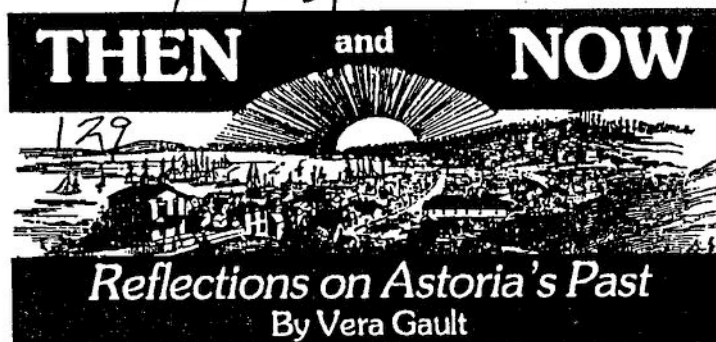
Ferries have been gone from the Astoria-Megler run across the Columbia River for almost 25 years, but they live on in history. For that reason, it is interesting to recall how the unique craft ended their careers.

In 1921, the "Big Swede," Frits Elfving, commissioned the Astoria firm, Wilson Shipbuilding Co., to build him a boat. The 64-foot Tourist 1 cost \$17,000. It made regular runs until 1936 when Elfving sent it to Coos Bay under the command of his brother, Abraham Elfving, for service on Alsea Bay.

Later Elmer Danielson bought the vessel to run from Westport to Puget Island. When it wore out there, Elfving brought its wheelhouse to the foot of 14th Street in Astoria to serve as a ticket office for his ferry line. Its hull was cast up near the landing on Puget Island where I am told it still lies.

Tourist 2, built in 1924 with a 200-horsepower engine, ran regular service until 1941 when within hours after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, she was commandeered by the Coast Guard artillery to lay mines at the mouth of the Columbia. The government renamed it the Octopus and paid Elfving \$35,000. At the close of the war, he bought the craft back and ran it as Tourist 2 again until the bridge put the ferries out of business in 1966. All were for sale. Tourist 2 was sold within a few weeks to Pierce County, Wash., for \$32,000. Renamed the Islander, it went into service in Puget Sound between Steilacoom and McNeil and Fox islands.

TOURIST 3, ADDED to Elfving's line in 1931, was the luxury liner of his fleet. It was sold in November 1966 for \$48,000 to Alaska Marine Developers to house a cannery at Kodiak. It made



a good trip to Puget Sound under the command of Capt. Mike Leback of Knappa, attracting much admiration as it sailed past Seattle at dusk with all lights burning. Renamed the Princess Roxane, it spent months in Tacoma being outfitted as a crab cannery. Passenger accommodations on the upper deck were converted into modern quarters for 18 crew members. Canning machinery was installed on the automobile deck. It then was taken under its own power to Kodiak where it was set on a gridiron to serve as a stationary, floating cannery.

The M.R. Chessman, added to the river run by the Oregon Highway Commission in 1948, lay idle at the foot of 14th Street for more than a year. After naming a \$450,000 minimum sale price, the highway commission finally sold it to the federal Agency for International Development for \$300,000 to be used as a floating machine shop to service other craft in the waters of South Vietnam.

THE VESSEL, RENAMED the Kieu Lo III, was put into condition for its 5,000-mile tow trip by Astoria Marine Construction shipyards on the Lewis and Clark River. When it said its final farewell to Astoria, it carried as its only cargo 440 hospital beds donated by St. Mary's Hospital.

The beds, declared surplus when the new hospital wing was built, went to the Tan Son Nhut dispensary of the 7th Air Force base near Saigon. The tow stopped three days in Hawaii, two days at Guam and spent 48 days at sea fighting its way through a couple of typhoons on the way. Now who knows what has happened to the vessel since U.S. forces withdrew from the area.

The Kitsap, with a 32-car capacity, was brought from Puget Sound by the highway commission in 1962 to help carry the cars of tourists who flocked to the coast to attend the Seattle World's Fair. It became known as the "wiener boat" because it served only hot dogs and coffee at its snack bar. Shortly before the bridge opened in July 1966, the Kitsap was sold for \$12,250 to become a marine supply store in Alaska. It began shipping water while in tow, but the crew kept it afloat until it finally was beached at Port Dick near Kodiak.

When the Astoria-Megler Bridge opened for its first cars, it put the ferries out of business. It also signaled retirement for many of the men who ran the ferries. Licensed masters, mates, engineers — they were among the last of their breed on the river. Some would have chosen to retire earlier, but they had kept going till the final days.

They realized they could not be replaced, for no younger men had been training for ferry jobs.

I MENTION A few of these skillful, hardy men, knowing that readers will recall others equally worthy. Some like Capt. Frank Sorensen and Engineer Neil Sporre first joined the line when it was being run by its founder, Capt. Frits Elfving. Sorensen had taken Tourist 2 off the ways in 1924, then 42 years later at age 79, he took her on her last scheduled run the day the bridge opened. Sporre, age 66, said he was glad to retire with the ferries for he hadn't had a summer vacation in 20 years.

Capt. James Campbell brought the Chessman down on her maiden voyage in 1948. Then 18 years later at age 72, he took her on her last regular crossing. Capt. Ole Lilleoren had spent 33 years in the Coast Guard, achieving the rank of lieutenant commander before "retiring" to the ferry service. He was master of the Chessman during his 16 years on the river. Then at age 77, he took the craft on its last trans-river trip with passengers only as a nostalgic feature of bridge dedication day, Aug. 27, 1966.

Others whose careers with the ferries ended with the opening of the bridge were captains Harold Riley, William Boyd, Phillip Sullivan, Oscar Bernstein and Wayne Felton. Additional retiring officers were mates C. W. Ackerman and R. B. Kiehl and engineers John Keyes, Nels Nelson and Edward Kuhl.

Though ferries ended their 45 years of service from Astoria to the north shore 23 years ago this month, history acclaims them and the valiant men who ran them as a significant segment of the story of the Northwest.

Larsons helped build Clatsop

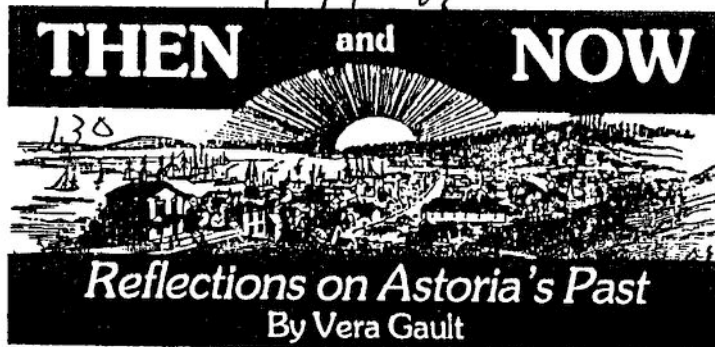
7-14-89

When I visited recently with brothers Herbert and Walter Palmberg and their cousin, Roland "Do-Do" Larson, I discovered a wealth of historical information that I want to share.

I had initiated the conversations to learn more about their uncle, Capt. Frits Elfving. Then I found that their fathers, Charles Larson and Charles Palmberg, also were leaders in the industrial development of the lower Columbia area. In the beginning, they were associated in family projects, for Frits Elfving worked for Larson when he first came from Sweden to visit his sisters, Hilda, married to Larson, and Elin, married to Palmberg. In all, five Elfving's migrated from Sweden around the turn of the century and established family homes in the area of Fourth and Franklin, Grand and Harrison streets in Astoria.

Charles Larson came from Sweden to Astoria in 1889. He worked for awhile as a fisherman, then got a boat of his own, the May, one of the first gasoline boats on the river. He was already well established when he and Hilda Elfving were married in 1898. With the May, he worked practically day and night selling and delivering supplies to sailing ships, even meeting them at the wharf. He carried passengers wherever and whenever they wanted to go. Naturally with that kind of service, Larson's business grew. His next boat, Louise 1, built by Graham Company of Warrenton, was the first to have a round pilot house. Then came Louise 2 built by Wilson Shipbuilders on Youngs Bay for the heavy service of towing rock barges.

IN 1910, LARSON, with his brother-in-law Frits Elfving, formed the Columbia Rock and Sand Company. They furnished the base for the first rock roads in



Clatsop County, bringing the rock from the Tongue Point quarry to the county crushers. Later Larson discovered a huge outcropping of rock at Brookfield, Wash., east of Megler, so he started the Brookfield Quarry and Towage Company.

**For nearly 100 years,
Charles Larson and
his family have
loomed large among
the builders of
Clatsop County.**

In 1915, Larson visited the World's Fair in San Francisco where he saw a demonstration of a diesel engine. He promptly returned to Astoria and ordered his fourth boat, the Brookfield, a tow boat 64 feet long by 14 feet beam. It was equipped with a 100-horsepower diesel engine, the first Fairbanks Morse diesel ever installed in a boat.

In 1919 Larson moved his Brookfield plant from the north shore to a 200-foot frontage at the foot of 32nd Street, which he had purchased from the Hammond Lumber Company. From that plant Larson sold and shipped foundation and building materials. He erected the first ready-mix cement

operations in the area. After the big fire of 1922, he supplied the sand, gravel and cement needed for rebuilding downtown while his brother-in-law, builder Charles Palmberg, did the actual construction of the retaining walls and foundations.

WHEN THE HAMMOND mill burned in 1923, Long-Bell Lumber Company tried to buy the millsite. Unable to reach an agreement on price, Long-Bell chose the Longview, Wash., site. Larson's company was awarded contracts for site preparation there. Accordingly he moved his diggers, tubs and barges up the river for months of ground work including the diking of the Cowlitz River.

In the Clatsop area in the 1920s, Larson's company built roads and dikes on both sides of the river. In 1927-28 he built the first highways for Wahkiakum and Pacific counties in Washington, opening access to Grays River and Deep River to Altona. In 1929 he built the first harbor in Ilwaco. In 1930-31, he won the contract to build U.S. Highway 101 from Cannon Beach to the Arch Cape tunnel. He diked Carlson Island near Knappa, creating the area which is now a game refuge.

It is no wonder that in the 1930s when a series called "Community Builders" was published, Capt.

Charles Larson was one of the first to be profiled.

Charles and Hilda Larson had their first home on Harrison Street where five of their six children were born. When the house burned in 1912, the family lived for six months in the Arlington Hotel at 11th and Franklin (site of the present Methodist Church parking lot), while their imposing new house was built at 511 Harrison, which still stands. One son died at age 10.

THE OTHER THREE boys and two girls upon graduation from Astoria High School went on to colleges and universities, the boys winning state honors in athletics. They followed their father in the Brookfield Company until the development of the east mooring basin changed their operations to individual careers in industrial fields. Now all five are retired, Charles in Seattle, Robert in Laguna Hills, Calif., and Roland "Do-Do" and sisters Rae Moulton and Margaret Mott in Astoria.

Capt. Charles Larson carried on his business activities until age 71. Then one day, Oct. 12, 1940, he went to the yacht club to work on his pleasure craft. When he failed to return, his family went searching. They found him in the boathouse where he had suffered a fatal heart attack. His wife, Hilda, died in 1963 at age 81. Both are buried in Greenwood Cemetery. Thus for nearly 100 years, Charles Larson and his family have loomed large among the builders of Clatsop County.

(My thanks to Roland "Do-Do" and Ida Larson for providing family information. Incidentally, I asked "Do-Do" how he acquired his nickname. He said as a child he was the chore boy of the family. It was "do this and do that" until finally they simply called him Do-Do.)

Astoria bears Palmberg's mark

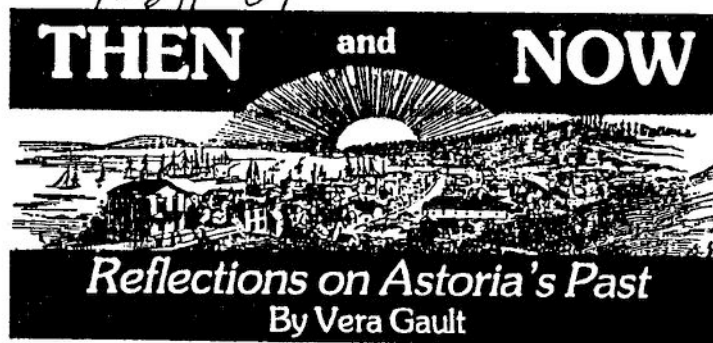
131
7-21-89
Last week, this column chronicled the achievements of Charles Larson, a Swedish immigrant whose prominence in industrial developments earned him the title of community builder.

Working in close collaboration with Larson was another Swedish immigrant, Charles Palmberg, who was lauded in the fall 1982 issue of Clatsop County Historical Society's Cumtux as "Sunset Empire Builder."

Since Capt. Larson's business was centered on the river and Palmberg's mostly on land, their projects often dovetailed. So did their family lives, for their wives were Hilda and Elin Elfving, sisters of Capt. Frits Elfving. Their homes were in the same area of Astoria and members of their families often worked for one another.

Charles Palmberg was born in Linköping, Sweden, on June 14, 1868, one of eight children. When living conditions in Sweden had neared the starvation point, the parents migrated to America bringing only two children, for they could not afford passage for the others. Ten-year-old Karl (Charles) was one who was left behind. He attended common school, then at age 14 he was apprenticed to a cabinet maker. It is the skill which he mastered which became the basis for his life's work as a builder.

IN 1886, AT age 18, Charles joined his parents in Duluth, Minn., where he went to work as a carpenter. In 1890, he decided to go to Australia, so he set out for the west coast to seek passage. But when he reached Astoria, a bustling town with many immigrants and much building activity, he decided to stay. Later he met Elin Elfving, who had come to visit her sister, Hilda, married to Charles Larson. In 1904, Charles Palmberg and Elin Elfving were married in the Larson home. Thus Charles Palmberg sealed his future with



Astoria.

Palmberg was a hard worker and ambitious. He worked for three years as a journeyman carpenter with local builder J. W. Suprinant. Then he decided to develop his own construction business. He started with designing and building houses but soon expanded to commercial projects as well.

ONE OF HIS early major projects was the construction in

Charles Palmberg was a business leader of boundless energy and accomplishment, but in the Depression of the '30s, he suffered tragic consequences.

1896 of the famous Flavel Hotel and adjoining dock facilities at Tansy Point two miles north of Warrenton. To facilitate the work, he also constructed bunkhouses and a cookhouse for the crew.

Another large project was the building of the Weinhard-Astoria Hotel, a five-story structure with a roof garden at Duane and 12th streets, present location of Dr. John Banholzer's office and Sunset Optical. This imposing structure was destroyed in the 1922 fire, but its massive portals were salvaged and have stood since that time in Shively Park at the top of 16th

Street.

In 1920 Palmberg built the Spexarth Building, on the corner of Eighth and Commercial streets. In 1910-11, the Palmberg-Mattson Co. erected the Astoria High School building at 16th and Jerome with John Wicks as architect. Rock for the foundation and retaining wall was quarried from the hillside behind the site. The structure is now the core of the Clatsop Community College campus, established there in 1962. In 1913, the company constructed the old Clatsop County Jail adjacent to the courthouse. The building, now on the National Register of Historic Places, is under the supervision of the Clatsop County Historical Society.

Charles Palmberg was also involved in surfacing streets. Several early streets were improved with a brick strip down the middle and gravel on either side. Later the graveled portion was paved.

THE STORY IS told that when autos began to compete with horse-drawn vehicles for right of way, tempers flared over who should turn out for whom. City fathers decreed that horses should take the gravel and cars stay on the bricks. But when concrete was laid over the gravel, motorists preempted the smoother sides. At any rate, when Palmberg surfaced Seventh Street from Niagara to the McEachren Shipyards (still known to old-timers as Shipyard Hill), he

bricked the street from curb to curb. The old bricks are still there under the blacktop.

Palmberg was involved in building residences as well as public projects. In 1905 he built the two houses at 12th and Franklin for Louis Kirchoff. Now owned by Peace Lutheran Church, they have recently been remodeled as children's and adult day-care centers. In 1917, he built a larger home for his own family at Fourth and Franklin.

An imposing stucco structure, it is now the home of Tighe Davis, a teacher at Astoria Middle School, and his family, who purchased the place in 1977. The Palmbergs' third residence was the elegant Hoefler house at 1656 Jerome, across from the college. For years known as the Barbey house, it is now the residence of Steven and Maria Kustura and their five children.

CHARLES AND ELIN Palmberg had five children. One died at age 3. Three sons, now retired, live in this area: William, a paving contractor in Gearhart; Herbert, a marine and dredging contractor in Warrenton; and Walter, educator and author, in Astoria. A daughter, Katherine Thurston, of Portland, is a partner with her husband in import, craft and specialty sales.

Charles Palmberg was a business leader of boundless energy and accomplishment, but in the Depression of the '30s, he suffered tragic consequences. As the victim of three bank closures, he saw his last assets wiped out, and seemed to lose the will to live.

He died on May 28, 1934, at age 66. He is buried beside his wife, Elin, in Ocean View Cemetery. Their granite stone carries an engraving designed by their son, Herbert. It represents his parents' origins in Sweden with a line across to Astoria where the Charles Palmberg family members have made their mark as community builders.

Odds, ends and miscellany

132
7-28-89
Sometimes when doing research for this column, I run across related stories that I cannot include because of space limits. At other times readers whose memories are triggered by a subject recall incidents that I want to share. Today's column is an assortment of such items.

This incident told by Herbert and Walter Palmberg concerns the Charles Palmberg family home where they grew up. The imposing stucco structure at Fourth and Franklin has been the home of the Tighe Davis family since 1977. When Davis was having work done on the fireplace a few years ago, workmen exposed a board about 2 feet by 8 inches on which this message was written: "This job was done of a Union Bricklayer in Oregon 1917 en after that he went an enlisted ind the Arme og vent to French to Fight the Germans. Vilson vas the President

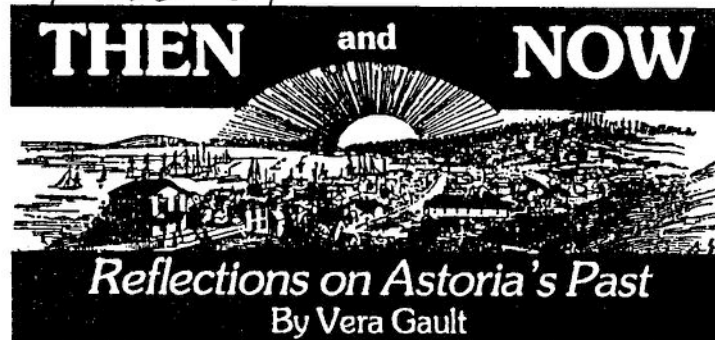
Peter Anderson Bricklayer an a crew of Svedes for Labor"

Quite a footnote to history!

One musician in town adds this anecdote to the stories about Capt. Frits Elfving. Along in the 1950s, friends formed a choral society for the fun of making music together. Elfving, then in retirement, enjoyed the fellowship, paid more than his share of the conductor's fee and led to sing, but he needed help in carrying a tune.

Dan Hall, a short man and a fine singer, wanted to help his friend, who at 6 feet 6 inches towered above him. So Hall got the idea of standing on a box so he could sing close to Elfving's ear. When the group was ready to start harmonizing, Elfving would say in his booming voice, "Vell, Dannie, get your box." Elfving wasn't always on key but he was loud.

Elfving had one son, Edward, a star athlete at Astoria High School. Eddie married Frances Watzek,



whose family owned the big lumber mill at Wauna. Theirs seemed like a fairy tale marriage, especially when they moved into their newly built honeymoon home at 201 W. Irving in west Astoria, a gift from the bride's parents.

The street was still only a dirt road, but the view was superb and the house one of the finest in town. Eddie met desperate action in World War II and died shortly after he returned. The house has been the residence of the Dr. Charles Browning family since 1957.

Charles Palmberg will always be remembered as a prominent builder. These achievements of his should be added to ones mentioned last week, for they are all part of present usage.

He developed roads throughout Washington and Oregon. Some local ones which he laid out and built are the Youngs River loop road, the road over the hill from Niagara to Williamsport and the roads around Tongue Point. He paved Bond Street to Uniontown and Exchange Street past the athletic field.

After the 1922 fire, Palmberg and his company were swamped with work. In short order he built the Norblad Hotel across 14th from Lovell Auto Co. and his own building on the corner of 14th and Bond (now Marine Drive). Both buildings are still in use. Thus the

projects of this early builder still serve succeeding generations.

My neighbor Wilma Williamson remembers music fests in the 1930s at the Charles Palmberg home at 1656 Jerome, now residence of the Steven Kustura family. She and her parents, Robert and Maria Lee, close friends of the Palmbergs, often went there to take part.

Elin Palmberg was a fine violinist. Others brought whatever instruments they played and they all spent hours, often till midnight, playing and singing together. Wilma says, "How that big house rang with music and fun with friends!" These days we have television.

Getting back to the ferries, I had heard that Helmi Mellin had been a longtime cook on the craft. When I phoned her, she said Loraine Lane had carried on that job for years, but she, Helmi, had operated her Koffee Kup restaurant next to the ferry landing, present location of Judy's Kitchen.

People still remember the Koffee Kup for the good food Helmi served, particularly her kala soppa (salmon stew). Out-of-towners scheduled their trips to Astoria for Helmi's Friday special.

Those were busy, happy days, Helmi says, but one occasion was

like a bad dream. It was the day of the final ferry run when Capt. Ole Lilleoren took the Chessman across on a nostalgic trip for passengers only. When the ferry docked, Helmi is convinced that all 360 passengers made a dash to her restaurant for hamburgers, even ordering them by the dozen to take out. Vera Craig, at Gimre's Shoe Store next door, saw her dilemma and ran in to help. Helmi says she still has nightmares about that day.

But she remembers the good friends she made during those years. One of the most helpful was Henry Elfving, nephew of ferry owner Capt. Fritz Elfving. Folks called Henry "the best engineer on the river." Helmi says Henry and his crew came in for coffee almost every time the ferry landed.

When he saw she was having electrical or mechanical problems at the restaurant, he would cheerfully pitch in and have them fixed in no time. Henry worked on the ferries for 45 years, but he wasn't there to retire when they did, for Henry Elfving died in 1962, four years before the ferries ended their service.

Helmi operated the Koffee Kup from 1951 till 1978. Then for three years, she was one of the head cooks at the Clatsop Care and Rehabilitation Center at 16th and Franklin. Since then she has been taking things a little easier in her Victorian-style house at 638 15th St.

Her two daughters live in the area: Liisa Penner, community volunteer and president of the Clatsop County Genealogical Society; and Karen Mellin, director of the Clatsop County Women's Crisis Service. Helmi Mellin came to the U.S. from Finland in 1934. Through the years, her unique cooking skills and her cheerful, generous service have made a vital contribution to this community.

Regatta features historic homes

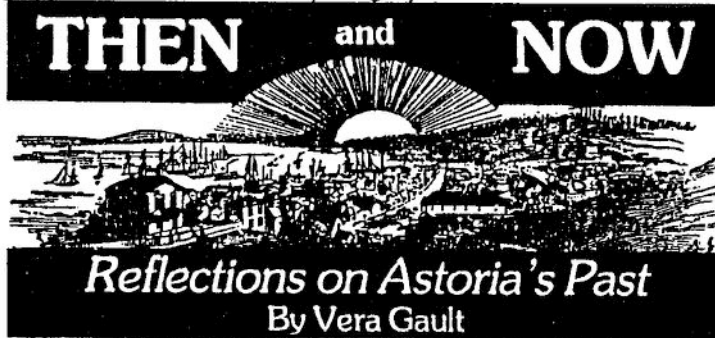
Among the unique features of Astoria are its historic homes, more than 500 built before the turn of the century. Next Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 12 and 13, four of the oldest will be open for viewing as an event of Regatta weekend. Each house is identified by the name of its original owner, thus avoiding confusion caused by changes in occupancy.

The Stevens-Case house, 1410 Franklin, now the home of the Dan Clifford family, is being opened for the first time. The oldest of the four houses, it was built in 1869 when the site had to be cleared of towering firs, Franklin Avenue was a wagon road winding around stumps (finally graded in 1873), and 14th Street was a forest path up the hill.

In 1865 the Charles Stevens family built their home in the first area of the clearing and their daughter, Frances (Fanny) married George Warren. They started to build their home, now the Clifford house, in another corner of the clearing when Warren was killed in a logging accident and the house stood unfinished for years.

In 1879, Fanny married Ira W. Case, prominent widower in town, president of the I. W. Case Bank, one of the incorporators who brought gas lights to Astoria and office holder in the Masonic and Odd Fellows lodges. Their house when finished was one of the finest in town but Fanny didn't get to enjoy it long for in May 1882 at age 41 she gave birth to a son, then one week later she died.

Eventually, Ira married again and lived in the house till his death on Feb. 14, 1985. Ira was a very large man. When pallbearers followed by grieving family and friends started to carry the casket up 14th Street to the hilltop cemetery, relief pallbearers had to be recruited from the mourners. Eight months later the casket and gravestone were moved to Greenwood Cemetery, developed because of easier access by boat



along Youngs River.

The Stevens-Case home, later the home and office of Dr. R. J. Pilkington, became the home of the Clifford family in 1967. Visitors upon entering the house will experience an atmosphere of space and light. Wide moldings, high ceilings and the broad stairway add to the sense of elegance.

The Judge Charles Page house, 1393 Franklin Ave., stands across the street from the Stevens-Case house. As many readers are aware, it has been the home of this writer since its restoration in 1967. The house was built in 1879 by Capt. Hiram Brown as a wedding gift to his daughter, Annie, when she was marrying his business partner and lawyer, Charles Page. Page was also a partner with his neighbor, Ira Case, in land development.

The next long-term owner was the Charles Houston family. Nell Houston was often described as the most beautiful woman in town. She was also socially ambitious. Even though she had a husband and a small daughter, Helen, she determined to become queen of the 1904 Regatta. She got her husband to buy \$3,000 worth of tickets (the candidate who sold the most gained the glory). She spent the same amount on her festive wardrobe and became about the most regal queen the Regatta ever had. Visitors to this 110-year-old house will see a portrait of Nell Houston in her royal regalia.

A third house open to the public next weekend is the Cherry house at 836 15th St., since 1986 the residence of the Rev. and Mrs. William Arbaugh. Arbaugh is pastor of Peace Lutheran Church. Built in 1885, it was the longtime home of British Vice Consul Peter Cherry, his wife, Ellen, and four sons. After years of neglect, the place was purchased by Mayor Robert Chopping, who restored it in 1967, the same year the Page house was being refurbished. The two houses also have another tie, for little Helen Houston grew up in the Page house and married Harry, the youngest of the Cherry boys.

Peter Cherry was a dignified Englishman who wore consular decorations. Festive dinners in the formal dining room always began with raised glasses and a toast "to our gallant Queen Victoria." Cherry was so thoroughly English that on the four occasions when his wife was about to give birth, he hurried her off to Canada so his children would be born under the British flag. After their father's death in 1908, the sons all became naturalized citizens.

Visitors to the Cherry-Arbaugh house should especially note the parlor organ which crossed the continent by covered wagon in 1865 and notice the one-of-a-kind pieces of Danish furniture.

The fourth house on the tour is the John Griffin house (1892) at

1643 Grand Avenue, now the home of Astoria police Chief Ron Louie, his wife, Joanne, and their two children. The preceding owner was Dr. Gary Boelling.

In 1883, John Griffin, who was with the U.S. Army Signal Corps, was assigned to Astoria to establish a weather bureau. When he completed his tour of duty, he stayed to open a book and stationery store on the corner of 11th and Commercial. Then he established the Astoria Abstract Co., forerunner of the present Pioneer National Title Insurance Co. He married Ada Ferguson, whose father, Albert and brother, James, were prominent builders in Astoria, so they headed the family in building this house as a gift to the newlyweds. It stands next to the large Ferguson family home built in 1873. The Griffins' daughter was well-known Astorian the late Margaret (Mrs. Garnet) Green.

Visitors to this house will admire the double entry doorway and doors surmounted by transoms for air circulation, an elegant feature of Victorian houses. Period pieces and works of art enhance the appeal of the spacious home.

Tickets for the home tour, at \$5 for the four houses, are on sale at the Greater Astoria Area Chamber of Commerce; Heritage Center Museum, 16th and Exchange streets; Flavel House, Eighth and Duane streets; and at the Light House, 577 14th St. The last place is for the special convenience of ticket purchasers, for all four houses are within easy distance and parking is ample. Also folks will have the bonus of touring the Light House, a 95-year-old residence which has been artfully restored for residential-commercial use without losing its architectural features. Hours are Saturday, Aug. 12, from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. and Sunday, Aug. 13, from 1 to 4 p.m. This is an annual event sponsored by the Clatsop County Historical Society.

The beginnings of the Regatta

134 8-11-89

This is Regatta week, and here is an account of how the festival got started almost 100 years ago.

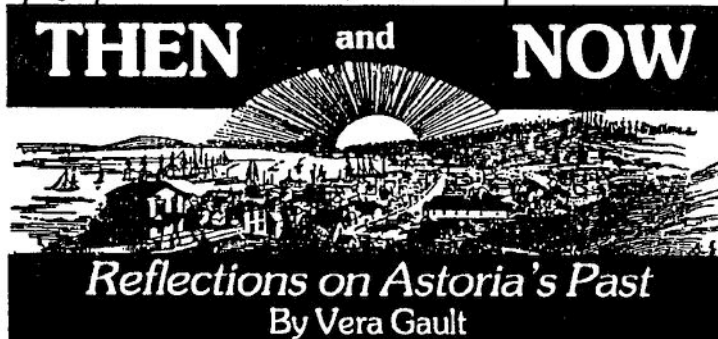
In the 1940s the Astorian-Budget carried a weekly column of local chitchat written by staff member Harold Haynes. (As you can deduce, weekly columns are not new.) His was called "Astoria Column" and was headed by a sketch of the column atop Coxcomb Hill. In his offering of May 23, 1940, Haynes carried this story as told to him by local attorney Frank Spittle.

In about 1890, John Rathom and his bride came to Astoria where he took over the editorial desk of the Astorian. Rathom and Spittle became good friends, so Spittle was often quoted in the newspaper.

In the 1890s, the Astoria Athletic Club was the live-wire organization of the town. Its clubhouse stood on the athletic field, at Smith Point where the motor vehicles office is now. Everybody in town who was anybody belonged. Here it was that plans were talked over and "what if" visions were aired.

One day Spittle just happened to be in the clubhouse talking to Frank Gunn, night clerk at the Occident Hotel, and just happened to say, "Well, Frank, what big deal about we put over today? Let's have some boat races." At that very minute, an Astorian reporter just happened to stroll up and heard "boat races." "Boat races!" he said. "That's a capital idea. Let's give 'em a fancy name like regatta — that means boat races."

THE REPORTER THEN hurried back to Rathom, who said, "A regatta — that's just what Astoria needs," and he quoted his friend in a front page story. So that chance remark went on to become today's Regatta and Editor Rathom went on to become editor of the San Francisco Chronicle and the Providence, R.I., Journal and was featured in the Saturday Evening



Post as "a great American editor."

The 1940 Regatta, which took place shortly after Haynes' column appeared, turned out to be a notable one. Press coverage of the details of the queen's coronation began at least three weeks before the event, even describing the order of the procession.

'Boat races! That's a capital idea. Let's give 'em a fancy name like regatta — that means boat races.'

For four years the ceremonies had been held at Gyro (Warren) athletic field. In 1940 they were being moved to the OWR&N dock between 15th and 17th streets (present location of Englund Marine Supply and KVAS radio station). A 50-year-old warehouse on the dock had been taken over as a National Guard Armory and community center.

News reports lauded the Regatta committee for moving the coronation out of the woods to the waterfront. "For years it has offended King Neptune to crawl out of the Columbia and attend the coronation on Gyro Field as an amphibian, which is not a kingly state."

REGATTA QUEENS IN those

days were usually college girls chosen by the Regatta committee. The selection for the 1940 honor was Jean Pauling, daughter of abstract and insurance man G. C. "Curt" Pauling. Jean, about to become a senior at the University of Oregon, chose as her escort her classmate Evert McNeeley, who came from his home in Portland for the week. Her chaperone was Betsy Wooten, high school math teacher, and Tommy Luke, Portland leader and florist, came to serve as admiral of the Regatta.

The Astorian-Budget continued to write exuberant accounts of plans. "The Western Towing Company has supplied a large barge so the coronation can appropriately take place over the water. Joe Dyer, marine architect, will build throne staging on the barge... A row of rear admirals, their gold-braided uniforms glittering under the gay lights, will flank each wing of the throne, with a fleet of vessels riding the waves in the background."

The next press story exulted over the beauty of the queen's procession, still a week in the offing: "... and finally will come Queen Jean radiant in white satin with regal cape train of white velvet trimmed in blue with pages carrying her train. She will be served by princesses in full-skirted dresses of blue, green, yellow and coral marquisette, Bernice Franetovich, Jane Spaulding, Myrtle Jensen and Estie Kuivala and

their escorts."

SO MUCH FOR the best-laid plans. On the night before the coronation, the OWR&N dock burned down to the water while the pavilion and the barge and the throne went with it. Some said, "There can be no Regatta." But the city fathers said, "There shall be no retreat."

Even while the 700-foot wall of flames was dwindling to ashes, the Regatta commission held an emergency meeting. For every problem they tackled, someone came forward with help. Harry Webber, Carpenters' Union agent, offered the services of every available union member. City Engineer George McLean drew up plans for 1,350-seat bleachers at the foot of 10th Street for watching river events and the coronation was held at Gyro Field after all.

Queen Jean Pauling, now Mrs. Evert McNeeley for 47 years, lives with her husband on West Irving in Astoria. She says she and Princess Estie Kuivala Knutsen (she and her husband, Gene, live on West Niagara) are the only girls of the court still in town. Ann Halderman McGowan was queen the next year, which was the last till after World War II.

Jean McNeeley also recalls that Admiral Tommy Luke kept the girls supplied with gorgeous orchids all week, and "Oh, what fun it was to dance at George Amato's Supper Club to the music of the famous Jan Garber Big Band for all four nights of the festival!"

Columnist Haynes, writing on the success of the "fire sale Regatta" said, "It's remarkable how the old town responds when it's time to respond. We rise in salute to Astoria's sons who never know when they are licked."

And so almost 50 years after Haynes' pronouncements, this column salutes the many volunteers who have successfully organized this 1989 Regatta.

Parks: ¹³⁵Astoria's hidden treasures

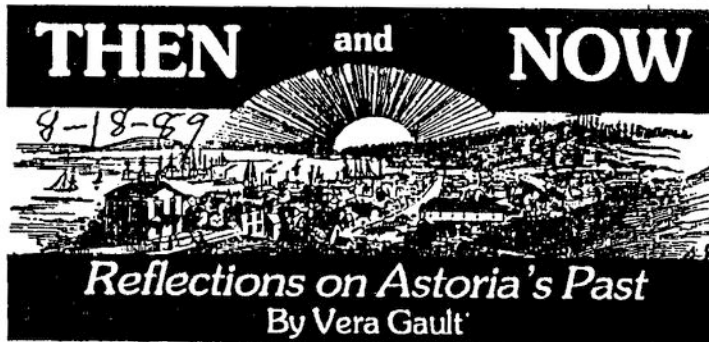
Readers of this column sometimes ask me, "How do you decide what to write about week after week?" My answer is that friends often make suggestions, which I appreciate. Also I run across subjects that rouse my curiosity. Then I think that if they interest me, perhaps they will interest others as well. So I decide to do a single column on a certain subject, but when I start the research, I find so much material I want to share that the writing expands. This happened when I wrote about the ferries. That quickly extended into four columns.

Last week we had some sunny days, which made me think of picnics, so I thought I'd do a column on Shively and Tapiola parks. To be sure I got my facts straight, I made an appointment with Fred Lindstrom, parks and recreation director, at City Hall. He was so affable and helpful that I came away with enough ideas and information to keep me supplied for several weeks.

As I scan all the reports, I am pleasantly surprised to learn how expansive our city recreational facilities have become. Now I look with new appreciation upon the variety of areas that Astorians enjoy and how attractively they are maintained.

First of all, I learned that Astoria Parks and Recreation Department doesn't deal with parks alone. It takes care of ten categories of recreational locations: five historical sites, three community halls, six ballfields, two practice fields, seven playgrounds, three tennis courts, the Youngs Bay boat ramp, the Senior Citizen Center, Tapiola swimming pool, and the six city parks. Even this listing is outdated as new projects are now in progress.

SINCE THE PARKS have the most general usage, they are the ones we most quickly associate with the parks department. The



ones I think of first are Shively Park over the hill from 16th Street on Williamsport Road and Tapiola Park on West Marine Drive. But there are also the Astoria Column Park atop Coxcomb Hill, Evergreen Park near Astoria Middle School, Niagara Park off Seventh Street near Peter Pan Grocery, and Uniontown Park under the bridge piers.

I am pleasantly surprised to learn how expansive our city recreational facilities have become. Now I look with new appreciation upon the variety of areas that Astorians enjoy and how attractively they are maintained.

Recently Sixth Street Park overlooking the river has been developed. The Seamen's Memorial Park is being added, and work on the triangle at 33rd Street and Leif Erickson Drive is in progress and should be completed by October. It will be known as East Portal Park because it will feature a 14-foot decorative portal which once welcomed visitors to Astoria, but which became obscure when

the highway was changed. Now the park will also feature a lighted "Welcome to Astoria" sign, colorful plantings and sidewalks around the area.

All these developments are in the hands of the Parks and Recreation Department, a division of Astoria city government. Members of the community make up the Parks and Recreation Board, which serves as an advisory body to the city council, the city manager, and the department head. Present members of this board are Bill Hall, chairman; Willis Van Dusen, city commissioner; Louise Fulton, Bob Knutsen, Lou Marconeri, and Mike Goin. They are appointed by the city council.

The Parks and Recreation Department is one of seven city departments, each with its own supervisor responsible to the city manager and the city council. These include the Police Department with Chief Ron Louie; Fire Department, Chief Lane Wintermute; the library, director Bruce Berney; Public Works, City Engineer Robert Nordlander; Human Resources, Phyllis Gabel; Finance, director John Snyder; Community Development, Paul Benoit; and, of course, Parks and Recreation, Fred Lindstrom.

Responsibilities for recreational sites and programs were organized into one department in 1973. Before that a recreation supervisor managed the activities and the

public works department did the landscaping and maintenance. Lindstrom worked as an assistant to his predecessor, Gil Gramson, until Gramson resigned in 1975, at which time Lindstrom stepped into the top post.

FRED IS THE oldest in the Carl and Margaret Lindstrom family of five sons and two daughters. Four sons continue to live in Astoria: John has Lindstrom's Danish Maid Bakery; Charles and Walter are in professional fields. Fred graduated from Star of the Sea High School in 1965 and from the University of Oregon in 1970.

In the 17 years that Fred Lindstrom has been with the parks department, he has seen a gradual increase in recreational interest and participation, so facilities have to increase to meet the demand. Even when city budgets cannot be stretched any further, private donations and volunteer work have resulted in useful and attractive additions.

For instance, the Rotary Club made a contribution to the 15th Street triangle near Hunt's Home Furnishings. Hauke's Sentry donated the land for East Portal Park. Merchants and private donors are responsible for the model block at the end of 10th Street. The Seamen's Memorial is being funded by civic groups including several churches. Tongue Point personnel and many other volunteers have contributed expertise and labor to one project after another.

Usage figures in the 1988 annual report show that facilities are important in the life of the community. For instance, in the three community halls, Alderbrook served 234 events; Shively, 238 events; and the Yacht Club, 128 events.

(The history of Shively Park next week)

Park named for local pioneer

Last week's column dealt with city parks in general. Then I became interested in learning the history of Shively, the oldest park of all. Here is some of what I found.

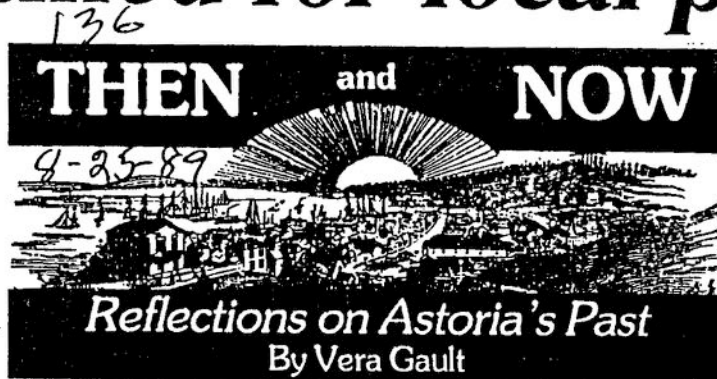
Shiveley's 12-acre expanse is located on the hill where 16th Street south of Niagara angles into Williamsport Road. John Shively died in 1893. In 1898, his son, Charles, approached the Astoria Progressive Commercial Association (known as the "Push" club).

He offered to donate five acres of the family holdings near the reservoir for a park to be named for this father, if the city would agree to buy seven adjoining acres. Terms would be a price of \$2,500 to be paid in 10 annual installments, interest free. The association quickly accepted the offer, paid off the debt in seven years and the park was dedicated at the Fourth of July celebration in 1906.

Virginian John M. Shively came west with the wagon train of 1843, his pack horse loaded with his surveying instruments. In November of that year, he came down the Columbia River to Astoria where James Birnie was still in charge of the Hudson Bay trading post. Shively, with Gen. John Adair, A.E. Wilson and Col. John McClure, were the only settlers in Astoria in 1844.

Shively set about surveying the newcomers' claims and his own and platting the townsite. McClure claimed the land from present First Street to 13th; Shively from 13th to 32nd and Wilson, later Adair, east from 32nd.

IN 1845, SHIVELY made a trip to Washington, D.C., returning two years later with his commission from President James K. Polk to become the first postmaster of the Oregon Territory, which encompassed the present states of Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana. He established the postal service in his home, now marked by a small park on 15th Street between Franklin and Exchange.



Shively has been described as a large man with sandy hair, a scraggly beard and a forceful personality. Early newspapers make frequent mention of his involvement in lawsuits. He sued James Welch, who built the first house in Shively Addition (on the corner of 15th and Franklin), over property lines; the suit was settled out of court. His suit against J.H.Q. Bowlby over waterfront dockage went all the way to the Supreme Court, which decreed that land grants did not include underwater ownership.

Shively Park is a precious spot for getting close to nature and refreshing one's soul.

He sued Sheriff Barrows for collecting \$15.17 in taxes on property which he claimed did not exist; the suit was dismissed. He sued Philip Thompson over a property transaction. The court decided in his favor, ordering Thompson to pay one cent in settlement and Shively to pay court costs of \$7. He sued various persons for money owed him, then garnished their wages.

On one occasion the Astoria School District sued Shively for services he failed to perform, but he didn't appear for the trial. The case was dismissed with the county

clerk writing, "Defendant, though called, cometh not. Defendant to pay court costs."

IN 1857, SHIVELY'S second wife, Susan, sued for a divorce, gaining custody of their two boys. The judge ordered David Ingalls, county commissioner and probate judge, to "divide the family furniture, equally and to use the sheriff and posse to enforce the order if necessary," then added, "Give Mrs. Shively the family melodeon." The couple was remarried two years later.

In 1879, Shively mortgaged his property for \$1,000; later for an additional \$1,714. In 1889, many of his holdings were sold by the chief of police for street assessments and taxes. Shively spent the last five years of his life as an invalid in St. Mary's Hospital, except for the last two months when he was moved to Sophie Daggett's rooming house.

He died there, age 89, on April 2, 1893, three months before the death of Capt. George Flavel. He was buried in Greenwood Cemetery. Wife Susan died in 1883. Their two sons, unmarried, had died earlier. Charles, son of the first marriage, became superintendent of Astoria's schools in 1888 and moved to Portland later.

No matter now about John Shively's personal problems. Astorians honor him for his part in the founding of the town and for his foresight and fortitude in establishing the first post office

west of the Rockies, thus planting Astoria firmly at the head of Northwest history. Astorians remember his son, Charles Shively, for initiating Shively Park, a benefit to ongoing generations.

BUT WHAT ABOUT Shively Park today? I've enjoyed pleasant events in the hall but had never really visited the park area until I started thinking about this column. So on one recent day, my 7-year-old grandson and I went exploring. We discovered that Shively Park is a magic place. It has dark trees towering into the mists, mosses dripping with the dew of rain forests, paths spongy with fir needles.

We stood still to take deep breaths of the cool air, spicy with the fragrance of hemlock and cedar and to listen to the silence. Only it wasn't really silence at all. We became aware of birds, countless birds, twittering and chirping high above us. We had to laugh for they sounded like happy children on their treetop playground.

Shively Hall, located near the parking area, has a seating capacity of 90 for group meetings, 50 if tables are set up. A range and refrigerator are on hand and tables and chairs are furnished. Reservations are made at the parks office in City Hall, 325-7275. Two covered shelters are available without reservation.

The expanse of the park offers an atmosphere of beauty and tranquility. Paths and lawns are well cared for. The grassy slopes are so inviting that Steven had to treat himself to a few roll-downs. Then as we climbed to the top of a knoll we came almost face to face with a deer standing motionless. "Is it a statue?" Steven whispered. Then it twitched its ears and finally strolled away. What a bonus to add to our adventure!

Each recreational area in Astoria has its own special use and quality. Shively Park is a precious spot for getting close to nature and refreshing one's soul.

Centennial bash boosted city

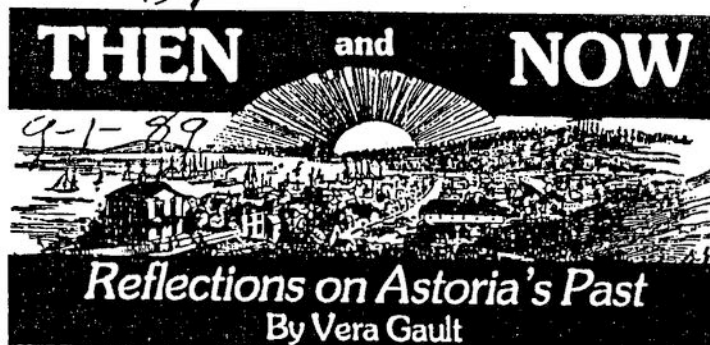
Shively Park is not only Astoria's oldest public park, it is also the site of one of the town's most memorable events. In 1911 Astoria invited the nation to celebrate the city's 100 years of history. The era began when John Jacob Astor's company established a fur trading post here, the first American settlement west of the Rocky Mountains.

Since coming to Astoria 25 years ago, I have heard frequent mention of the great centennial celebration, but I didn't realize how great it was until I started researching the history of Shively Park. Then I learned that the park on the hill beyond 16th Street was the center of centennial ceremonies, band concerts and the historic pageant *The Bridge of the Gods*.

Committees headed by Mayor H.L. Henderson started making preparations far ahead of the opening date of Aug. 10, 1911. Festivities were to cram a full month, and plans had to serve the hordes they hoped would come. "Because of Astorians," they said, "the entire West became a part of the nation." Accordingly, no plan was too grandiose for consideration.

First of all, the centennial committee had to raise money. They asked the state for \$100,000. They received \$50,000. The county levied a 2½ mill levy. Col. John Jacob Astor, descendant of the founder, sent \$10,000. Groups all over town held money-raising events. Centennial souvenirs were offered in stores and 500 school children went out selling tags.

THEN FACILITIES HAD to be provided. The quietude of Shively Park was shattered by the noise of hammers and saws as workers raced against time erecting the convention hall, an exhibit hall, a replica of Fort Astoria, and on the south slope of the hill an amphitheater to seat 3,500 visitors.



A graveled road around the park was completed and a Portland auto line was hired to transport people from depot to docks to lodgings and the park.

Then, of course, the downtown needed attention. Gustaf Soderman was given the contract to build an auditorium on the courthouse grounds. More than 12,000 additional light bulbs illuminated the streets and decorated the arches designed by architect John Wicks. Red, white and blue bunting and pennants draped the trees. Huge flower displays marked the intersections.

Flags were everywhere. A massive electric sign atop Coxcomb Hill blazed "1811-1911" out over the town. The *Astorian-Budget* published a 40-page magazine extra. *Sunset Magazine* carried 10 pages of story and photos in its August issue, and candy man Henry Hoefler helped spread the message when he developed his famous centennial chocolates and marketed them nationwide.

The accommodations committee was hard-pressed to find lodging for visitors, famous and otherwise. Invitations were sent to the governors of the 46 states; 29 accepted. Col. Astor first accepted, then sent regrets. President William Howard Taft was sending an emissary. Hotels were soon filled, even with cots in the halls.

PRIVATE HOMES WERE opened — at a price. Foard and Stokes Hall and Shively and McClure school buildings were outfitted as hostels, while docks and the decks of a hundred ships were a possibility if the weather was good. It was. As the date drew near, the pace accelerated. On the last night, nobody slept.

The great deadline of Aug. 10 arrived. Everything was in readiness — almost. By noon, the 3,500 seats in the amphitheater were filled with spectators eagerly awaiting the opening ceremony set for 3:30, for at that moment President Taft was to push a button at the White House to activate a gong. Five thousand more visitors filled all the grassy area. The air was electric with anticipation. Finally everybody's watch said 3:30. No gong! Panicky officials shifted in their seats and wondered what to do.

The weather in Washington, D.C., was sweltering on that Thursday in August. President Taft, eager for a long weekend at his summer home, boarded his special train for Beverly, Mass. A few minutes later, he suddenly realized he was supposed to press a button to open a festival in Astoria, Ore., 3,000 miles away. In a flurry, he ordered the train stopped in Baltimore. He rushed into Western Union, which cleared all circuits. He pressed a button; then to be

sure, he pressed it again.

AND WAY OUT west in Shively Park, only five and a half minutes late, the crowd heard two gongs and "went into a tumult." Finally Ellery's Band won silence by playing the national anthem, and Mayor Henderson declared the festival open. Gov. Oswald West made the welcoming speech and the thousands fanned out to join the festivities.

For the next 30 days, the town teemed with visitors and bustled with activities. Eating places stayed open all night. Church and civic groups set up food stands and sold box lunches. Parades occurred most every day with the processions forming at 19th and Exchange, site of the present fairgrounds. Parades were specialized, military, historical, burlesque, Scandinavian, Indian, industrial and children's. Certain days paid tribute to the states and to Oregon cities. Dramas enacted the arrival of Lewis and Clark, Astor's party, the wreck of the *Tonquin*, sham battles between militia, Indians and pioneers and battles of the Civil War.

There were wrestling matches, kite-flying contests, boat races, track and field contests, hydro-aeroplane flights over land and water, sightseeing trips around the county and to the beaches, boat excursions to the mouth of the river and fireworks and dancing every night.

When it was all over, Astorians were ready to collapse, but they were happy, for the whole event had been an amazing success. And perhaps, most amazing of all, when committee members revived sufficiently to count their cash, they declared a surplus of \$6,000. Some years later the money was used to buy Coxcomb Hill and start plans for the Astoria Column.

Another milestone for society

The development of Heritage Center Museum at 16th and Exchange is the most ambitious project the Clatsop County Historical Society has ever undertaken. Now to highlight progress thus far, a grand opening is scheduled for Saturday, Sept. 16, from 5 to 7 p.m.

Everyone is invited to view the restoration and the first-time showing of paintings by John H. Trullinger, native Astorian (1870-1960). For information and reservations, phone the museum, 325-2203, by Tuesday.

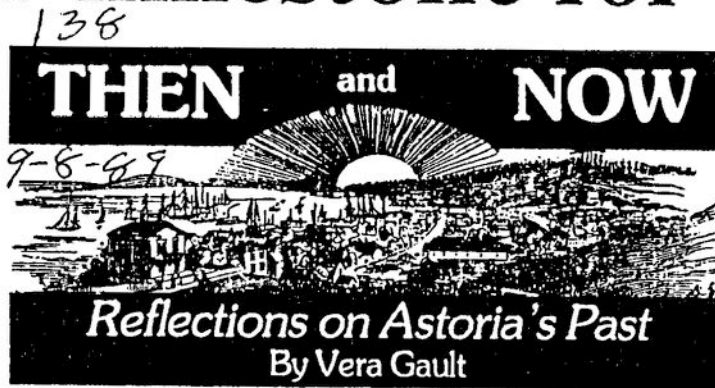
I mention this event for I have a sort of maternal pride in the historical society. I have watched it grow up from a small band of volunteers struggling to restore Flavel House to a staff of professionals carrying on the business of preserving important historical sites and artifacts.

When I came to Astoria as a stranger 25 years ago, I thought the best way to learn the community was to join the historical society. (I still recommend it.) I went to my first meeting with some trepidation, not knowing what I would find.

WHAT I FOUND were about 25 folding chairs set up in the music room of Flavel House, the appropriate number occupied by 12 middle-aged or elderly women and three men. Two women (Ruth Maki and Thelma Clark) were setting out coffee cups in the dining room.

When the president called on May Miller, late mother of Astoria dentist Rodney Miller, to read the minutes, she said that first the new member should introduce herself. I did. By the time she finished her report interspersed with many asides, I realized that Mrs. Miller was not only secretary but a reservoir of information, curator of artifacts, arranger of showcases, duster of furniture and keeper of the grounds.

She made a plea for new members, hoping to increase the roster from 267 to 300 by New



Year's Day. Surely, she urged, most anyone could afford the \$3 annual dues. She announced with pride that in spite of the needy condition of the house, tourists were fascinated by its history and that the number of visitors for the current year would surely exceed the 3,700 of the previous year.

'What is that gorgeous building? Everything about it is so right.'

I have great respect for those 17 people and the others who toiled with them, for it was their dedication and tenacity that nurtured the society during its tender years. Today the roster lists 1,300 members; 45,875 visitors toured the two museums last year; and the workers are just as dedicated as those of 25 years ago.

GROWING PAINS HAVE been hard. Back in 1933, Miss Patricia Flavel, great-granddaughter of Capt. George Flavel, deeded the mansion to Clatsop County with the hope that it might become a museum. The 1930s were in the midst of the Great Depression; no money for development. The 1940s were in the midst of World War II; the house was needed for Red Cross headquarters and government offices. Then it stood vacant, plaster falling, windows broken, roof leaking. Talk of tearing the "old

eyesore" down spurred the formation of a Flavel Memorial Committee.

Under the direction of Judge Guy Boyington, the committee merged with the historical society, which in turn conferred with the Clatsop County Court. The solution: The Clatsop County Historical Society became the manager of Flavel House, responsible for its care and maintenance while the county retained ownership.

With this legal responsibility and a \$2,000 grant from Louis Sovey, former Astorian living in California, the historical society really came of age. And the work began. Members and all the recruits they could muster held weekly work parties. They swept up piles of plaster, pushed wheelbarrows of trash, cleaned the grounds and planted flowers.

Restoration has continued through the years, and as with any large house, more is continuously needed, but every effort has gained improvement. Today Astoria's Flavel mansion is one of the showplaces of Oregon.

NOW THE HISTORICAL society celebrates another milestone. The last eight years have encompassed the purchase and restoration of the old city hall. It is a stately neo-classical building which served as USO headquarters, then housed the Columbia River Maritime Museum until it moved to its new building. By 1981 the society had grown to the stature of having a full-time director needing

administrative space. Flavel House overflowed with donated artifacts which obscured its beauty as a Victorian home. Director Gloria Richards explored the purchase of the former city hall. Roger Tellow, then editor of the society's quarterly, Cumtux, editorialized on its desirability. But money?

In the next few years, Dr. Stephen Recken, succeeding director, wrote successful grant applications. Money along with donated materials and labor came from generous contributors and special events. The society took a great step in growing up when in 1985 business manager Darlene Felkins wrote a check for \$140,000 for the complete purchase of the building.

Now in 1989, the public is invited to view the structure and the progress of its restoration. It's a credit to the whole community. I was driving by it recently when my out-of-town guest leaned forward for a better look. "What is that gorgeous building?" she asked. "Everything about it is so right."

Current Director John Cooper spoke for all the other day when he said, "We take pride in the success of the Heritage Museum project. It has been a team effort which would have been impossible without the help of many people."

THE PURPOSE OF the historical society is to mark and preserve significant sites. Through the years members and friends have saved Flavel House from demolition, saved Fort Astoria from becoming a parking lot, initiated the placement of the burial canoe at Astoria Column, supported the locating of the Ranald McDonald memorial at Fort Astoria.

Now they celebrate the progress of the biggest monetary undertaking of all, the development of the Heritage Museum building. No wonder they are marking the event by the show of paintings by one of Astoria's own, the internationally recognized artist John H. Trullinger. What an event for the entire community.

Nurses share memory of school

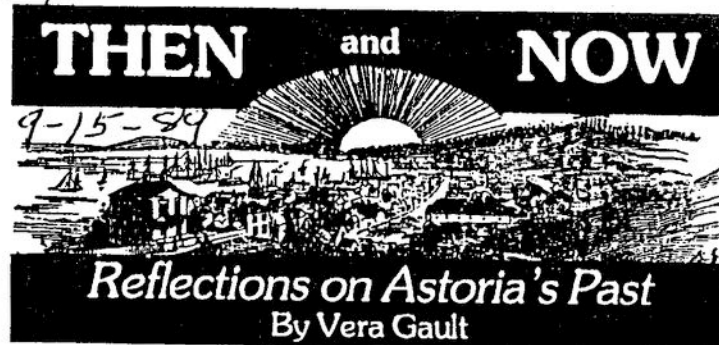
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For nearly 40 years, a highly-rated school of nursing was a part of the early St. Mary's Hospital located on 15th Street between Duane and Exchange streets. Last month, Aug. 25, graduates of that early school met at the Astoria Golf & Country Club for a reunion luncheon. Many memories were shared as these alumnae recalled the events of their student days.

On April 18, 1909, St. Mary's Hospital opened its school of nursing. The last class graduated in 1948. During the intervening years, 220 young women completed their training. Of this number, 56 attended the reunion.

The nursing school was a vital part of St. Mary's 90 years of service to the lower Columbia community. Nurses were scarce in those days here at the edge of the continent. Sisters of Charity of Providence carried the load for the hospital's first 30 years. Then to fill a growing need, they established the school of nursing.

A hospital in Astoria was the inspiration of the Rev. Leopold Dieleman, energetic pastor of St. Mary Star of the Sea Catholic Church. Early in 1880, he traveled up the river to Vancouver, Wash., where the sisters had started St. Joseph's Hospital 23 years earlier. Father Dieleman appealed to their sense of mission and mercy by telling them how greatly the rough seaport town of Astoria needed their medical care and kindly influence. In short, Astoria needed a Christian hospital. The sisters accepted the challenge. In July two visited Astoria and began the search for a suitable location.

GEORGE W. HUME, a member of the family famous for establishing the first salmon cannery on the Columbia, owned the Arrigoni Hotel located on the block between Duane and Exchange at 15th, the site of the present Owens-Adair retirement home. It



was an imposing structure with three floors and arches framing the porches and balconies. Hume had been offering the place for sale at \$6,500. When he learned the sisters were interested, he reduced the price to \$5,500.

Mother Joseph came from Vancouver to take charge of converting the hotel into a hospital. Soon three other sisters came to assist. Before remodeling was complete, the facility received its first patient, a poor man without funds who died in the arms of one of the sisters. In their daily journal they wrote that he was a gift from Divine Providence, proof that they were needed to serve mankind. Another early patient was an Indian and later his two-year-old daughter. Both died. The journal keeper also recorded the admission of another early patient, "... a lady of notorious nature who had lost her reason." The writer later thankfully reported that the lady had recovered and moved to another city to begin a more respectable career.

The first Mass in the hospital chapel was celebrated on Nov. 19, 1880. At its close, an offering of \$250 was received to help with payments on property and equipment. Paying the bills was always a problem for the sisters, who did much charity service. Each year they went out among townspeople and fishermen on the docks asking

for funds. Since people were glad to have the hospital, they responded willingly.

BY 1895, THE original 25-bed facility was overcrowded, so an annex was built. This provided space for 40 more patients. By 1905, this too was inadequate, so a four-story frame building, 45 by 124 feet with a wing 70 by 25 feet, was constructed at a cost of \$50,000. This furnished quarters for the establishment of the nursing school. It was just 13 years later that the Great Fire of 1922 almost destroyed the building. It "was saved from destruction after catching fire several times by the hardest kind of work by firemen and the fervent prayers of the sisters." Windows were broken, plaster fell, and much valuable equipment was damaged. Fifty-five patients were evacuated to the high school at the top of 16th Street and to private homes.

In 1931, a new annex was built with 21 sisters serving on the staff. This four-story brick structure is the one which was remodeled in 1980 to become the Owens-Adair, and the 1905 portion was razed to make way for the present parking lot. During excavation for the brick structure, workmen unearthed a row of upright charred logs which were determined to be the remains of the stockade of Fort Astoria built in 1811 by Astor's fur traders.

This exciting discovery made possible the identification of the exact location of the beginning of Astoria.

DURING ALL THESE years the school was training highly qualified nurses, many of whom went on to distinguished professional careers. During World War II, the institution made a worthy contribution by preparing cadet nurses to serve at military posts or to replace those who were leaving for war service. St. Mary's school was one of 11 nursing schools in Oregon approved for enlistment in the U.S. Nurses' Corps. Fifty-four of its graduates went into military assignments, several becoming officers.

It was from this historical background that St. Mary's alumnae got together last month to recall old times. Ruth Carlson Gustafson, class of 1924, was the earliest graduate in attendance. Five members of the last class (1948) were present: Angela McGovern Flicken, Ardith Polk Filliger, and Frankye Dean Thompson, all of Astoria; Dolores Robinson Fry came from Portland and Dorothy Shuey Haines from Lake Tahoe, Calif.

The event was headed by alums Viola Anderson Abrahamson, class of '39, Mary "Mebbs" Boyington Ausnehrmer, '42, Carol Jones Lewis, '44, and Thompson. Previous reunions have been held in 1960 and 1984. The next one is planned for 1991.

St. Mary's School of Nursing was closed in 1948 when nursing education was being centralized in state colleges and teaching hospitals under the supervision of the state Board of Health. So now the old St. Mary's school remains alive only in the memories and friendships of its alumnae and in the grateful recollections of the thousands of patients they served.

Largest pole finally finds a home

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In a recent column about Astoria's great 1911 centennial celebration, some of the ups and downs of the almost overwhelming preparations were noted. One "down" incident deserves more attention. Former Astorian Charles Haddix sent me a copy of a feature story about the flagpole, written by local author Roger Tetlow for The Daily Astorian in 1981. Both deserve credit for some of my information. Early copies of the Astorian-Budget in Astoria's public library get credit for the rest.

Back in 1911, Astorians were preparing to observe the first 100 years of the town's history. The centennial was to be a party for the whole nation with national dignitaries in attendance. Naturally everything must be the biggest and best, including the tallest flagpole ever seen. It would be the crowning touch to the elaborate preparations at Shively Park.

Tall flagpoles were not hard to come by in 1911, for mammoth fir trees grew all over Clatsop County. George Fulton, grandfather of the present Astoria attorney of the same name, was in charge of the flagpole committee. He and other members found just the right tree out in Blind Slough near the Brownsmead bridge. Whitney Logging Co. donated the tree, trimmed and debarked it. When they got through they had produced a 219-foot flagpole, three feet wide at the butt, weighing about 18 tons. A Callender Company tug pulled it down the river and into Youngs Bay. From there it was dragged up the steep south slope of Shively Park where a hole 20 feet deep had been dug.

Tetlow's story describes the procedure. "A large log was placed under the pole's center. Guy wires were attached, then hooked to nearby trees and stumps. Two donkey engines were placed in

position and hooked with cables to the pole."

A 100-pound pulley was attached to help raise the flag. Of course, the flag was big, too, 25 by 50 feet, donated by Phil Metchan of the Imperial Hotel in Portland who had asked for the honor of providing it. The newspaper of the day followed the action step by step. "The pole for the flag," it declared, "is the longest single stick known. It is yellow fir and has no defect." The story went on to say that the next highest pole was Seattle's 195-foot timber and in third place was the 185-foot pole at Portland's Forestry Building.

THEN CAME TIME for the raising. Eager people climbed the hill to Shively Park to share the great moment. All operators were in their places; all engines ready; the signal was given. The wires tightened; the huge butt swung toward the hole; the top gingerly rose to a near-perpendicular stance. Then — a guy wire slipped from its stump. The pole thundered to the ground, breaking into seven pieces.

A second pole was brought from Blind Slough in a hurry, for the festival was due to start the next week. This time the news exulted, "This stick is much finer than the one that broke, being 250 feet in

length. The committee does not expect any trouble in raising this pole as a larger force of men will be employed and the experience gained in the first attempt will be of greatest value."

Alas! This pole was too big. The workers couldn't get it out of the bay. "Two woven wire cables attached to the two powerful donkey engines snapped like twine. Any further effort to raise a notable pole would delay the opening of the centennial grounds." So the world's largest flagpole lay in Youngs Bay for three years.

IN 1914 WHEN plans for the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco were in progress, a call came to Oregon to prepare a state exhibit. Astoria officials quickly offered the flagpole, declaring it to be the perfect landmark for the Oregon building. So they placed the pole on top of one of Simon Benson's log rafts, where it rode the waves to San Francisco while Astorians patted themselves on their respective backs for their ingenuity and generosity. Once in place, the pole carried a large brass plate identifying it as a "gift from the citizens of Astoria." Halfway through the fair, the plate was stolen.

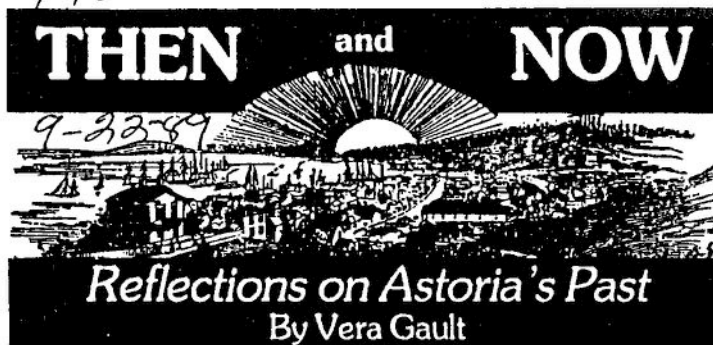
But that was not the last of the famous flagpole. As the exposition

closed in November 1915, fair officials wondered what to do with the giant timber which had been a big "white elephant" at every stage of its travels. Since many items of the fair were being donated to charities, a delegation from San Francisco waited upon Astoria officials as the original owners, asking if they could have the pole to display the flag in some schoolyard. They assured the commissioners they anticipated no trouble in moving it to where they wanted it to go and they accepted the valuable gift, graciously bestowed, with suitable ceremony and gratitude.

When the delegates returned to San Francisco, they considered moving the pole to the Tower of Jewels to be kept as part of a permanent exhibit. But whatever move they chose was delayed for reasons unreported. At any rate the migrant pole lay on a sandy beach on San Francisco Bay until one night at high tide, it floated out the Golden Gate and headed for Oregon. A fisherman caught it, hauled it back and sent Astoria a salvage bill. Astoria said it belonged to the exposition, which finally paid the bill. When exposition officials tried to move it to the Tower of Jewels, they found the cost would exceed \$5,000. (By this time they must have felt like sawing the thing into a thousand pieces, but didn't dare.)

At last, weary officials decided to move it back to where it had originally towered over the Oregon exhibit. At a cost of \$3,400, they replanted it in a well of reinforced concrete where they declared it would stay forever.

I wonder if any readers know if the wayfaring flagpole has actually remained in that one spot for the intervening 75 years.



Tapiola — realm of forest god

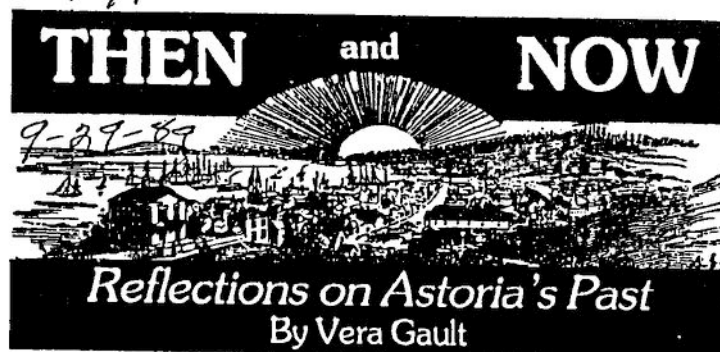
As the summer program of the Astoria Parks and Recreation Department winds down, a clearer picture emerges as to its importance in the community. Nearly all activities are planned and supervised by the parks staff headed by Fred Lindstrom. However, some are the work of other groups with the department providing and maintaining the facilities.

Summer activities for people of all ages took place at numerous sites in town, six ballfields, 10 parks and playgrounds, and two practice fields. Players kept three tennis courts busy. Gymnastics, track and field, and baseball all had their enthusiasts. Year-round participation at the Senior Center increases every year. In 1988, 26,000 signatures entered the attendance book.

These activities are only a few examples of Astoria's recreational opportunities. As I scanned the report sheets, the name of Tapiola Park appeared most frequently, both in playground programs and in the use of the swimming pool, the only such facility in town. Lindstrom told me that figures compiled just this week showed this summer's attendance went over the 29,000 mark.

WHEN I REALIZED what a boon Tapiola is to Astoria, I began to wonder how it got started and how it got its name. I discovered that plans for a park in west Astoria began as early as 1927 and that when development lagged, the vision and generosity of one Finnish immigrant, Charles Niemi, pushed the facility toward completion.

At the beginning, the Finnish community in west Astoria had established an athletic field where the present playfields are located. They held competitive sports which drew contestants from as far as San Francisco. They enjoyed large picnics there with great pots of salmon stew and stacks of



homemade bread.

Adjacent areas were already laid out into streets, Denver, Glasgow and Erie. The wooded portion contained enticing paths and small streams with foot bridges. Sylvia Mattson, local Finnish historian, recalls that children peopled the forest with fairies and trolls in a magic kingdom.

***Tapiola means place
of or realm of Tapio,
god of the forest, the
hero of the great
Finnish epic
'Kalevala.'***

North of the present park, Olaf Erickson established greenhouses and an arboretum in 1889. Charles Erickson and family members continued to carry on the business as it supplied stock for Erickson Flower Shop located on Bond Street in 1910 and at its present location on Commercial since 1938. The civic-minded Ericksons donated hundreds of rare trees to Shively Park and other places in the city.

THE ARBORETUM IS long gone, but surely some of the Ericksons' exotic trees and shrubs still grow in the yards of the homes that have been built on the original site of Tapiola Park. In the 1950s about half the park was given over

to the building of the present high school, leaving Tapiola with its present area of 13 acres.

In 1927 when west Astorians became serious about turning their athletic field into a city park, a parcel of county-owned land was deeded to the city, and other county and city-owned portions were swapped. The American Legion joined the effort, and work parties helped clear rugged sections.

In 1938 the city obtained a \$5,000 WPA grant which financed grading and drainage. School children sold buttons, and public events were held to raise money, but there was never enough. However, the new park needed a name. Knights of the Kaleva Finnish Lodge appealed to the city council to approve their suggestion of Tapiola.

SYLVIA MATTSON TELLS me that "la," a frequent ending for Finnish names, means "place of." Hence Tapiola means place of or realm of Tapio, god of the forest, the hero of the great Finnish epic "Kalevala." Some people joked that Tapiola sounded like tapioca, but on Aug. 21, 1939, the council approved the name and voted \$400 to seed the grounds.

Then development virtually halted until Charles Niemi began to push for a swimming pool. He pledged to donate funds on two conditions, that the park always carry the Finnish name and that

fees would be kept so low that no one would be excluded.

Charles Niemi came from Finland at age 12. Eventually he became the operator of Astoria's famous Louvre restaurant and saloon at Seventh and Astor streets. When Prohibition came along, he moved to Seaside where he managed the Bungalow Dance Hall, becoming known as a leader in the amusement field along the coast.

When Niemi, age 65, died on Jan. 9, 1942, his will contained a bequest for the "maintenance and improvement of Tapiola Park." The amount was related to the sale of property, chiefly the Elliott Hotel on 12th Street between Duane and Commercial. Executors were Archie Riekkola, Albert Erickson, and Judge Guy Boyington. Upon final settlement they turned over to the city Niemi's gift of \$25,230.15. Two ballfields in the park honor Charles Niemi by being named Niemi I and Niemi II.

SOME TIME AGO, the Thompson brothers of Astoria Granite Works, who had actively supported the development of Tapiola Park, prepared a report. In it they stated, "On July 26, 1942, Tapiola pool was opened in cloudy weather and unheated water with about 100 people enjoying its first use. Charges were 15 cents for adults and 5 cents for children."

Thus Tapiola Park, like most successful community projects, is the result of the work and dedication of many people so that many people might have enjoyment. In October 1984 the Thompson brothers set a granite stone near the middle of the grounds giving some details of the history of the park ending with the inscription, "This monument was erected in 1984 by the Finnish Community to honor the many citizens whose efforts made this park possible."

Smorgasbord goes by wayside

My mother was a fine cook. She was also an ardent member of the Methodist Church. Whatever mother did, she did in superlatives. Her bread was the lightest, her pressed chicken loaf the firmest and her lemon pies had the highest meringue.

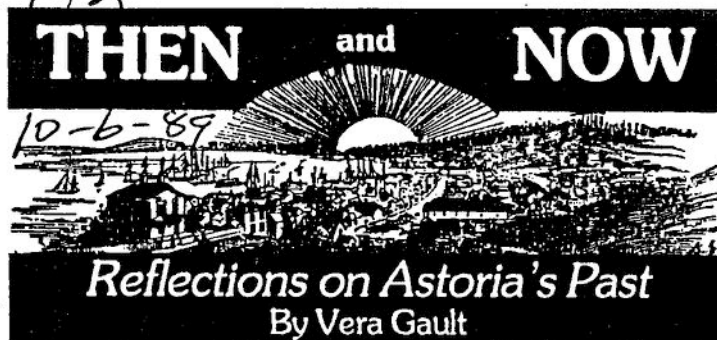
She wanted her dishes to look just like those pictured in the Woman's Home Companion. It's no wonder she was always being asked to prepare her specialties for church suppers and food sales, and she always cheerfully responded.

Mother's other intense drive was pride in her home and family. Her house was immaculate, and she wanted her small daughter (me) to look just like the little girls pictured in Sears Roebuck's catalog. My earliest memory of Methodist food recalls an occasion when these two ambitions converged.

I was nearly 4. Mother had worked all day doing chores on our Kansas farm and trying to get ready for a church social that evening. She starched and ironed my white dress with the pink sash. She baked three thick pumpkin pies in her largest pans and set them in readiness on the kitchen table.

These and other pastries were to be auctioned to help pay the preacher's uncertain stipend. She viewed them proudly hoping they might bring at least 25 cents each. Then giving me one last appraising look, she hurried upstairs where my father was changing his clothes.

When they came down a few minutes later, she was aghast to find the centers of all three pies scooped out, pie filling on my face and down the front of my dress. I held up pumpkiny fingers and proudly announced, "I got my thupper all by mythelf." My father



laughed, but Mother cried and I didn't see why.

YEARS LATER WHEN we moved from the farm to town so I could go to high school, Mother was in her element — so many women's meetings and baked food sales! Mother's pies and cakes helped buy curtains for the parsonage and send missionaries to darkest Africa. For me Methodism and food just naturally went together.

All during those years Methodist women in far-off Astoria, Ore., were doing the same thing. Recently I saw this item in a Morning Astorian of 1904. "After the Regatta parade tomorrow go to AOUW Hall, 9th Street between Duane and Exchange, for lunch served by the Ladies Aid. Delicious salads, hot baked beans, meat sandwiches and toothsome pies will be served with the famous coffee for which Methodist ladies are noted. Cost 35 cents."

In 1955 Astoria Methodists, both men and women, started in a big way to turn meals into money. They needed funds to repair their building at 11th and Franklin. Accordingly they prepared a smorgasbord, a buffet meal featuring Scandinavian foods. Chairmen were the pastor, Orval

Whitman, and his wife, Ruth, and Mrs. Charles (Ami) Johnson. Church people worked for days in advance, donated half the food and paid for their own dinners.

The publicity promised a stunning variety. "You can help yourself to a large array of mouth-watering foods, delicious slices of baked ham, hot Swedish meatballs, scalloped potatoes, hot Swedish baked beans, platters of various fish, potato salad, cole slaw, molded salad, deviled eggs, all kinds of green sticks, cheese, pickles, jellies; you may have second and third helpings if you wish."

Methodists served 1,000 people that night at \$1.50 per plate. The only complaint came from a lady who lamented that there was too little decorative parsley on the fish platters. Dozens of people were involved in the event from advance ticket sales to washing the dishes and cleaning up for days afterwards. Then they felt like collapsing. The profit of \$850 created the present social hall by reinforcing the foundation, raising the floor, lowering the ceiling and painting.

FOR 34 YEARS Astoria Methodists have repeated this routine.

But this year they are saying, "Not again. We're tired." So for the first October since 1955, there will be no Methodist smorgasbord and the sociability it provided.

The ending of a pleasant tradition is sobering. The reasons are sobering too. For one thing workers are getting older, 34 years older. Some have labored every year or omitted only a few. These include folks like George and Helen Gunn, Roy and Eloise Boldt, Howard and Jenia Jenkins, Howard and Mary Lovvold, Bill and Edna Leonard, Fred and Marjorie Littlejohn, Harold and Deana Hatley, Ruth Maki, Dot Dunagan, Viola Sheets and June Leback. The list goes on and on. Then too attendance has dropped and even though ticket prices rose to \$5 profits dropped too.

So this year Methodists won't be peeling bushels of potatoes and rolling thousands of meatballs. But what about money? A plan has been offered — to have a silent smorgasbord, for which all will give the cash amount equal to that which they were accustomed to donate in food and ticket purchases. Of course, the idea of giving money is not new. We along with other churches do it all the time, but many, others meet their needs without money-raising events. I don't know how Methodists got to be the "eatingest" church.

Now for this year — no work, no worry — but no food? I have a feeling that when the time comes to give our money, we women, like my mother, will bustle around happily baking beans and apple pies to celebrate with a church supper. After all, sharing food and eating together is one of the joys of living.

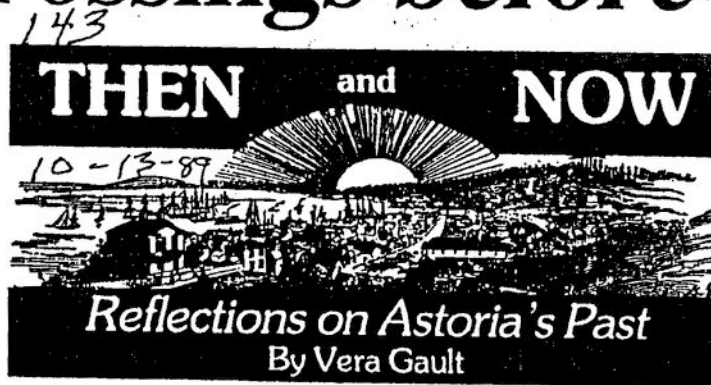
River crossings before bridge

Crossing the Columbia River at its widest stretch has provided a challenge to the venturesome and skillful since the beginning of local history. Saturday's Great Columbia Crossing is the modern example of such derring-do.

In 1811 when John Jacob Astor's men set up a small trading post and called it Astoria, they were amazed at the skill with which Chief Comcomly and others of the Chinook nation maneuvered their light canoes across the river and back again. Later came the 50 years of ferry crossings which challenged the ingenuity of brave captains as they coped with shifting sandbars and the turning of the tides.

Just as courageous and skillful were a few individuals who in the 1930s accepted the challenge of the river by swimming the $4\frac{1}{2}$ -mile stretch from Megler on the north bank to Astoria on the south. The performance was first set up as a feature of the 1934 Regatta when two well-known swimmers were invited to demonstrate their skill. Wallace Hug and Jim Teed were lifeguards at Seaside. They had claimed attention by swimming the seven miles from Seaside to Tillamook Rock. Their transriver demonstration won so much approval that in 1935 the event was publicized as a race called the trans-Columbia amateur marathon swim.

JIM REED, FROM Salem High School, a demonstration swimmer from the previous year, entered as a contestant, winning with an amazing time of 2 hours and 35 minutes. In second place was Fred Rossiter of Portland. Third place winner was history-making Laura Couch of Chinook, Wash. At age 16, she was the first woman known to have swum the Columbia at this width. Currents carried Laura farther upstream, so in her time of 3 hours and 55 minutes, officials estimated she had actually traversed about 11 miles. In 1984 Laura Couch



Kennedy, living in Paradise, Calif., wrote the story of her famous swim for the autumn issue of Cumtux, the Clatsop County Historical Society quarterly.

The next year, 1936, stands out in Regatta history for the marathon meet was won by one of Astoria's own, Tomatsu Hayashi, son of a Japanese-American family, prominent in town. Tom had won acclaim with his athletic prowess at Astoria High School. In fact, three years earlier, 1933, his picture was in the paper with other star athletes listed as "A" Club members graduating that year, Delbert Bjork, Edward Elving, Erling Orwick, Arnold Curtis, Robert Ek, Elmer Koskela, Clifford Utter, Billy Foster and John Wilson. Seven of the 10, including Tom, had gone on to the University of Oregon.

TOM, A LIFEGUARD at Seaside in the summer of '36, had been in the news because in the last month he had made a daring rescue of two swimmers in trouble far beyond the breakers. Now people were making bets on the time it would take for Tom Hayashi to make the big swim. Some were saying that if Jim Reed entered, Hayashi could beat him. But Jim didn't enter. He had joined the U.S. Air Corps.

Time for the race arrived. Crowds lined the river banks for blocks, each spectator hoping he would be nearest the finish point. Participants at the most favorable

tide condition dove into the water at Megler after 9 a.m. Each contestant was accompanied by a rowboat with its oarsman and a lifeguard. Elmer Koskela had been Tom's oarsman on earlier occasions. Today the oarsman was Astoria attorney Bob Anderson. The Astoria Yacht Club provided the flagship for the event, with officials and a doctor on board.

The Astorian-Budget carried the story the next morning under the front page headline, "Tom Hayashi Wins Out in River Swim." The story continued: "First thrill of the Friday morning Regatta program came when Tom Hayashi, former Astoria High athlete and U of O student, emerged from the chilly waters of the Columbia as winner of the grueling trans-Columbia marathon swim. It required 3 hours and 7 minutes for Hayashi to cover the $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles between the starting point at Megler on the north shore and the finish above the SP&S depot at Astoria.

"WHEN ASKED ABOUT the swim, Tom said, 'I'm fine. I'm tired but mighty proud.' To Tom will go a beautiful trophy awarded annually by the Astorian-Budget to the marathon winner." Officials figured that Tom had traversed 7 miles in the swim.

Jim Reed and Tom Hayashi had notable careers at U of O. As members of the swim team there, they brought national fame to their school when they were named

All-American swimmers. After graduation, Reed became an Air Force pilot and Hayashi returned to Astoria.

Then came Dec. 7, 1941, and Pearl Harbor. The United States went into a frenzy of military activity. First Lt. James Reed, Army Air Corps flier, died when he bailed out from his disabled plane and his parachute failed. Officials deduced that in trying to land the plane, Reed had stayed in too long.

And what about Tomatsu Hayashi? His boyhood friend and longtime neighbor, Elmer Koskela, has kept in touch. Koskela, for years operator of Union Steam Baths on West Marine Drive and best man at Tom's wedding, tells that in early 1942 Tom was working his way up in Columbia River Packers Association and had a nice home on Commercial Street west of the post office.

THEN CAME THE wartime order that all residents of Japanese descent must be evacuated from the west coast. With little time to prepare, the Hayashi family with others left their home and possessions for an internment camp first in Idaho, then at Tule Lake, Calif.

Eventually they settled in Chicago, where they developed a small grocery store into a chain of four. Now retired, they have on some occasions returned to visit the Koskelas, the Robert Andersons and other friends. Their three children, all college graduates, are well-known in their various professions.

Now when the Great Columbia Crossing takes place Saturday, hundreds of runners will be facing the age-old challenge of crossing the great river. While their grueling run may not present the early dangers, it is still a test of courage and endurance akin to that so bravely met by Jim Reed and Tom Hayashi 50 years ago.

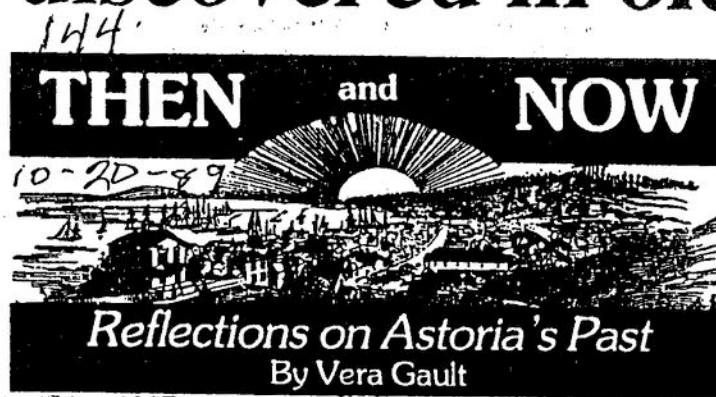
Insights discovered in old letters

Attorney Robert "Bob" Anderson, now retired, has been an Astoria lawyer ever since he graduated from University of Oregon law school in 1937, a period of 50 years. Before that, his father, Alfred A. Anderson (1883-1955) was an Astoria attorney for almost the same length of time.

Recently Bob's wife, Jean, my longtime friend, brought me a bag containing about 100 letters written to Alfred by his sisters when he was a student at the University of Oregon from 1902 to 1906. As I read I realized that such first-person accounts of daily happenings is the stuff that history is made of, so I asked Bob and Jean if I might use portions of the letters in a column, which is turning out to be three columns — so much material!

To set the stage for your reading: Anna Sophia Harpet, grandmother of Bob Anderson and his brother, Fred, of Surf Pines, was born in Finland in 1862. In 1882, she married Alfred Andrew Anderson. They migrated to Astoria where their three children were born. After Alfred's early death, Anna married his brother, Matt. They had six children, three of whom died at an early age. The family home was in Uppertown off Marine Drive at 29th. The house, still in use, has had the second story removed.

NOW VISUALIZE THIS Finnish family in 1902: Anna and Matt with their six children, three from Anna's first marriage. Alfred, 19, has left for the university. He is the recipient of the letters and later became Bob and Fred Anderson's father. Linda, 17, and Ella (Ellen), 13, wrote most of the letters, which were largely repetitious and filled with trivialities. (I have written weekly letters for years to family members away from home, and they are mostly repetitious and filled with trivialities.) I have excerpted items from some of these



letters which give insights to life in those long-ago years and to the nature of younger sisters writing to their only brother who is away at the university.

Sept. 18, 1902 — from Linda, age 17, probably the first letter to her brother after he had left for the university: Dear Bro, We received your letter today. We are all well and hope you are the same. Pa told me to write you right away and tell you that your board is too high. If you need some books send for them here and don't buy new ones ...

'You stop taking girls to the theater and monkeying around with them.'

Sept. 19, 1902 — from Ella, age 13: Dear Alfred, Our school does not start till next week. Mr. Jones and wife got drunk last week and they burnt two of their baby's toes off. Police are watching our street. The health officer told the police to arrest any parents of the kids that run on the street. Olga Anderson, your friend, is a maid at young Flavel's house. Mrs. McCormick has taken the job to clean the courthouse. She will get \$20 a month.

SEPT. 25, 1902 — (Linda): We received your letter today. Pa says

buy a small satchel or valise, be sure it's a cheap one, and bring your clothes that need patching when you come home, and when you come home, don't stay in Portland, come straight home.

Oct. 3, 1902 — (Linda): We will send you the dictionary and this week's papers. Pa doesn't care any more if your board does cost \$13 a month.

Oct. 9, 1902 — (Linda): Ella is going to write to you about Fannie, but don't believe a word she says. Ella slapped Fannie on the nose and eye yesterday. I'm taking lessons on the parlor organ. When you write, write on both sides of your paper. You must not waste paper.

Oct. 21, 1902 — (Linda): It is raining hard. We washed clothes yesterday. They are still in the water in the cellar. It doesn't look like we can get them dry all week. Etta and Helki got married last week. It was a great surprise to everybody after they had such a big quarrel. And you stop taking girls to the theater and monkeying around with them.

Nov. 6, 1902 — (Linda): Pa says you can go to Corvallis. Don't write anything to Aster that you don't want everybody to know because he leaves your letters lying around and his sister shows them to the girls and they tell Pa. Write for some more money before yours is all gone. Don't put it off till you

are broke.

NOV. 18, 1902 — (Linda): Don't spend all your money so you won't have any for Christmas. You need to save about \$10 cause Pa won't give you any when you are here. Always write to us on Sunday so we will receive it on Monday. When you get letters and papers from us, mention them in your letters so we know you got them. We send you so many and you never mention them. After this I will always send them on Monday because Mrs. Langford always gives us her papers on Sunday.

Feb. 5, 1903 — (Linda): We received your letter which Pa brought to Mr. Kraus and he explained it to him. You ought to write to Pa in Finn sometime. He wants you to. They are building the boarding house very fast now. (Ed's note: This was the Desdemona building on Marine Drive which was originally a boarding house.) Pa hurt his hand and has not been able to work. It is awful bad. Fannie and Ella passed on honors at school but Ida passed on exams. It is very quiet here, no parties or dances or anything. I will send you the razor you asked for and last week's papers.

Feb. 14, 1903 — (Linda): Mr. Joseph Schafer (I suppose you know him at the university) is in town. He came to our house yesterday morning and talked about you and the other Astoria boys. He made a speech somewhere yesterday and mentioned about you and there was something in the morning paper about you and the high marks you get and about how smart you are and the admiration you get from the teachers. Pa's hand is not well yet. He says you ought to write at least once a week. It seems as if you don't care at all for home when you get to Eugene.

(More next week.)

More letters to the college boy

This continues last week's column, which told the story of Matt and Anna Anderson and their six children who lived in Uppertown on 29th just off Marine Drive. The oldest of six was their only son, Alfred, a student at the University of Oregon. His sisters, Linda, 18, and Ella, 14, wrote weekly letters, and later the younger sisters as well. Amazingly, nearly 100 of their letters survived the years and several family moves.

After graduating from U of O and getting his law degree, Alfred returned to Astoria where he was an outstanding attorney for nearly 50 years. Recently these letters were made available to me by Alfred's sons, Fred Anderson, a retired businessman now living in Surf Pines, and Bob Anderson, a retired Astoria attorney who like his father served for 50 years. The letters have historic value because they give first-hand insights into life and times of Astoria 85 years ago. Excerpts last week were selected from letters written in 1902 and 1903. The following portions continue the story.

Sept. 6, 1903 — (Fannie, age 11): Ida has to go to Shively School, and she doesn't like to go there. I have a very bad teacher. She slapped Edwin Jackson on both hands and on both sides of his face yesterday. Uncle came today. When I came home from school, he gave me a nickel and Linda 25 cents.

Nov. 18, 1903 — (Linda): We received your letter yesterday and sent you the \$25 you asked for to come home for Christmas. And if that isn't enough to buy a round trip ticket, then write for more.

Jan. 13, 1904 — (Ella, age 15): Lillie and Oswald's wedding is tomorrow night. Only Linda is invited from our house. Linda goes with Arthur Van Dusen as before. They are out most every night.

THEN and NOW



Reflections on Astoria's Past By Vera Gault

MAY 10, 1904 — (Fannie): Dear Alfred, I thought I would write to you a few lines because I have only wrote to you one time. Pa wants to know if you need any more money before you come home. If you do, just write and let us know. Linda is working at Foard and Stokes Store now. They sell cloth and Mamma is going to make and buy for Ella's graduation dress and for my new white dress. Answer my letter when you get it. Papa doesn't feel well. He hasn't caught much fish. I don't think I'll pass on honor because I got too low in department.

'Ida had to get glasses and she looks so funny. She'd be good to scare the crows away.'

Nov. 1, 1904 — (Linda): I send you this under separate cover. I saw you and Felix in Portland. I passed you and you did not see me. Pa has got the roof all painted. Will you please send me \$20 or 25 dollars. I will pay you back from month's wages. Send it to me at the store. I don't want Pa to know anything about it.

Jan. 27, 1905 — (Eva and

Fannie) Ida and I passed on honors. Ella didn't pass on honor. Your cousin John is driving the delivery horse at Hauke's yet. He doesn't like the job. He gets awful mad sometimes. Lots are sick with diphtheria, scarlet fever and whooping cough.

Feb. 8, 1905 — (Fannie): I answer your letter on the paper I got from Mrs. Hudson because I can spell better than anyone in the room and a box of envelopes because I filled all the ink wells. John is not working at Hauke's any more. He got fired. When they fired him they told him they want a new man.

March 29, 1905 — (Fannie): I thought I would tell you that Ella is reading novels all day, and when she gets enough reading, she goes out right away and stays there till late in the night.

May 16, 1905 — (Fannie): Papa is fishing and has caught fish sometimes. There was a circus in Alderbrook yesterday. I had to pay 25 cents, but everybody else had to pay 50 cents. Papa didn't go. Ida had to get glasses and she looks so funny. She'd be good to scare the crows away. Ella goes to high school, and she hates it.

OCT. 23, 1905 — (Fannie):

Now it's my turn to answer your letter. We do not have that paper you asked for. It has been burnt or put in the toilet. I go to school and so does Ida. Linda goes out with George Olson every other night.

Dec. 1, 1905 — (Linda): Your dear cousin John has changed his mind about going to Alaska. He's afraid of the cold up there. My mother-in-law-to-be, Mrs. Alf Olson, is very sick with cancer. I was up to Olsons for Thanksgiving dinner today. We had turkey, cauliflower, peas, cranberries, mince pie, fruit and fruit cake. I went to the opera house and saw Camille. It was the saddest play I ever went to. I do not go out with George more than once a week, and I keep his phone calls short and sweet.

Jan. 12, 1906 — (Linda): I don't think it's right for you to run down the girls in your home town. I suppose you have heard of the marriage of your old girl Edith. I advise you to take her picture out of your locket and replace it with Olga's picture. Ella is working at the laundry, and we work hard while you are having a good time enjoying yourself at school.

Jan. 23, 1906 — (Linda): When I told you to take Edith's picture out of your locket, I wasn't giving you advice you didn't need. Forgive our ignorance if we don't see things like you do. The girls aren't any sassier here than the boys are. You know we are not ashamed of you. Instead, we are proud to say, "My brother graduates from the University in June." You are the sassiest boy that was ever created. Whoever gets you for a husband has my sympathy.

Jan. 30, 1906 — (Fannie): Don't pay any attention to what Linda and Ella write. You just stick with your studies.

(Conclusion next week)

More glimpses into the past

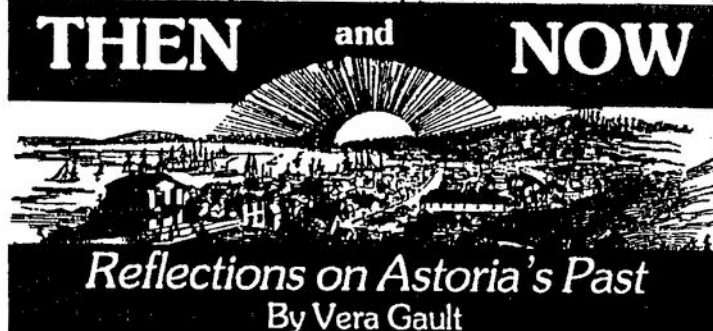
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Alfred Anderson was an attorney in Astoria for nearly 50 years. When he was a student at the University of Oregon (1902-06) his sisters wrote faithfully keeping him up to date on family news. His sons, attorney Bob Anderson, Astoria, and businessman Fred Anderson, Surf Pines, both now retired, have preserved many of the letters the girls wrote and through Bob's wife, Jean Anderson, have made the contents available for this column. These excerpts have been selected from letters written as Alfred's college years were drawing to a close.

March 5, 1906 — (Ida and Eva): I'm working with the pencil you gave me, but it's so short now I can hardly hold it in my hand. Olga came to visit us on Sunday. She said you asked her a question, but she wouldn't tell me what. I think it was about some fellow, wasn't it? It's all off with George Olson and Linda. She caught the cutest fellow at the dance. He danced six dances with her and took her home, so you don't need to worry about George Olson any more.

March 19, 1906 — (Linda): The Russian Finns had a social and dance at Suomi Hall last Saturday night, and I took George Olson. Fannie has to write three essays. One she will have to read when she graduates from the eighth grade. I told her to write about greediness and the pretty Astoria scenery. Will you suggest something for the third one and tell us about at least two greedy things to write about. Ella has stopped work at the laundry.

APRIL 27, 1906 — (Ida): Papa will send you in this letter \$20. Your room floor is now painted red. Fannie and I will sleep on it till you come. Helmi Harpet was going to get married but they couldn't get a license because Helmi was under age. There is very little fish now. Papa has been out a few times.

May 6, 1906 — (Linda): You



can't guess what George Olson gave me — a violin. I want you to give me instructions on it. Will you write on paper the letters to put under the strings. The strings are e,a,d,g. Alfred, I'd like to come up when you graduate. I'll save all my money till then. I have a lot of new clothes to wear. I get \$8 a week, and everything I get at the store I get at wholesale cost. I don't work for Foard and Stokes any more. I

'We couldn't stay very long (in Portland) before we were broke. We just had enough to pay our ticket back home and everybody teased us when we got home.'

am working for Simington Dry Goods. Mr. Stokes has wanted to hire me back again. You can bet they miss me now. They have nobody that's fool enough to work in hardware, groceries, crockery and dry goods like I did. Your photos are very good, but it seems odd to see you dressed up in robes like that. Can I give George one? Today we will have sandwiches, crackers and cheese, oranges and bananas, and cake and pie. Say, do you want me to come up next month. I think Papa would like to come too. Are you going to get a

dress suit for graduation? I think you should. I have a green dress and hat to wear.

MAY 19, 1906 — (Ida, age 12): I suppose you have heard of Ida Manula's going to Alaska. We were going to go together, and I packed my trunk and got everything ready. Then Mamma wouldn't let me go. I'm so mad I can't see straight. But when you think of it, I guess I'm better off at home. I'd better wait till I'm my own boss.

June 11, 1906 — (Linda): Write to me what date commencement is and other doings. I can hardly wait to come. Do you think I can get a room with some family and take my meals at a restaurant. George Olson is not working at Ross Higgins any more. He is working at the post office getting \$73 per month. Isn't that enough for two people to live on? Write to me what time to come for the doings. Tell me what places to go so I can get dresses for every occasion. Will I go to receptions and banquets?

June 10, 1906 — (Ella, Age 17): I am going to Portland Wednesday morning. I am going there to get work. I think I am going to be a servant up there.

June 17, 1906 — (Ida, age 12): Ella and I were to Portland two days and got back last night. We were going to stay and work all winter, but we couldn't stay very long before we were broke. We just had enough to pay our ticket

back home and everybody teased us when we got home. I'm awful sorry you have to work so hard. I wish I could help you. I'm glad you will get through with your school soon.

JUNE 20, 1906 — (Linda): What do you think my expense will be if I come up? You know I haven't got a fortune. I'm sending you \$30 which I think will be enough for you till the end.

June 25, 1906 — (Linda): We are sending the \$6 you asked for. You asked why I told Pa you was going to get married. I didn't need to tell him because he opens your letters and reads them right away. I am not coming up for commencement. It costs too much and besides I'd lose a week's wages. Let us know when you are coming so we can meet you at the depot.

Alfred Anderson married soon after his graduation in 1906, studied with a law firm in Portland, then established his practice of 50 years in Astoria. He and his wife, Lily, were long-time members of Peace Lutheran Church where a stained glass window to the right of the altar attests to their faithfulness. He died in 1955 and she in 1984. The family home was at 228 Kensington. Sons Fred and Robert continue to live in the area.

Alfred's sister Linda married her George Olson, then sadly, she died at age 27. Ella Anderson married Astorian George Anderson and they became lifetime residents of Astoria. Their son, Dr. Irving Anderson, retired faculty member of the University of Michigan, maintains a part-time home in Surf Pines, neighbor of his cousin, Fred. Sisters Fanny, Ida and Eva all married and established their homes away from Astoria.

We are grateful to these five sisters for their lively letters which give us a tender glimpse into the life of their stable, caring family of 85 years ago.

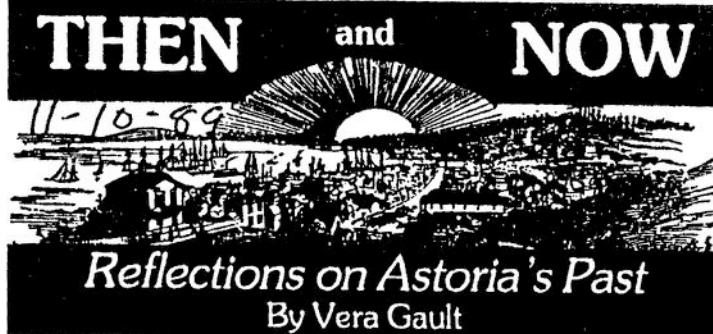
Portals recall grand local hotel

Work on East Portal Park on Marine Drive at 33rd Street is showing progress as the column is now resting on its concrete base. The column at West Portal Park north of the entrance to Youngs Bay Bridge has been in place since 1983. Originally both classic columns marked the east entrance to Astoria when the highway ran by way of Alderbrook. They stood on either side of the old road which leaves Leif Erikson Drive just east of the approach to the Crest Motel.

East Portal Park, like so many civic improvements, is actually a gift to the city from various volunteers and donors. A new sign tells the story: "This portal landscape project is made possible by the following" then lists Job Corps, Rotary and Lions clubs, Bergerson Enterprises, Wadsworth Electric, Jim Wilkins Co., D & D Concrete, City Lumber, Astoria Granite Works, A-1 Ready Mix, Ed Fisher Ready Mix, Woody, Did It Signs, Louie Simonsen and city of Astoria. "The property" was donated by Eric and Lenore Hauke," and the portals were first put into place in 1926, a project of the Kiwanis Club. With the name ASTORIA carved on either side, they made an imposing gateway.

ANOTHER PAIR OF historic portals stands in Shively Park. They rest on the left of the roadway immediately beyond the parking area. Their placement caused quite a brouhaha 66 years ago. Before the 1922 fire, these columns formed the stately entrance to the Weinhard-Astoria Hotel on the corner of 12th and Duane, present location of Columbia Travel and adjoining shops. The imposing entrance facing Duane stood about where Chan's photo studio is now. Built in 1910, the hotel was rated along with The Palace in San Francisco as the only Class A hotels in the west. Its buses met the trains and flowers from its conservatory graced the grand lobby and dining room.

To gain such a fine hostelry,



businessmen had started years earlier to find an investor who would provide Astoria with updated hotel service. They met with success when they approached the Messrs. Paul Wessinger and Henry Wagner of the Weinhard estates. Henry Weinhard, an immigrant from Germany in 1851, started a brewery in Vancouver, Wash., in 1859, expanded to Portland in 1862, and died there in 1904.

BY THAT TIME he was widely known as the beer baron of the Northwest. His heirs looked with favor on the hotel project, for brewery owners often invested in hotels to promote their own brands. (Well-known Astorian Henry Wagner is a great-grandson of immigrant Henry Weinhard. He and his wife, Barbara, live on Skyline Place. Weinhard's great-granddaughter, Neva McCallum, lives nearby.)

When the Weinhard-Astoria Hotel opened in 1910, its massive doors were flanked by the two stately columns topped by the lintel on which was engraved the name WEINHARD-ASTORIA. For 12 years the edifice was the pride of Astoria as many notables took pleasure in its services. Then came December 1922 and the Great Fire which devoured everything in its disastrous path — but not quite; for when the smoke cleared, there amid the sad ashes still stood the proud portals of the Weinhard-Astoria Hotel.

A news story a few days later

carried the wistful comment that they were the only objects of beauty remaining in downtown Astoria and that they should be set up in Shively Park as "Portals of the Past" (as San Francisco had done after its fire) as a memorial to the Astoria that used to be.

THE IDEA AND the poetic phrase took hold. In February 1923, the parks commission gave its approval. The civic-minded Rotarians and Kiwanians contracted for the move at their clubs' expense. The project was sailing along smoothly — but there was trouble in the wind. Three years earlier (1920), the 18th Amendment had gone into effect making illegal the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages.

Now in the rarified atmosphere of Prohibition, some citizens were horrified that the parks commission would honor beer by placing in the city park portals bearing the Weinhard name. The commission met again. Swayed by the firm convictions of two of its most vocal members, Frank Spittle and George Fulton, it withdrew its earlier approval saying that the name did indeed have anti-Prohibition associations. Then the storm raged with some defending commission members and others castigating them. One editorial said, "Truly it is amazing that grown men should take an attitude so narrow, so puerile, so petty. The portals would not honor an illegal beverage but only recall the days

of a beautiful hotel."

Another proponent recalled that there was no objection to the name when the Weinhard money was erecting the hotel. Another lashed out that if the members were so sensitive to beer connection, they should start helping Washingtonians rename their great mountain Mount Tacoma "because Rainier recalls an illicit drink, and maybe the Port of Astoria should be abolished because port is the name of a bubbly beverage."

ATTORNEY SPITTLE WAS the most avid defender of the commission's reversal. He contended that the placement was unacceptable, not only because of the name, but also because the columns were not art; in fact, they were ugly, "and to place them in the pristine beauty of Shively Park would be nothing short of desecration."

Members of the Rotary and Kiwanis clubs declared that they were "rendered speechless by the ridiculous grounds for refusal," and that they would not abandon the project but would search for another site. By mid-March the commission had turned around again and Commissioner August Hildebrand announced to the clubs that they could select any site they wished at the park or on Coxcomb Hill as long as they had the approval of the parks superintendent and the city engineer.

On April 24, 1923, the Astorian-Budget reported that the portals salvaged from the fire were being placed in Shively Park and that the fine work of the Rotary and Kiwanis clubs was nearing completion.

I visited Shively Park the other day to take a fresh look at the famous Portals of the Past. They show the marks of use, fire, vandalism and weather, but they and the monuments in East and West Portal Parks are worthy of a place in Astoria's history.

Pinning down holiday's date

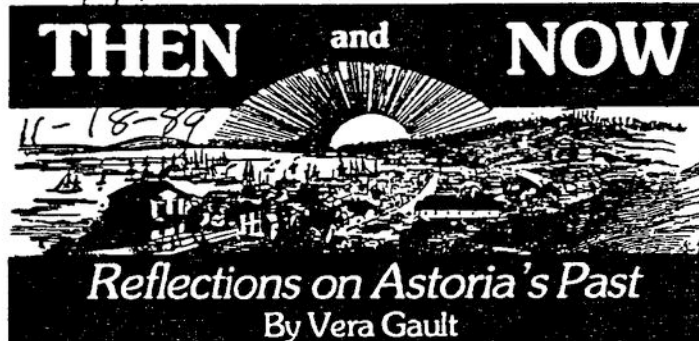
This year five Thursdays occur in November. A similar occurrence many years ago had an effect on our holiday calendar.

In 1621 Gov. William Bradford called the Pilgrims to prepare a festive dinner and invite the Indians who had befriended them that they might give thanks for the blessings of their first year in the new world. The ceremonies included scripture reading, prayer and bountiful meals of wild turkey, venison and dried corn. The three-day festivities began on the fourth Thursday of November.

For more than 150 years thereafter, Thanksgiving had no regular nor unified observance. Then in 1789, President George Washington issued a proclamation for a nationwide Day of Thanksgiving to help the various new states realize that they had a common heritage and purpose.

In 1863 President Lincoln established Thanksgiving as a national holiday to be observed every year on the last Thursday of November. That took all the guesswork out of the date until 1939 when Thanksgiving occurred on the fifth Thursday. Merchants were accustomed to holiday buying beginning on the day after Thanksgiving. Now they worried that the shortened period before Christmas would be injurious to their business, so they petitioned President Franklin Roosevelt to set Thanksgiving a week ahead. He compromised by decreeing that Thanksgiving should always be on the fourth Thursday. Thus when we observe Thanksgiving next Thursday, we are back to the very day which Gov. Bradford established 368 years ago.

Thanksgiving is an important event in our holiday calendar.



Travel facilities are jammed with people "going home for Thanksgiving." Observances differ from place to place and vary with the times. The following is an account from The Daily Astorian of 1877 noting how Astorians celebrated the day in their town of about 4,000 people. The report was undoubtedly written by D.C. Ireland, energetic editor of the paper at the time.

"WE HAVE NEVER enjoyed a Thanksgiving in our life better than the last one. The day was pleasant, churches were well filled in the forenoon where appropriate sermons were preached. After the usual dinner hours, the public were entertained by a parade of firemen of Rescue Engine Company No. 2 in full dress preceded by the Astoria band.

"The handsome steam engine, finely decorated and drawn by spirited horses from the stable of the truck and dray company, formed a most attractive feature in connection with all firemen in their new uniforms and the band also uniformed. We doubt if Portland could have made a better display except as to numbers. Speeches were made at the house of No. 1

Company as the parade halted there on its march.

"In the evening Liberty Hall was handsomely decorated and one of the largest and gayest assemblages ever in Astoria danced to the splendid music of Prof. Kay's orchestra till the wee hours. The dance was perhaps the most joyous of all parties ever given in Astoria. The ladies dressed handsomely for it and all in attendance wore their pleasantest smiles. Taken all in all, it was an occasion for Astorians to be proud of."

The article mentions two fire stations on the Thanksgiving parade route. One was Rescue Engine Company No. 2 from its fire station on 11th and Commercial, location of present Brass Rail restaurant. The parade stopped to hear speeches at Astoria Fire Company No. 1 station on the corner of Seventh and Commercial, now the site of first Baptist Church. No. 1 Company must have made a great hit with parade watchers, for another account says their flashy uniforms were comprised of black pants, red shirts with wide collars, and three-inch-wide belts of black glazed leather with the name of the

company in gold letters.

HOWEVER IT WAS Rescue Company No. 2 that won the most applause along the parade route. The town had long felt the need of a second fire engine. On Sept. 28, only two months before the Thanksgiving parade, a steamer engine costing \$5,000 had been delivered by the ship ALCON. Both fire companies wanted the new equipment the fire chief said the decision would be made by the toss of a silver half-dollar. The fireman from Rescue Station No. 2 won the toss. Now many of the folks lining the streets were viewing the new beauty for the first time.

I asked our present fire chief, Lane Wintermutte, if that 1877 steamer engine was still in the historic section of the fire station. He said he wished it were, but he had heard that many years ago it was moved to Portland to be sold for scrap but that someone there had retrieved it, restored it and placed it on exhibit there.

However, our fire station does have a hook and ladder wagon which was in service in 1877 and was probably a part of that Thanksgiving parade 112 years ago. It will be an exhibit featured in the firehouse museum being developed by the Astoria Fire Department and the Clatsop County Historical Society in the old fire station at 30th and Marine Drive.

As for local observance of Thanksgiving next week, there will be family dinners, sharing of food in public gatherings and church services helping us to remember that the true purpose of Thanksgiving is to give thanks.

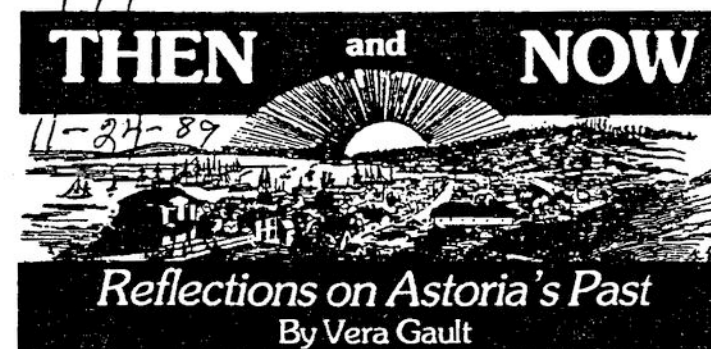
Need an unusual holiday dish?

As we approach the holidays, many folks increase their attention to food. Commercial offer tempting choices, while homemakers scurry to their recipe books as they plan special dishes for special occasions.

The spirit of the season sent me to an old-time recipe book which speaks volumes about the kitchen culture of many years ago. It is the cookbook first published by the ladies of Grace Episcopal Church in 1907. The cover is gone and the pages are yellow and brittle but they carry recipes so tantalizing and sinful that I think I gain pounds simply by reading them. Many call for quantities of sour cream (no electric refrigeration those days) and whipped cream and butter. The latter was measured by "the size of a walnut" or an egg or an orange.

In addition to unusual measurements, many of the foods are uncommon today, at least in my experience. For instance, one of the first recipes in the tattered book explains how to prepare roes (fish eggs) with bread crumbs and a cream sauce. Many pages relate to Astoria with recipes for all kinds of fish dishes. A favorite was timbales, meaning creamed fish, crab or shrimp served in pastry shells.

One section titled "Entrees and All Shellfish" was edited by Mrs. George H. George and Mrs. Charles Houston. (The George home still stands on the northeast corner of 17th and Irving and the Houston house is now my home.) The first recipe was contributed by Mrs. Peter Cherry, wife of the British vice-consul, who lived at 836 15th St. It tells how to prepare sweetbreads. Mrs. Charles Celler described how she prepared liver and brains. Mrs. Richard Caruthers shared her recipes for oysters and clams, as did Mrs. Brenham Van Dusen, while Mrs. George C. Flavel described her



favorite shrimp dish. Other recipes featured beef and lamb's tongue, tripe, kidneys, wild duck, pheasant and quail.

Some of these foods are totally unfamiliar to me, so I called Reed and Hertig Packing Co. on Clatsop Plains, where I was referred to meat cutter Jack Thomas. He gave me professional explanations. Sweetbreads are the neck glands of beef. Tripe is the stomach lining of animals like cows that chew the cud.

OF COURSE, I know what brains and tongues are, but I have not eaten any since my father used to butcher on the farm. The only time I've eaten kidney was years ago when I went by ship to Ocean Falls, British Columbia. There kidneys were a featured item on a very English breakfast menu.

I asked Jack why these specialties are no longer on meat counters. He said sweetbreads are best only at certain times of the year. Other items can be had by individual order. He added that he had a kidney that day that he'd be glad to give away, but I didn't ask for it. He also said that many of the items are now used in pet food and some are the ingredients of bologna and salami. He emphasized that all have great nutritional value.

The salad section in my old-time

book is relatively small and even then many recipes are based on fish or meat: salmon, crab, herring, chicken, veal and sweetbreads, with many recipes for making salad dressings. Salads weren't important on the American table, at least in the West, until the 1890s.

Even potato salad didn't become popular until the Chicago World's Fair in 1893 and the St. Louis World's Fair in 1904. Of course, fresh salad materials were not always available. My mother managed to produce leaf lettuce, cabbage and onions in her garden and a great supply of potatoes. She made a tart boiled dressing for the cole slaw and potato salad and sugar and vinegar for the lettuce salad.

Mother took pride in her cooking, wanting her dishes to look appetizing and eager to try out new recipes. She really tried to outdo herself when her parents came from Kansas every other summer to visit. These visits were stressful times for Mother, for she had to do the housework and garden work, take care of the chickens, cook three meals a day for our family, one or two hired men and then, Grandpa and Grandma.

My grandfather was a lively conversationalist and meal-times with him were my delight, but part of his humor was poking fun at my mother and grandmother. He said

they were fussy and that he and my father were meat-and-potatoes men and "didn't give a hoot for Bertha's new-fangled recipes."

WHEN MOTHER PROUDLY passed him the bowl of lettuce salad, he would study it solemnly, then pass it on saying, "I'm not hungry enough yet to eat rabbit food," then he would wiggle his ears, which sent my little brother and me into spasms of laughter. Or he would cautiously lift the flaky crust of his piece of raisin pie, saying thoughtfully, "I don't know about this pie, but raisins and flies sure do look a lot alike." Mother must have wished she could throw something at him.

Mother never did persuade my father to become a salad eater. I've heard him say, "I never could countenance cold boiled potatoes and to have them soured with that cold gravy stuff makes them worse." Other women must have had trouble getting their menfolks to eat salads too, for homemakers' magazines often carried suggestions on how to make them more acceptable.

One issue carried a triumphant account from a contributor whose husband was an ardent golfer. She covered his plate with spinach chopped fine. Then in appropriate spots she placed small balls of cottage cheese. With this artistic reminder of a golf course, he ate his salad with relish. At least, that's what she reported.

Other happy homemakers suggested making a salad plate more appealing by topping it with a slice of cheese cut in an interesting shape, or surrounding it with a ring of marshmallows made more colorful by a sprinkle of paprika.

I'll not say what I think of all that. But with the help of a rare old cookbook and trendy magazines of decades ago, I've passed along some food ideas for your holidays.

West an early conservationist

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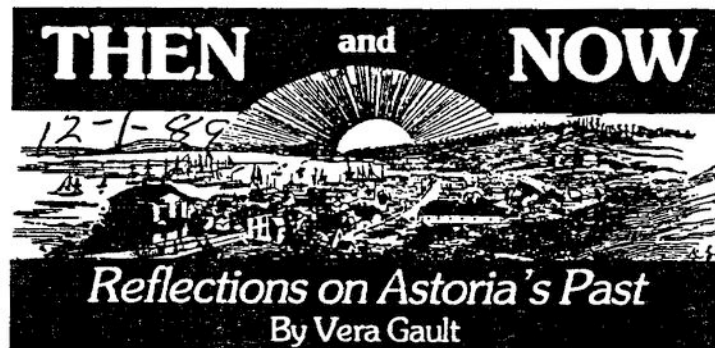
Oswald West, colorful governor of Oregon (1911-15), once lived and worked in Astoria. This detail of history recently resurfaced when the house at 1410 Franklin Ave. was being nominated to the register of Astoria's Historic Landmarks. The 120-year-old structure, now the home of the Dan Clifford family, was the residence of the Oswald West family during the years 1900-1903.

West's workplace was the First National Bank which then stood between 10th and 11th streets on Marine Drive, present location of Astoria Automotive Supply. He was cashier there for three years.

Born in Canada, West moved to Oregon with his parents at age 3. He attended school in Salem, but his formal education ended in the eighth grade. However, he never stopped studying. He educated himself in banking and law, became an authority on Oregon history and wrote scores of articles on political issues.

Oswald West's banking career began in 1890 when at age 16 he was hired by Asahel Bush of the Ladd & Bush Bank in Salem to work as a messenger. Bush's daughter, Estelle Thayer, and her husband, Claude, had moved to Tillamook where she opened a bank and he a law office. When the Panic of '93 swept the land, Bush worried about the health of his daughter's bank. He knew his messenger could be trusted and also that he had pony and a saddle.

WEST LOVED TO tell the story. "I carried a fortune from Salem to Tillamook, then carried it back again and never lost a cent." Bush had sent West with \$10,000 in gold and two bank drafts over the mountains and down the Trask River to Tillamook. When he got there, the Thayers didn't even know there was a panic. They kept



West for a couple of days to rest, then sent him back to Papa Bush with their thanks and all the money.

West was promoted to paying teller at the Ladd & Bush Bank. Then in 1900 he and his wife and two daughters moved to Astoria where he became cashier at the first National Bank where George C. Flavel, son of Capt. George Flavel, was president.

In 1905 the family returned to Salem when West was appointed state land commissioner. He attacked the problems of that office with characteristic energy, uncovering corruption in the sales of state lands and the use of school funds. As a member of the State Railroad Commission, he received numerous complaints about the condition of the tracks. So he walked the ties from Albany to Toledo, about 50 miles, then ordered railroad officials to get busy with repairs.

IN 1911 AT age 38, Oswald West was elected a Democratic governor in a traditionally Republican state, the youngest up to that time to hold the office. (Later Mark Hatfield was younger.) He undertook the duties with his usual forthrightness. News stories pronounced him "salty, vigorous and a fearless fighter." He undertook

prison reform, and experimented with the honor system. When one honoree escaped, he and the warden joined the search and brought the man back while West delivered a lusty lecture on the evils of breaking trust.

West's one term as governor was outstanding for improvements and reform. At his urging, the Legislature pioneered Oregon's highway system, workers' compensation and child welfare laws. He initiated land sale funds for public schools and set standards of wages and hours for women and minors in industry. He was a true prohibitionist, directing legislation toward social ills resulting from the use of alcohol. But the greatest monument to his work will always be the 400 miles of Oregon beach sands he preserved for public enjoyment.

In preserving the beaches for public use, West might have met with fierce opposition from private interests, but he managed the bill so adroitly that they didn't recognize its import. During his term as governor, automobiles were burgeoning on the travel scene and impatient drivers were demanding more and better highways. But no money was available.

WEST, LONG CONCERNED about the haphazard management

of beach property, seized the opportunity. In 1949 he wrote in his memoirs, "I drafted a short, simple bill declaring the seashore from the Washington line to the California border to be a public highway. I pointed out that by doing so we would come into miles and miles of highway without cost to the taxpayer. Thus came public ownership of the beaches."

At another time he stated, "In the administration of this God-given trust, a broad protective policy should be declared and maintained. No local, selfish interest should be permitted through politics or otherwise to destroy or even impair this great birthright of our people." In modern parlance, Oswald West was a great conservationist.

West refused to run for a second term. He said, "The good of the community demands that there be somebody with a little political experience who is willing to refrain from public office who has the courage to tell the truth occasionally and shame the devil."

At the end of his term as governor, West moved his family to Portland where he practiced law, took action on social and political issues and wrote voluminously. In 1945 he suffered a heart attack which limited his activity. On Aug. 22, 1960, at age 87, Oswald West died in his sleep at his home in northwest Portland.

Sometime earlier, in a public letter, West had expressed the wish that his remains be cremated and his ashes scattered "over and around Haystack Rock at Cannon Beach, there to mingle with the sands and feel the touch of tiny feet of happy children enjoying the freedom and pleasures of a seashore which I helped to conserve as their birthright."

His wishes were carried out.

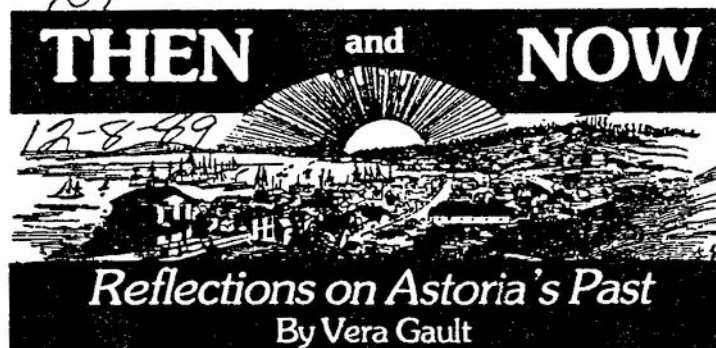
Remembering the Occident

Sometimes items related to earlier columns come to my attention. When I was researching the Weinhard-Astoria Hotel, I came across many references to the earlier Occident Hotel.

In 1858, when Astoria was a pioneer town with a population of about 600, the Progress Club saw a need for an up-to-date hostelry to accommodate the tourists and investors who were pouring in, so they offered \$1,000 to any hotel man who would undertake the project. That very year businessman Simon Arrigoni met the challenge, building the Occident on the corner of 10th and Bond, present location of Michael's Antique Shop.

For years the Occident Hotel grew with the times as it represented gracious living in Astoria. In the 1870s D.C. Ireland, founder of The Daily Astorian, often spoke of the pleasure he had in living there when he first came to town. The place had wide porches and balconies. Flowers graced the lobby and guest rooms. In 1875 the management imported Fred Norman, "most famous chef west of the Rockies," to take charge of food services and all staff members were provided with elegant uniforms. In 1899 electricity was installed and a piano was placed in the lobby. Also in 1899 the manager fired all employees who objected to working with the black maitre d'. Next day's train from Portland brought professional replacements, all black.

Through the years many travelers went out of their way to come to Astoria so they could enjoy the luxury of the Occident Hotel. Names appearing on the guest register during the late 1800s were



General U.S. Grant, Mark Twain, John D. Rockefeller, Horace Greeley, General William Sherman, Henry Ward Beecher and John L. Sullivan.

The Occident Hotel was destroyed in the Big Fire of 1922.

An additional incident occurring during the tenure of Oregon's Gov. Oswald West (1911-15) was often retold with relish. (West lived in Astoria from 1900 to 1903.)

When railroad construction was going on in Eastern Oregon, a small town named Copperfield sprang up near the Oregon-Idaho border. It gained fame as "the most rowdy town in Oregon with 11 saloons, 11 disorderly houses and several gambling dens providing unlimited entertainment." When construction workers moved away, remaining habitants had nothing to do but "drink, gamble and fight. Bodies lay around like slabs of wood."

Complaints from the surrounding countryside poured into the governor's office. West summoned the sheriff of the county, who said he didn't have the authority to do anything because the area was a townsit. The governor studied the

6½-foot, 250-pound sheriff thoughtfully, then said, "Well, it looks like I'll have to send my secretary over. She only weighs 104 pounds." Miss Fern Hobbs had studied law and had sometimes carried out special missions. Now the denizens of Copperfield were hilarious when they heard the "little lady" was coming. They said they'd try to have a bouquet of flowers on hand for her.

Everyone in town met Miss Hobbs at the depot on the appointed day. An eager reporter from the Oregon Journal was at the stepstool when she alighted. "Miss Hobbs, how are you going to handle this situation? How will you proceed?" "I'll proceed to the meeting place," she answered crisply. Then accompanied by six National Guardsmen, she briskly led the assemblage up the road to the dance hall. She didn't need to ask for quiet, for everyone was waiting breathlessly for her first utterance. With the captain of the Guardsmen at her side, she read the governor's proclamation that all saloons, gambling dens and houses of ill repute were to be closed "as of this minute." Then the captain declared that "as of

this minute, Copperfield is under martial law."

While these legalities were being disposed of, the other Guardsmen were out boarding up the offensive establishments. When the stunned miscreants shuffled out, officers at the door relieved them of their guns, 177 of them. Leaving the Guardsmen in charge, Miss Hobbs took the afternoon train back to Salem.

Later the rueful reporter sent his wrap-up story back to his paper: "There's nothing to do here now but stand around and look at the soldiers. Even hunting is barred by the fact that every gun in Copperfield is under guard in the city jail. Nor for years have so many rabbits, bobcats, coyotes and birds been seen around these parts."

The population of Copperfield dwindled almost overnight to 50 spiritless diehards. In August 1915, the town burned except for the schoolhouse. It stood in lonely solitude for 30 years, then in 1945, it was sold for \$1. The buyer tore it down for the materials.

Now nothing remains of Copperfield except the story of its demise and the memory of the energetic governor who brought it about.

In addition to living for three years in Astoria, Gov. West had another tie to the North Coast area. During his tenure of office, he built and maintained a summer home immediately south of Cannon Beach. Resting on the hillside facing Haystack Rock which he loved so dearly, the massive log structure is still in use.

To carry out Gov. West's request, his ashes were strewn around the base of Haystack Rock.

Painting strokes of kindness

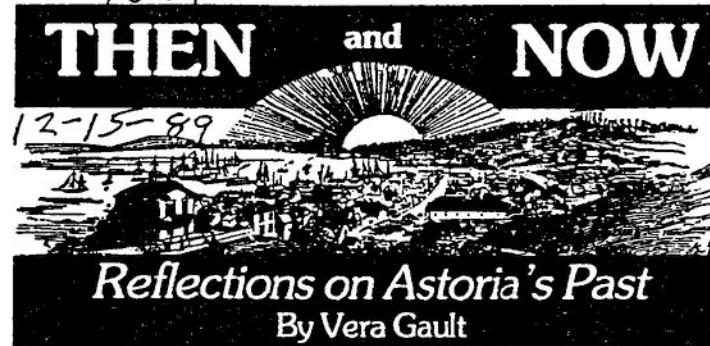
Have you ever wished you might be a great artist creating such appealing pictures that people would enjoy them for years? I have. When I go to an art show or see a fine painting in the home of a friend, I wish I had the talent to do that.

But through the years I have taken comfort from a statement in the writings of author Henry Thoreau. "It is something to paint a beautiful picture, or to carve a statue, and so make a few beautiful objects. But it is far more glorious to paint and carve the very atmosphere in which we live. To affect and improve the quality of someone's day is the highest of the arts."

People demonstrate artistry of this kind when they say appreciative things to others, members of the family, to those at work, or at a meeting of friends. My phone rang the other day and a cheerful male voice said, "Now, Mrs. Gault, I'm going to make your day." Then he proceeded to tell me that he especially liked a recent "Then and Now" column.

The phrase, "you made my day," has become a popular response to any compliment. It actually is an informal version of what Thoreau was talking about, painting a beautiful picture on the atmosphere, "improving the quality of someone's day." We can observe illustrations all around us, or we can create a few such pictures ourselves if we watch for the chance. I'd like to share some examples I recall with appreciation.

This one occurred at Christmastime a few years ago and for the following Christmas as well. A friend of mine and her husband have the tradition of



taking a gift basket to some worthy, needy family. On this particular year, they learned of a young mother with two little boys who was struggling to care for them and complete her education.

INSTEAD OF SIMPLY buying a few groceries to leave at their door, she learned clothing sizes to outfit the boys. She added games and holiday treats, even a small tree and a box of decorations. She made an appointment for a couple of days before Christmas to be sure the little family would be at home. Then with her husband dressed in his Santa suit and equipped with a camera, they completely surprised two wide-eyed little boys.

As the children recovered from their shyness, they all decorated the tree. The little boys hugged Santa, felt his beard, and sat on his lap for pictures. Finally, one happy lad chided his mother, "Mommie, you said Santa would be too busy to come to our house, but see, he wasn't too busy; he came." Many people are generous at holiday time, but these two with their special brush strokes of thoughtfulness painted a bright picture on the lives of two little

boys.

Another example: For 10 years, I taught English at Clatsop Community College and loved every class. One young man had many interests other than English, but he was always friendly and cheerful. Years after my retirement, I was standing on a street corner waiting for the traffic light to change, when an old pickup drove up and waited. A happy voice called out, "Hi, Mrs. Gault. I'll bet you don't remember me, but I was in your English class, an' by golly, you sure done a good job!" I've smiled over that many times, for he "sure" made my day.

A third example: A few years ago, my son and I were driving from Washington, D.C., on a tight schedule. We spent the night in a small Wyoming town, deciding to travel awhile before breakfast. But we reckoned without the wide open spaces for it was mid-morning when we finally came upon a dozen cabins sprawled in the sagebrush and a log cafe offering "home-cooked meals."

INSIDE, ON STOOLS at the further end of the counter, three or four men with wide hats tilted back and jangling spurs were loudly

comparing the merits of their saddle horses tied outside. As we settled on stools near the door, a teen-age girl quietly took our order and relayed it to the older woman in the open kitchen. About that time, another car parked in front and a well-dressed young couple with a newlywed glow took the stools next to us.

When the girl approached the newcomers, she noticed the corsage on the young woman's shoulder. She stared at it, then with awe in her voice, she asked, "Is that a real orchid you are wearing?" The young woman nodded.

"May I touch it?" the girl asked timidly. "I've never seen a real orchid before." The young woman unpinned the corsage. "I've worn this for two days now," she said gently. "Now I'd like to give it to you."

With a look of disbelief, the girl received the flower in her two cupped hands. Then a radiance spread over her face as she turned to the woman at the stove. "Look, Mom, she gave me this orchid!" And in a rush of tears she disappeared into the back room.

A hush had spread over the lunch room but when the girl returned a minute later with our hotcakes, she was wearing the corsage. One of the fellows called, "Yey, Judy, you look swell." And suddenly we were all talking like old friends — all because a young woman by her kindness had painted a beautiful picture on the atmosphere of our day. So while most of us can't paint masterpieces on canvas, we can be artists in living as we seek during this holiday season to improve the quality of someone's day.

Memories of a Christmas past

(Because of the appreciative response this column drew last year, it is reprinted for this Christmas season.)

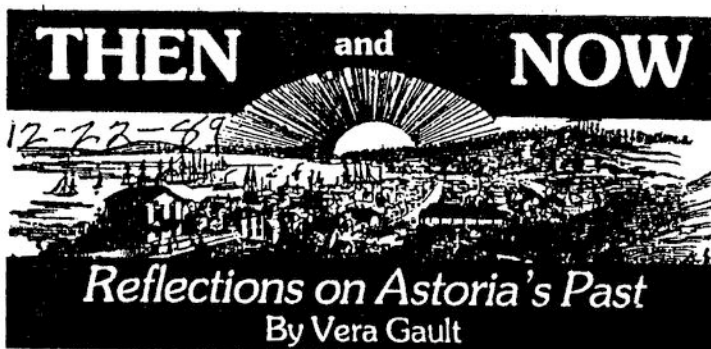
Somewhere amid the blare and bustle of shopping and the rustle of wrappings and ribbons lies the true spirit of Christmas, that gentle message of wonder and love. If we take time to listen, we will hear it. I first heard it as a child many years ago.

Christmases in the prairie country of eastern Montana were always cold and bleak. Cold because the thermometer stood below zero and bleak because the snow-drifted plains stretched for miles with no hill or tree to obstruct the view. When winds were not blowing the dry snow from one drift to another, we could see our neighbor's barn three miles away.

Could Christmas ever come to such isolation? It could and did. Anticipation started early for my brother and me. As soon as harvest was over, our mother began to pore over Sears Roebuck's heavy catalog making out order sheets to cover household needs for the next months, including gifts for Christmas.

When the card came saying the freight had been shipped from Chicago, our father drove with team and wagon 60 miles to Glendive to pick up the shipment. What an exciting time when he returned four days later and began to pry open the wooden boxes. Mother quickly extracted the bundles that might contain the gifts and hid them till Christmas Eve when we opened packages.

I especially recall the Christmas when I was 8 and Glenn was 4. For days before the magic date, my mother kept me busy with preparations. I made paper chains from colored comics in old newspapers saved for that very purpose. I pasted tinsel around used postcards to pin on the curtains and I strung cranberries with darning needle and grocery cord. During the evenings, Mama popped corn and we sat around the kitchen table making strings for the tree, though



she chided Papa and Glenn for eating more than they strung.

SINCE THERE WERE no school or church programs to mark the holiday, my resourceful mother saw to it that we had a family program. For days she rehearsed Glenn and me on poems for us to speak and carols to sing. We were to stand straight and tall by the chimney in the dining room and always keep our hands stiffly at our sides.

***Not a whisper of a
sound in all that
frozen, starry world.
Child that I was, I was
filled with awe. As I
listened, I felt
surrounded by
Christmas.***

This year was special because we had a green tree to decorate, like those on Christmas cards. In other years we had decorated the bare branches of hazel brush or chokecherry bush and once even a huge tumbleweed that had lodged against the fence during that Christmas blizzard. This year when my father had gone to Lambert five miles down the coulee to get the mail, he had bought a cedar tree which a man had brought in from the Yellowstone River 30 miles away. No matter that the needles were already dry and falling; we had a real tree! And we had red candles in the holders like little

fish to clip onto its branches and Mama brought out secretly wrapped packages to place underneath. What a beautiful, exciting time!

Finally Christmas Eve arrived. By four o'clock the sun was getting low so Papa did the chores early. As soon as he came back, I wanted to get on with the program and presents, but Mama said we had to have something substantial to eat before we got started on candy and nuts. So we sat down at the kitchen table to quick bowls of potato and onion soup thickened with her special thumb noodles. Then we had to wash the dishes for "You know everything must be clean for Christmas."

At long last the four of us gathered around the stove in the dining room, each sitting properly on his own chair. First my father read the Christmas story "and there were in the same country shepherds..." Then Glenn rushed through his little four-line poem. Next Mama announced with great formality, "Now we will be favored with a declamation by Miss Vera Whitney." I rose and spoke as nervously as if my audience were 10 times as large. When I sat down amid applause, I was proud that I had not stumbled over a single word. Then we sang the carols.

NOW TIME FOR presents? Not yet. We had to light the candles on the tree. Papa had a bucket of water on hand while Mama did the lighting. Then we guessed which candle would burn

down first. In three or four minutes all the candles were out. At long last, the presents: clothing, books for all of us, games of Old Maid and Pit, and a toy for Glenn. We took turns carefully opening the packages and thanking each giver.

Then Mama brought out the fudge and divinity candy she had made and star-shaped cookies and walnuts and peanuts to shell. Soon we were all satisfied and relaxed and happy. Mama gathered up the wrappings and ribbons and folded them away for use next year. Papa put on his shaggy fur coat to check on the animals in the barn.

A few minutes later when he returned, he said urgently, "I wish you would all bundle up and come outside. I've never seen the stars so bright." Mama said she had to put Glenn to bed, but I went, for it was the perfect chance to wear my new red stocking cap and yarn mittens. And I liked being with my father.

We stood on the pump platform which had been blown free from snow. He opened his great coat and drew me inside with his arms around me. "Not a cloud in the sky," he observed softly. We had often watched the stars on summer evenings, so now I traced the Milky Way with its billions of shimmering lights. I knew where to look for the Big Dipper and the North Star, which now seemed to be shining directly towards me. "Papa," I asked, "do you think the star that guided the people to Baby Jesus looked like that?" "Probably bigger," he replied. "Let's stand still and listen to see if we can hear anything."

I listened with all my might. No coyotes howled; they must have been tucked away in their dens. No birds twittered; they had all gone south. No leaves rustled, for there were no trees and no wind to blow the snow crystals. Not a whisper of a sound in all that frozen, starry world. Child that I was, I was filled with awe. As I listened, I felt surrounded by Christmas. And I've known ever since that to feel the true spirit of the season, I have only to find a quiet spot, a quiet moment, and listen.

How Astoria ushered in 1878

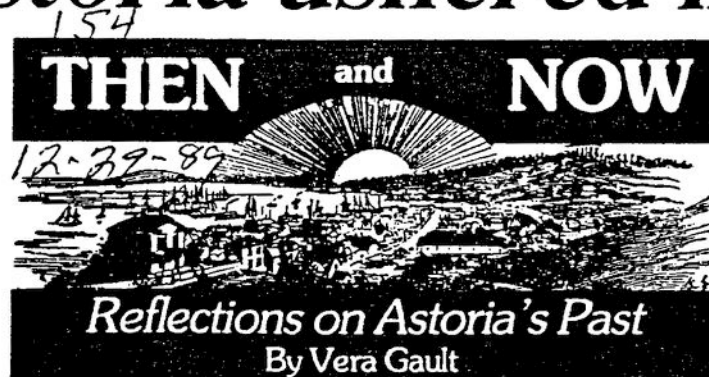
New Year's Day in these times is celebrated most extensively on the night before when New Year's Eve parties "see the old year out and the new year in." But in Astoria it was not always thus. Local historian Liisa Penner recently gave me an item from an 1878 issue of the Weekly Astorian. It describes how local folks observed the holiday a century ago.

Hospitable ladies had the custom of holding open house on New Year's Day for the gentlemen to make formal calls. Homes were lavishly decorated and elaborate refreshments were on hand at each place. The gentlemen strolled in groups to pay their respects to the ladies and extend New Year's greetings. Two days later the ladies visited one another, probably to talk over the earlier event.

The following is a portion of the account of the social ritual as written by D.C. Ireland, editor of the local paper. Several houses mentioned are still in use.

"At no time since the founding of Astoria was there a more careful observation of the ceremonies ushering in the new year than was noticeable here on Tuesday. The time-honored custom of making calls was almost universal in the city. Were we to attempt to enumerate the houses where company was entertained by the good wives and sisters and daughters of our townfolk, we should positively fail to do someone justice."

APPARENTLY THE MEN of Ireland's group began their walk near the courthouse. "In company with a party of friends we started at 12 o'clock. We found Mrs. Daniel Graham quite at home receiving friends at a sumptuous repast assisted by Mrs. H. A. Snow and Mrs. Hugh Stoop. Next we stopped at the home of Capt. Gilman and found Mrs. G happily entertaining friends assisted by Mrs. T. A.



Hyland and Miss Derby and Miss Calendar." (Rev. Hyland was the first pastor of Grace Episcopal Church, then located on the site of the Spexarth Building. Miss Calendar became the daughter-in-law of Capt. Flavel.)

"Next on to the cheerful home of Capt. Flavel, where Mrs. Flavel and daughters greeted their friends in a truly hospitable manner." (The Flavel home in 1878 was across Eighth Street from the present Flavel House Museum which was built in 1885. It occupied the present site of the parking lot of Columbia Physicians' Services.)

"Next to the residence of Mr. Conrad Boelling (now the Cochran home on the southwest corner of Eighth and Exchange) where our party was royally entertained by the Misses Boelling (sisters of Mrs. Flavel)."

"Next we climbed the ascent leading to the picturesque home of Capt. Babbidge where we were warmly welcomed by Mrs." (The family home then was on the site of the present 649 Franklin. In 1903 they built the large house at 1135 Grand. The Babbidges were a family of bar pilots.) "Then we pursued our way to the residence of W. D. Hare, where cards were called into requisition on consequence of the indisposition of Mrs. Hare." (Which means the lady was

sick, so the gentlemen left their calling cards and proceeded.)

"THENCE WE WERE piloted to the mansion of Mr. John Badollet" (now a vacant lot at the corner of Third and Commercial) "and were kindly received by Mrs. Badollet, Mrs. G. Reed and Mrs. R. N. Carnahan." (This was the home of Dora Badollet, longtime teacher for whom the Clatsop Community College Library is named.) "Next we were escorted to our own residence to find that Mrs. Ireland was well prepared to receive her friends and strictly carry out the customs of the day to make all to realize the happiness of the new year." (House located near 10th and Franklin.)

"The next place visited was the home of Capt. Hiram Brown, where Mrs. Brown and daughters, Mrs. Charles H. Page and Miss Ida contributed to the pleasures of the occasion." (This house, built in 1952 at 1337 Franklin, is the oldest house in Astoria and one of the oldest in Oregon, now the home of Paul and Wilma Williamson.)

"On we proceeded, visiting the fine residence of Hon. Adam Van Dusen where Mrs. Van Dusen was duly and truly prepared to make her callers feel at home." (This residence was on the present site of the Clatsop Care Center at 16th

and Franklin. In 1849 Adam Van Dusen established the first general store and insurance business in town. Well-known Astorians L. F. (Bill) Van Dusen and sons Daniel and Willis are direct descendants.)

"NEXT UP TO the residence of A. W. Ferguson where Mrs. F welcomed our visit." (Ferguson was an architect and builder whose home was at 1661 Grand. In 1886 he replaced the structure with a finer one which is still in use. He was the grandfather of the late Margaret Green.) To conclude his account, Ireland listed other men they had met, husbands of the women who were entertaining. He also noted that the season was a happy one compared to the previous year "when so much sickness prevailed that the printers were called upon to publish funeral notices on Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's."

He concluded his account by saying, "It was with regret that we could not get through the city and exchange greetings with all those whom we esteem as friends. Had it not been that the only carriage in town was monopolized by Messrs. J. W. Gearhart and Capt. Berry, we would have done better. The day was all that could be desired, clear, bright and not too cold."

Then almost as an afterthought, Ireland added, "It was quite unfortunate for the ladies that the weather on their day was so unpropitious for calling. However, we observed many ladies on the streets and trust that they have enjoyed their calling equally as well as the gentlemen enjoyed theirs on Tuesday. Truly the new year 1878 has had a most auspicious beginning in Astoria. May it be a happy and prosperous year for all is the wish of the editor of the Astorian."

And it's my wish, too.

Wrapping up last year's items

The beginning of a new year seems a good time to complete some of the subjects of the year just ended.

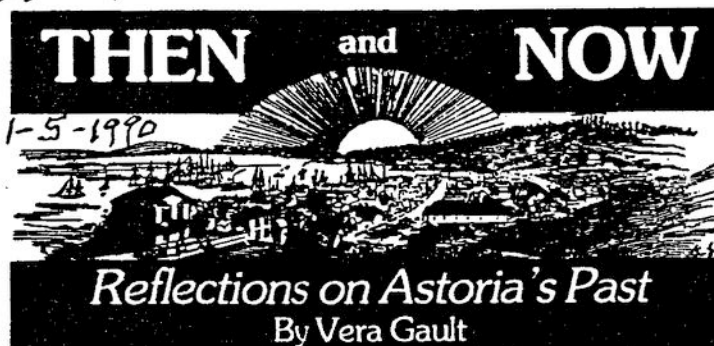
Ruth Maki, native Astorian, added to the item about the Occident Hotel by mentioning that her father and mother, Benjamin and Katie Hansen, owned the establishment which was their family home for several years.

The Occident, located on the corner of 10th Street and Marine Drive, was Astoria's finest, early hotel. Built by Simon Arrigoni, it was purchased by Charles Wright, president of Astoria Gaslight Co., in 1875. When he retired in 1911, he sold his interest to Annie and Clarence Hansen, grandparents of Astorian Judy Dean. After the construction of the Weinhard-Astoria Hotel, the Occident gradually became a residential edifice.

Mrs. Maki has a journal kept by her father with an entry made in August 1913, "Today I bought interest in the Occident Hotel from Annie and Clarence Hansen." Clarence was Benjamin's brother and wife Annie was the sister of Benjamin's wife Katie. Then a journal entry made in June 1919: "Sold the hotel today to John Lunden of Spokane for \$2,400. Paid Mr. Hansen \$2 for making out the bill of sale."

Mrs. Maki remembers that one of the longtime residents of the hotel was "Uncle" John Chitwood, a kindly gentleman who always sat in his special rocking chair. It was Chitwood who first had the vision of making Coxcomb Hill into a city park. Every day he took his axe and went out to hack a trail to the peak where the Astoria Column now stands.

SHE ALSO RECALLS that one of her childhood playmates was Hazel Sutter, now Mrs. Omer Stephens, whose parents owned a hotel across the street from the



Occident. Tom Hayashi, who later won national fame as a swimmer for University of Oregon, was also a neighborhood playmate.

The Occident burned in the 1922 fire. The structure erected after the fire on the same spot still carries the name Occident. Now owned by George Hediger, it houses his Astoria Janitor and Paper Supply business, offices of Farmers Insurance Group and Michael's Antiques.

In response to the column about river crossings before the bridge, Mrs. Bob Lucas (Peggy Chessman) wrote that the mention of the 16-year-old girl who swam the river in 1935 brought to mind a similar event which had occurred earlier, but she wasn't sure of the details. I scurried to the newspaper files at the public library where I located this account in the *Astorian-Budget*, Sept. 4, 1915. "On Saturday afternoon, Miss Alma A. Watt of Portland attempted to swim across the Columbia from Astoria to Megler. After covering about four miles, she was attacked by cramps and was picked up by one of the small boats accompanying her." Even so, Miss Watt's feat "was little less than marvelous."

Peggy Chessman Lucas is the daughter of Merle Chessman,

publisher of the *Astorian-Budget* from 1919 until his death in 1947. In the fall 1986 issue of *Cumtux*, the Clatsop County Historical Society quarterly, Mrs. Lucas provided a comprehensive account of her father's remarkable service to this community and to the state. She and her husband, Bob Lucas, widely known newspaperman and White House correspondent now retired, live near Sisters.

Incidentally, I received an unusual number of responses referring to Tom Hayashi's swimming prowess for his many friends remember the events. I am indebted to Capt. Ray Collins for suggesting the subject at the time of the Great Columbia Crossing in October. He thought an account of earlier river crossings would be a timely subject. Reader response proved him so right.

Ruth Ann Acton Sides, living at Allyn, Wash., near Shelton, writes in behalf of her mother, Charlotte Acton, long-time Astorian. She says the Then and Now column is like "a weekly letter from home." Mrs. Acton's husband, John, was Astoria police chief from 1929 to 1946. She now lives in a nursing home near the homes of her daughter, Ruth Ann, and her son, Don. Other children are Jack Acton, Knappa, and daughter Muriel, Lafayette. Mrs. Acton will

celebrate her 98th birthday in March.

A recent letter from another long-time Astorian, Elsie Engbretson, age 94, living at Care Center, Corvallis, says she delights in *The Daily Astorian* clippings sent by her friend, Gertrude Johnson. Mrs. Engbretson, an early school teacher in Astoria, tells about the days when pupils had to enter and leave the building in silent procession while the teacher thumped out a march tune on the piano in the hallway.

ALSO IN THE hallway was the water pail where all drank from the same dipper. Mrs. Engbretson's husband, Albert, was director of Oregon State University's extension service here. He was a developer of grass seeds with a large experimental tract near the present airport. He also owned his own wholesale seed company. In 1937 the Engbretsons bought the house at 1510 Franklin Street which served as the family home for 40 years.

I am indebted to local historian Liisa Penner for supplying me with an item which inspired last week's column. She sent me a copy of a story in *The Weekly Astorian*, New Year's issue of 1878, which described how Astorians celebrated the holiday more than a century ago.

Mrs. Penner's article in the most recent *Cumtux* is a significant account of immigrant life as experienced by her mother, Helmi Mellin, owner of the Koffee Cup restaurant for 27 years.

I extend my sincere thanks to all these and the many others who through the year have offered suggestions for columns and who have patiently answered my calls for information.

The story of 'the old city hall'

156

What stories old buildings could tell if only they could talk! And they do talk in their own way to those who take time to look and listen.

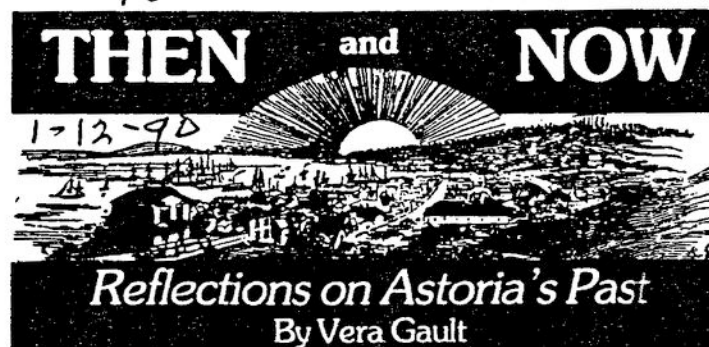
For instance, the stately building at the corner of 16th and Exchange, the Heritage Museum since 1984, speaks of a history all its own. For 20 years before 1984, it housed the Columbia River Maritime Museum. In 1941 it became the USO center serving with the Armory next door as major military headquarters during World War II. The connecting passageway still exists but is boarded up.

There are many Astorians who still call the classic structure "the old city hall." Built for that purpose in 1905, it served as the seat of city government for 35 years. It housed offices for city officials and the superintendent of schools and contained the public library on the second floor and the city jail in the basement.

I was driving by the building on the Duane Street side recently and noted again the barred windows and massive stone walls. In their way they were shouting out stories of decades ago. So I went to visit John Cooper, director of the Clatsop County Historical Society, whose administrative offices occupy a corner of the main floor.

I TOLD HIM that the sight of the iron bars across the windows made me curious about what was inside. He explained that the old jail, now used for workrooms and storage, is directly below his office and that the old stairway, now boarded up, opened about where his desk is. The present office space was formerly the municipal courtroom, thus making it easy to bring the defendants directly from jail to court.

Since there is now no inside stairway to the basement, John and



I went around the outside and entered the old jail through its original doorway. What a place! What stories! Massive concrete walls dividing tiny cells make it easy to think of the place as a dungeon.

First were the women's cells enclosed with steel doors and a tiny barred window. The inside of the doors show marks of being kicked and pounded by angry inmates. I saw a padded cell, the drunk tank and men's cells with iron bars, some of which were bent by prisoners who must have had tremendous strength. Bunk frames are still in place and graffiti is revealed as later paint flakes from the walls. Heat ducts and miles of electric wire lace the walls, some still in use; some not. But it all leads somewhere. In the 1920s during some repair work, a dictaphone box hidden behind the molding in the police chief's office was discovered with a "bugging" wire which led directly to a listening device in the office of the city manager.

BUT POLICE DUTIES were not the only services offered to city hall. Laws were made in council chambers. In July 1910, an ordinance was passed requiring licenses for automobiles, \$5 a year for personal cars and \$5 a quarter for commercial vehicles. Delin-

quents were subject to arrest. (At the beginning of that year there were eight cars in Astoria.)

In 1911 it became illegal to allow cows, horses and other livestock to run loose in the city. In 1912 an ordinance was passed prohibiting music in saloons. The next year ragtime dances became illegal. In 1915 councilmen gave serious consideration to promoting a canal between Astoria and Seaside to facilitate travel by water.

The coming of national Prohibition in 1919 made city hall and the city jail a busy place as police chased alleged bootleggers through the city streets shooting as they ran. A 1920 photo shows an officer pouring \$2,000 worth of liquor down the sewer with the city hall building in the background.

On Dec. 11, 1924, the grand old building suffered a near-disaster. On that date the Astorian-Budget carried a two-inch headline across its front page, ATTEMPT MADE TO BURN CITY HALL — Firebug Missed Destroying City Hall by Moments." A restroom wastebasket had been leaned against the main stairway and set ablaze before daylight.

WHEN THE JANITOR arrived at 5:10, he found flames raging beneath the stairs and roaring up the east wall of the

building." He rushed to the police station in the basement and turned on the alarm. "A few minutes of fast work by the firemen nipped the flames." Damage estimated at \$3,000 was covered by insurance.

When this fine city hall was built in 1905, the center of the city seemed to be moving in that direction, but after the 1922 fire, such a move failed to materialize, so city businesses felt isolated. To get back to the center of town, authorities bought the Astoria Savings Bank building on the corner of 11th and Duane. The bank had closed its doors during the Great Depression, leaving the building vacant for several years.

On April 1, 1939, the structure became the home of Astoria city government, a location it has now maintained for 50 years. Police and fire departments have their own new building on 30th Street. The city contracts with the county to provide jail services at the Clatsop County Jail on Seventh Street.

No longer needed by the city, the old building began its varied uses interspersed with years of vacancy, its military period, its maritime museum period and then into private ownership. In 1984, the Clatsop County Historical Society moved its offices there; then in 1985 through private and corporate donations, the society bought the building debt-free. Since that time badly needed restoration and renovation projects have been carried on continuously, as funds permit, developing a unique historical museum.

To learn about the historical society's achievements and plans for the future, be sure to attend the annual luncheon Jan. 21 at 1 p.m. at the Astoria Golf & Country Club. For reservations, call CCHS offices, 325-2203 within the coming week.

'Sure' ways to make a million

A little pamphlet came to my attention recently. Titled "What to Invent," it was published in 1902 by a firm of patent attorneys in Washington, D.C.

I'm sure at this beginning of a new decade, many innovative people across the country are working hard to obtain patents to meet current needs. But of special interest to those interested in the changing times are the suggestions contained in this booklet published almost 90 years ago.

The preface states, "If you have an invention send us a model or a sketch and description and we will advise you as to its patentability free of charge." Then it adds that the minimum fee for a patent is \$65 which includes the government filing fee of \$15 and the final fee of \$20, the attorney's fee of \$25 and \$5 for one sheet of official drawings.

In the back of the booklet is a list, state by state, of clients who would provide references for the firm. The names of three satisfied inventors comprised the Oregon list. They were D. B. Fleck, Portland; Joseph Wesley, Scio; and Mrs. C. E. Pugh, Oakville.

The body of the pamphlet contains 107 suggestions for inventions for which the patent attorneys predicted a ready market and great wealth for the successful inventor. They emphasized that patentable items didn't need to be elaborate and complex, citing the favor won by little things like hooks and eyes, safety pins and toothpicks.

They concluded, "There is no better way for a poor man to acquire wealth and at the same time confer a lasting benefit upon humanity than to bring forth and perfect a good invention." For



whom, of course, the patent attorneys would be happy to provide guidance.

HERE ARE A few of the improvements for which the attorneys saw a great social and economic need. Some apply directly to household use.

A washboard with soaping apparatus so arranged that the soap would be applied by the action of rubbing.

A simple cork extractor which will not break up the cork and cause portions of the latter to fall into the bottle.

Portable wallpapering machines to which the paper may be easily applied and delivered to walls and ceilings by one simple operation.

A device for tightening woven wire bedsprings to prevent sagging.

An ink bottle which will permit the insertion of the pen point therein to remain tightly fitted and thus prevent evaporation of the ink.

Many suggestions the attorneys offered applied to clothing.

An invention for holding up a lady's skirt to keep it out of the mud and dust when walking in the street, thus relieving her of the task if she is laden with bundles.

"Women are always on the

lookout for curling tongs or irons and other items for their beautification. New ideas in corsets, shoe fasteners and hat pins would command a ready sale ...

"The latest diversion in men's wear is the shirt waist. This demands a substitute for suspenders which thus exposed are unsightly. The belt sometimes used for summer wear falls short in comfort and experience. The lucky inventor who devises a satisfactory substitute for suspenders will reap a rich harvest ...

"A substitute for the razor is badly needed. Recently a Frenchman developed an electric-chemical combination which he believed had solved the problem of shaving. But after the process had been used in a barber shop for a few days, the customers discovered that the instrument blackened and burnt their chins and the inventor was forced to flee before their rage, so a fortune awaits him who discovers a harmless substitute for shaving."

Some suggestions for inventions needed in the year 1902 showed concerns farther afield.

AN INVENTION THAT will

make a horse secure on his legs on slippery pavements, something like slipping a pair of rubber overshoes over the horse's hoofs at a moment's notice.

"Badly needed is a device for cooling houses in summer; surely the time is not far distant when each house will be provided with an ice plant which can be operated by simply turning a spigot ...

"To penetrate the fog at sea has always been a problem. A fortune awaits the solver, who will probably need to use electricity ...

"A magnificent remuneration awaits the fortunate inventor who finds an inexpensive way of extinguishing fires in the holds of ships without contaminating the cargo ...

"To scrape a ship's bottom without the delay and expense of dry-docking by a practical method of removing barnacles and sea waste while the ship is afloat will mean profit to the inventor and a revolution in marine repairs."

This suggestion has been carried out, "a need for a folding umbrella which when folded will not be bulky." This one needs more work, "a great demand for a smoke consumer that would clear the air of flakes of carbon and soot."

I wonder what our descendants a century from now will think of the needs we are expressing. I recently heard one suggestion. Two participants on a talk show were discussing the relative merits of natural Christmas trees and artificial ones. One man concluded by saying, "If someone would invent a way to make artificial ones smell like cedar or pine, their sales would double and he'd be rich overnight."

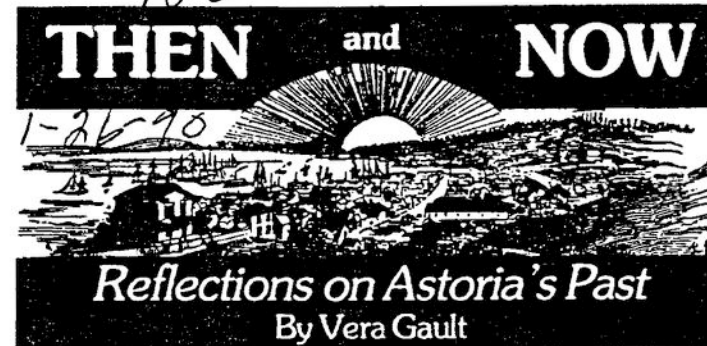
News of pioneer's descendants

Several months ago the subject of this column was John M. Shively who made history for Astoria when President Polk commissioned him to be the first postmaster west of the Rockies. In 1847 he set up federal business in the family home which then stood on 15th Street between Exchange and Franklin. The historic site is now marked by a red granite obelisk set in a landscaped plot which the late Ed and Eda Hauke Ross gave to Astoria in 1966.

In 1842 Shively had set out from Missouri by wagon train with his wife, Martha, small son, Charles, and his precious surveying instruments. Coming on to Astoria in 1843, he took up a land claim which extended from the present 13th to 32nd streets and over the hill to near Youngs Bay. County surveyor Bob Hovden says Nehalem Street extended east marks the south border.

Shively and three other settlers platted the town, setting boundaries still observed. For 50 years, until his death in 1893, John Shively was active in the development of Astoria. He had two other sons by a second marriage, but both died early, so it was Charles who inherited his father's extensive holdings and took over their management.

Charles W. Shively, born in Missouri in 1839, grew up in Astoria and spent two years in college in San Francisco. He married and established the family home on present 16th and Niagara streets, a section of the Shively estate. He, as his father had done, carried on a variety of civic and business activities. In 1873 he was certified as a notary public. In 1877 he was elected a member of



the city council. In 1888 he became superintendent of Astoria schools. In 1892 he built a three-story hotel on pilings at 14th and Exchange Streets, now the site of Lovell-McCall Tire Service. It later became the New Nehalem boarding house, destroyed by fire in 1916.

IN 1900 SHIVELY moved with his wife and seven children to a residence in Portland east of the Broadway Bridge, but he continued to spend time in Astoria on estate business. In 1906 he made headlines in the local paper by giving five acres of family land to the city of Astoria for a public recreation area to be named Shively Park in memory of his father. At the same time the city bought from him seven additional acres, which at the crest of the 16th Street hill form the expanse of Shively Park as we know it today.

I searched news sources for details of Charles Shively's seven children, but since they grew up in Portland, I found little. At least one of the seven was a son, for a later item identified a Charles J. Shively as the great-grandson of the pioneer John Shively. However,

one of Charles' numerous daughters made headlines on her own. On Feb. 28, 1906, (about the time her father was giving the park to Astoria), the local paper carried the following story from the Denver Post: "Heiress from Oregon on Vaudeville Stage. Yvette Shively appearing this week at the Orpheum is a hit with her good voice and pleasing appearance. The daughter of a prominent Oregon pioneer family and an heiress in her own right, the adventurous blood of her ancestors leads her to fame on the stage where she is billed as 'The Pride of Astoria.'"

The account continued, "At the death of her grandfather, Miss Shively's father was left \$200,000, the young woman receiving a generous portion of it. But she was not content to settle down in an Oregon town. So after years spent in the cultivation of her voice, she chose vaudeville. Besides her wonderful voice, Miss Shively has an excellent figure and a pretty face. Because of her beauty she was chosen as a model for the noted picture, 'The Western Girl,' the work of a San Francisco artist."

Apparently the excitement of

show business soon paled for Yvette, for exactly one month after the above press release, this item appeared in the Astoria Daily Budget (March 27, 1906):

"A DISPATCH FROM Louisville, Ky., says that Miss Yvette Shively, formerly of this city, but now a vaudeville actress, has just come into an inheritance of over \$100,000 and will leave for her home Saturday.

"Miss Shively is the star of the company with which she is connected, but evidently she has become tired of the stage, for in an interview she said, 'I suppose I have been spoiled by the extravagance of my parents, and some of us girls began to bet on the races. When my father learned of it, he reprimanded me and I decided to leave school. They did not know for some time that I had left and immediately cut off my allowance. About a month ago they sent me money to come home, but I spent it. This time they sent me a ticket and I'm going home after the Saturday night performance. I did not know what burlesque was or I would never have gone into it, but it was the first opportunity that came along. Everything about burlesque is distasteful to me.'"

Charles W. Shively, age 70, died in Portland on Sept. 28, 1910. The news account stated in part, "During the past 10 years, he has been a resident of Portland where he lived with his family in comfort and ease up to the time of his death. He leaves a wife and several grown daughters, one of whom is Mrs. John McCue of Portland." Another daughter, of course, or maybe the same one, was the beautiful Yvette.

When horseless carriages hit town

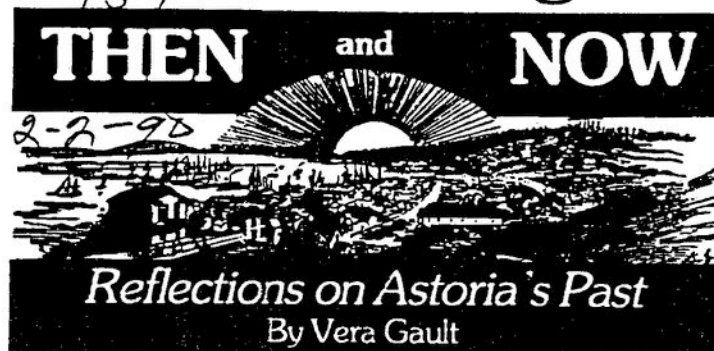
Astoria's fascination with the automobile began on a bright September Saturday in 1899 when the circus came to town.

All during the show men gathered around one of the exhibits, a small vehicle that looked like a single-seated topless buggy. It was hawked as an "automobile," which roughly translated means, "It moves by itself." Most of the spectators didn't believe that, but the hardy souls who accepted the offer of a ride down the planked street returned convinced that a new day was dawning. Among the converts was a reporter from the Astorian Daily Budget whose story appeared in the next Monday's issue:

"One of the most interesting features of the circus was the automobile which was the first ever to reach Astoria. It was driven by electric storage batteries and with one charge is capable of 40 miles over fair roads and can climb hills of 15 percent grade. It was built by the Fischer Equipment Company of Chicago two years ago and has had hard usage ever since but is still in perfect condition."

The circus man was a convincing demonstrator for the reporter concluded his account, "The vehicle proved itself to be a success in every way and is undoubtedly the coming carriage both for pleasure and business uses."

The next news item I found about cars in Astoria appeared on Feb. 24, 1904. "Earl Fisher is the possessor of the first automobile to be owned in Astoria." Naturally I was curious about details so I went to Bob Lovell, president of Lovell Auto Co., who said, "You really should talk to Sam Lee. He knows about the earliest cars." So I invited 91-year-old Sam Lee along with Sam and Dorothy Churchill to come to have chowder and talk about old cars, for Dorothy has recently republished a delightful



book, "Me and the Model T," written by her father many years ago.

WHEN I STARTED to share with them the item I had found about Earl Fisher owning the first car, Lee, a relative of the Fishers, said, "That's wrong. It was Ferd Fisher that bought that car, but it's true that his boy Earl drove it most of the time." Which only shows that fathers and sons and cars haven't changed much in 86 years.

'The vehicle proved itself to be a success in every way and is undoubtedly the coming carriage both for pleasure and business uses.'

—1899 Astoria Daily Budget story

(The Ferdinand Fisher family along with bachelor brother Augustus "Gus," a sea captain, lived in the imposing house, now being restored, on the northwest corner of 12th and Grand. In 1905 Earl married and built his family home on Franklin between 11th and 12th, now the Franklin Street Station Bed and Breakfast.)

The news item went on to say,

"Mr. Fisher's machine is a 1903 Rambler, driven by a gasoline motor and is capable of climbing any hills of the city, that teams of horses can climb. It can develop a speed of 20 miles per hour when necessary on a fair road."

Apparently young Fisher kept the car, for a later noted that Fisher has used and then stored that car until 1930 when he sold it to a junkman for \$10.

The Fishers, however, continued their interest in automobiles, for an ad in the Astorian-Budget of March 13, 1911, announced that F.A. Fisher had built a fireproof garage for the care and storage of cars and that Earl Fisher and his partner, Carl Carlson, would operate the place. This structure was located at 12th and Exchange, present offices of Dr. John Banholzer and Sunset Optical. The below-street-level area behind these offices was the basement area of the garage. There they stored the Rambler in its old age. When the 1922 fire destroyed the building, the historic vehicle came to a sad end.

Though the Fishers appeared first on Astoria's automotive scene, an energetic 24-year-old named Sherman Lovell soon earned the spotlight. In 1910 he built a garage and sales room at 18th and Exchange, then the next year a larger one nearby on the site of present school bus barns. There he

repaired the few cars in town, one being Dr. H. L. Henderson's White Steamer.

SON BOB LOVELL tells of his father's efforts to establish a business. "He pumped gas, sold Goodyear tires, and mainly earned his living operating Astoria's only taxi. With Astor Street running wide-open and about 50 saloons in town, he was kept very busy."

Lovell also sold Reo cars, eight the first year. One went to Mrs. George Flavel and two daughters, who promptly hired a full-time maintenance man and chauffeur to ensure their enjoyment of its use. His stock shipped downriver from Portland was unloaded at Sanborn dock at the foot of 11th Street or at the 14th Street dock.

In 1912 the Fishers became interested in getting a Ford dealership. Eager to do business, the Ford representative elected to drive from Portland to prove the worth of his car. He fared well on the two-day trip through Manning and Mist, but alas, when he entered Astoria by way of the 15th Street hill, he slid off the muddy planks. Garageman Sherman Lovell answered his call for help. When he learned why the Ford man was in town, he said, "After you have talked to the Fishers, come to see me."

Lovell was awarded the Ford franchise on condition that he place an immediate order for eight cars. Then, how to find financing! He presold one car to August Hildebrand. (An old photo shows 15-year-old son Frank sitting proudly in the driver's seat.) He arranged the rest with the Scandinavian American Bank.

(More next week.)

For lively stories about old cars, read "Me and the Model T," available at bookstores, and Bob Lovell's feature in 1988 Spring Cumtux at the Heritage Museum.

Remembering the early autos

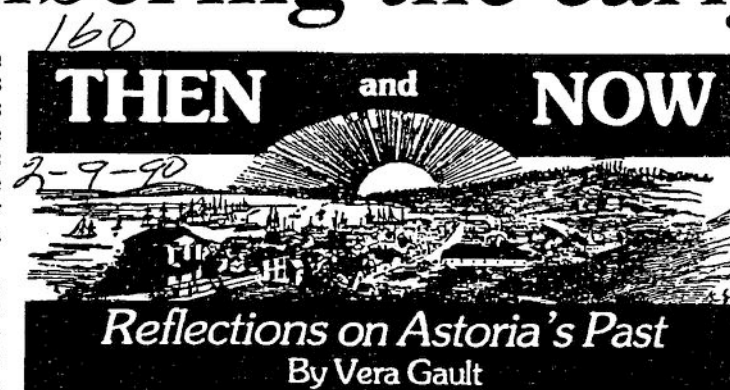
When automobiles appeared in Astoria in 1904 and the years immediately following, each was the object of curiosity. When one was parked downtown, shoppers left their shopping to examine the machine, and passers-by tied their horses to hitching posts to get a closer look.

The onlookers always asked the owner all sorts of questions which he answered with admirable authority. As he prepared to move on, they pressed in more closely to watch him start the "contraption."

"Nothing to it," he always exclaimed proudly (and hopefully). He grasped the crank firmly and cranked and cranked until he heard a sputter. Then, leaping into the driver's seat, he manipulated the assorted clutches, pedals and throttles to nurture the uncertain sound of life. If the sputter died, he had to repeat the performance, often several times. When that happened, his friends commiserated and cynics scoffed. "Hey, you need three feet to work all those gadgets," and "You need three hands too," while some wag was sure to call out, "You wanta borrow my horse?"

But when the motor began to breathe freely and all the gears cooperated, the driver, head held high, took off amid assembled cheers. Just one thing would have added to his triumph — if only he could have sat on one of those hitching racks and watched himself drive regally down the street.

Naturally with cars drawing interests and admiration, their number increased, slowly at first. By 1910 eight Astorians owned the new wonders, mostly Reos. Eight more owners lived in the county. Of course, primitive roads were the chief problem. A big car with power seemed the best choice for conquering mudholes.



Young Sherman Lovell was of this opinion when he started selling Reo cars in 1909. Later he founded Lovell Auto Company, of which his son, Robert Lovell, is now president. Back in 1912 he still thought big cars were best when he sold Dr. H. L. Henderson a Stanley Steamer.

THE GOOD DOCTOR, first in Clatsop County to make house calls by car, already had a White Steamer which would travel only about 30 miles before the boiler ran dry. The new car ran 70 or 80 miles before it ran out of steam. To demonstrate its power, young Lovell drove the handsome machine, bumpity-bump, up the front steps of the county courthouse. Then two occurrences changed his viewpoint about big cars.

One event took place in the fall of 1912 when Lovell decided that lightweight cars had their merits too. Accordingly he acquired the Ford dealership on condition that he place an order for a carload lot of six five-passenger touring cars and two two-passenger runabouts for spring delivery. Then it was that the two events converged. The eight cars arrived and had to be sold quickly because of financing, and the doctor's old Steamer got

stuck in the mud. Young Lovell, always the salesman, saw an opportunity. Son Robert tells the story:

"My father claimed that a Model T could get out of any mudhole in the county, so he called three friends to take a ride." These were H. R. Hoefler, whose candy factory was near the depot; photographer Frank Woodfield, who jumped at the chance to get unusual pictures; and J.S. Dellinger, editor of the Morning Astorian, who smelled a headline.

Robert Lovell continues, "To these three my father said, 'Old Doc Henderson spent most of the night in his big Steamer stuck in the mud near Westlake. He had to get a team to pull him out this morning. Come with me in my new Ford and I'll show you that it won't get stuck.'"

So the four friends traveled a little beyond Westlake on the main road to Seaside where Lovell drove his Ford into the worst of the mudhole. By skillful manipulation of throttle and gears, he rocked the lightweight machine back and forth, always inching ahead until it climbed to solid ground. When they returned to Astoria, each of the three men bought a Ford.

And what about Dr. Henderson's

later Stanley Steamer? To give it good care he built a garage near where he lived at 1263 Franklin Ave. (The original house has been replaced by the modern residence of Pastor Forrest Clark.) One night he left the pilot light on to keep the water warm so he could start quickly and the car and garage burned to the ground. Sherman Lovell never sold another Steamer.

WITH THE NUMBER of cars increasing, foresighted city fathers thought "there oughta be a law." So in 1909 they passed a city ordinance for owners of touring cars to pay \$5 per year for a license and owners of commercial vehicles to pay \$5 a quarter. The only commercial models in Astoria at the time were touring cars with the back seat replaced by a box which extended out for the delivery of groceries, wood and the like. The state had started requiring licenses in 1905 for there were more cars inland.

Another sign of the permanency of autos came along in 1909. The Good Road Association was organized one day in June in the office of Attorney George Fulton, grandfather of present Astoria attorney by the same name. Ferdinand Fisher and George Flavel were officers of the new group. Membership fee was \$20 for owners of two-seated cars, \$10 for one-seaters and \$5 for non-owners. "The Club," they said, "hopes to have an active membership of 20." Money from dues was to be used "to repair bad spots in roads and help to construct permanent highways in the county."

So by 1910 in Astoria, automobiles were dignified by a license, a tax and a club. "Machines that move by themselves" had come to stay.

Remembering spirit of the USO

Try to imagine the confusion and hustle in Astoria 40 years ago when more than 6,000 military personnel suddenly converged on the area. The year was 1940. The shock of Pearl Harbor had not yet stunned the nation, but daily headlines blazed the ominous news of war elsewhere, so our country was gearing up for defense.

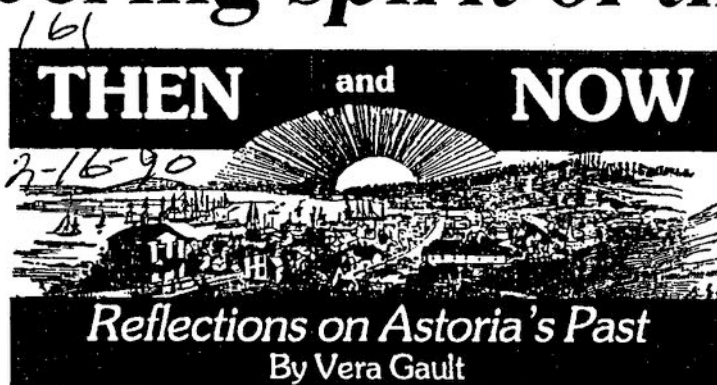
Contingents arrived in ever-speeding intervals at Fort Stevens and Camp Clatsop (now Rilea). The Navy reached maximum strength at Tongue Point. The Coast Guard and Air Corps established their stations. A steady procession of trucks day and night brought in supplies from Fort Lewis.

Not only the military came, but many of their families as well. Services had to be provided almost overnight, housing, schools, and recreational resources. The need for an off-duty center was urgent, some place where lonely servicemen could feel at home away from home. Under the leadership of Robert Lucas, a Defense Recreation Group was formed to crusade for a drop-in center in town.

Lucas, editor of the Astorian-Budget, went right to the top. He asked the federal Public Works Commission for \$180,000 to build a recreation center in Astoria and a hospitality house in Seaside and to expand school facilities throughout the county. The request was refused.

NOT TO BE deterred, Lucas and the Clatsop County Defense Council raised money from state and county sources and finally matching funds from Washington, D.C. With the help of Judge Guy Boyington, a program took shape. The old city hall at 16th and Exchange (now the Heritage Museum) was renovated to become a social hall, eventually headquarters for United Services Organization. A new building, which many still call the Armory, was erected next door with a connecting passageway, thus forming a recreational-military complex.

Then a call went out for furnishings. With patriotic fervor, folks from all over the county



responded with gifts of chairs, davenport, lamps, desks, books, magazines, games and game tables. One area on the first floor became the home-like social hall. Another was outfitted with ping-pong and pool tables. The second floor became the snack bar (canteen) and the ballroom for weekly dances. When the big open house was held in February 1943, more than a hundred women signed up to become volunteer hostesses on a regular schedule. Everyone was needed, for the guest register that first month showed more than 15,000 entries.

If only the old USO building could talk, it could describe the hubbub of activities that eased the lives of service people. It could tell stories of romance, for many a chance meeting led eventually to the altar.

Even before the recreational center opened, many community and church groups organized activities. Student nurses at St. Mary's Hospital took special emergency training and in off-hours assisted with entertainment. Judge Boyington's daughter, "Mebs" Ausnehmer, now of Seaside, recalls that she was helping with a record party on the Sunday of Pearl Harbor. When the news came, activities all over town broke up as everyone rushed to emergency stations and learned to cope with

blackout orders.

THE RED CROSS under the direction of its chairman, Father Laidlaw of St. Mary's Church, coordinated the efforts of church and community groups. Women signed up to become Gray Ladies. They were trained by Caloma Dodge, now of Eugene, to give basic nursing care at service centers in the county and at the newly established Naval Hospital out on state Highway 202, near the present Cavalier apartments, a remnant of the original installation.

Among the Gray Ladies was Ann Mitchell (Mrs. Don) who says her work at the hospital was a most rewarding experience. She recalls that she worked long hours with other Gray Ladies, among them Dorothy McGregor (Mrs. W.F.) and Jean Sandoz (Mrs. Tom). As successive classes of Gray Ladies completed their training, capping ceremonies sponsored by the Kiwanis Club were held at the hospitals or at Amato's Supper Club at the foot of 10th Street.

Young women too were mobilized. Working as members of the Defense Recreational League, they planned dances, organized programs, played bingo and cheered at athletic events held between the various branches of the military. They along with the Gray Ladies drove service trucks, provided transportation and wrapped bandages. They delivered materials to working groups throughout the county, then traveled back again to pick up the completed hospital supplies and newly-knitted socks, caps and scarves.

POLLY SWEET McKEE, now

of Seaside, remembers that when she came home from college, she went right to work with her Gray Lady mother, Mrs. Frank Sweet, helping to bake the cookies everlastingly needed at the canteen. Evelyn Hankel recalls that teachers volunteered to help soldiers write letters, sew on buttons and learn crafts. She among endless other duties taught classes in shell jewelry which the men sent as gifts back home.

If only the old USO building could talk, it could describe the hubbub of activities that eased the lives of service people. It could tell stories of romance, for many a chance meeting led eventually to the altar. I attended a meeting the other day where Helen Carlson Ryan recalled her USO days and Pat Leahy Alfonse and Frances Potter Dietrichs said that they had met their husbands during those busy times.

USO events continued in Clatsop County until 1959, at which time Mary Steinbock (Mrs. Harry) was chosen to represent the nine Western states at a conference in Washington, D.C. The meeting was an evaluation of USO programs and a thank you for jobs well done. By 1960, the grand old building was once again empty and forlorn. But in 1962 it regained life as the Columbia River Maritime Museum. Then in 1984, the Clatsop County Historical Society purchased it for administrative headquarters and a second museum.

NOW THE HISTORICAL society is celebrating the building's great days of USO service by inviting the public to a big band dance on Saturday, Feb. 24, from 7 to 11 p.m. The music, decorations and refreshments will all recall the era of the 1940s and '50s and the Stage Door Canteen.

Many out-of-towners have already indicated that they plan to attend to share the spirit of reunion. Coast Guard wives serving as hostesses are planning for a big crowd in the former canteen and ballroom upstairs. They hope that folks will dress in the styles of 40 and 50 years ago to bring back the memories of the USO.

When roads were made of wood

When Ferdinand Fisher bought the first car in Astoria in 1904, residents watched its performance with skepticism and envy. Sales were slow at first, for within the next five years only eight cars appeared in Astoria and eight more in the county.

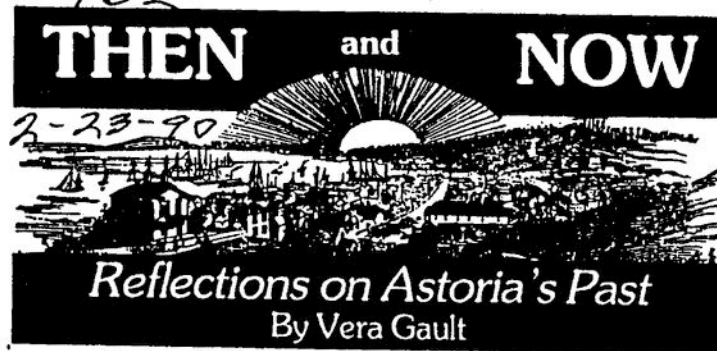
Business soon burgeoned, however, as roads began to improve. By 1914, 235 cars were registered in Clatsop County, 193 of which were in Astoria. Of the 32 runabouts registered, 27 were in Astoria.

In 1912, Sherman Lovell, first auto dealer in Astoria and founder of the present Lovell Auto Co., introduced commercial vehicles when he drove a new Mack truck from Portland to Astoria. Car stock usually came down the river by ship, but Lovell wanted to demonstrate the truck's endurance. He drove from Portland through Manning, then on to Mist on primitive wagon and logging roads. Once to get out of a mudhole he had to cut up his overcoat to wrap around the tires to gain traction. On each such trip he spent the night at the Mist Hotel, then on to Astoria, a rough, two-day trip.

As cars increased, so did the makes and models. In 1911, William McGregor bought a 48 horsepower, six cylinder Locomobile and bank president Frank Patton a Pierce-Arrow Six. Dealerships sprang up all over town. By 1919 the town had 12 auto firms offering 26 makes of cars and 12 makes of trucks.

AS I PERUSED auto advertisements for those early years, I found it interesting to note which cars have survived and which are now only history. The ads extolled the qualities of Hudson, Nash, Chevrolet, Dodge, Studebaker, Reo, Ford, Oakland and Rambler.

Of course, prices varied with the models. In 1917 a Maxwell roadster sold for \$650, a touring



car for \$665 and a sedan (a new luxury style) for \$985. A Dodge touring car was priced at \$895 and a Model T for \$656. Two models described as "classy" were the Hudson 60 hp super-six at Lovell Auto Co. and the Studebaker Big Six at Rowan Skyles Auto Co. priced at \$1,500. The Studebaker touted the added feature of an eight-day clock on its dashboard.

Naturally much attention was given to road improvement. Those portions of Astoria built over the water had planked streets. Gradually muddy streets were also planked, and planking was extended to county roads during the 1880s to 1900. The plank road between Warrenton and Hammond was completed in 1899, though 10,000 feet of planking was placed on the Jewell road as late as 1910.

I was curious about the layout of planked roads, so I visited my friends Leroy and Eloise Boldt. Roy retired in 1972 as state highway maintenance foreman when he received awards for 45 years of "dedication and ability." In 1936 he was sent to open Astoria's first highway station located across the street from present Birdwell Motor Co.

HE EXPLAINED PLANK roads this way: Rough-hewn planks 8 feet long, 2 to 4 inches thick, were spiked to puncheons (split logs) so the planks lay

crosswise on the road, then section after section extended the length of the surface to be planked. But planked roads weren't the answer. When mud was tracked onto them, they were slippery. In flooded areas, they floated, so authorities searched for something better.

An item in The Daily Astorian, Feb. 6, 1903, confirmed their search. "The experiment of using crushed rock on Eighth Street between Commercial and Duane is proving successful. Cost is \$2.19 per lineal foot for a total of \$438.30, of which \$52 was spent for the removal of old planks. A new plank road would have cost \$3 per foot. This will result in crushed rock being used on other streets, for planks last only six to 12 years, but crushed rock will last a lifetime." But crushed rock too was devoured by mud, so the search continued. In some places bricks were useful, later covered by blacktop. On Franklin from 12th to 14th, bricks are still visible, true artifacts of this historic town.

No plank roads remain in the county, but Roy Boldt told me that when he and Eloise came to town in 1936, one such road was still in use. With two tracks of planks laid lengthwise and sand in between, it extended from the Peter Iredale inland about three-quarters of a mile. When the military took over in World War II, the planks were removed.

Of course, narrow roads of any surface caused problems. What happened when cars and teams met? Sometimes the horses panicked and had to be calmed. Sometimes drivers quarreled over who turned out for whom. Turnouts were built in some places. An ordinance was passed that if backing up was required, the cars had to do the backing.

THE GOOD ROADS Club founded in 1909 worked hard for road improvement. By 1919 Clatsop County had 40 miles of hard surfaced roads, 12 of which were in Astoria; 90 miles of graveled roads, 20 miles of planked roads and 150 miles of graded, unsurfaced roads.

To learn the present situation, I phoned Bob Hovden, Clatsop County surveyor. He said that the county now has 250 miles of hard-surfaced roads other than state highways. Then I spoke with Nels Osterholme, office manager for state Road District 1, which takes in most of Clatsop and Tillamook counties. He told me that in the district the state maintains 273 miles of surfaced roads.

Both men mentioned that the first macadam roads in Oregon were laid in Clatsop County. In 1915 the Agricultural College (now Oregon State) developed a test project for rural roads with a strip of macadam from Miles Crossing to the first Youngs Bay Bridge, built in 1899. A portion still lies along the east side of the present roadway in the area from Wireless Road past the animal hospital. I drove out to take a look.

It looks like an extra-wide surfaced shoulder. Hovden says the original survey nail is still in place. The first surface has been overlaid with asphalt, though some early bits show up in spots. At least it is an interesting item of history. Maybe someday the historical society will dignify it with a roadside marker.

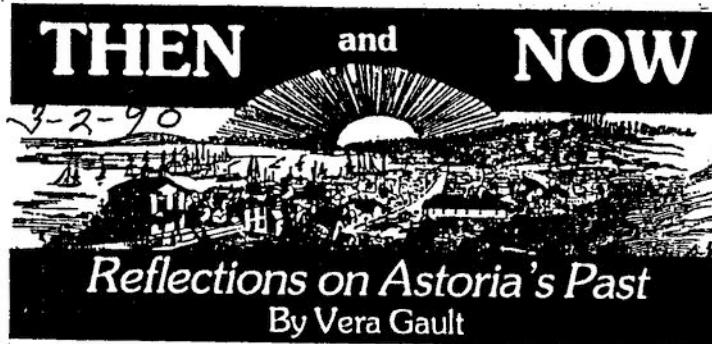
The birth of Astoria tourism

We in Astoria tend to think of tourism as a newly born industry to be nurtured as other industries recede. Not so. Tourism exploded 75 years ago with the proliferation of the automobile and the improvement of roads. By 1915, 300 people in Clatsop County owned cars with hundreds more in Portland and the valley. It seemed they all wanted to tour the famous North Coast.

By 1920 Astoria had 12 miles of hard-surfaced roads, and the highway from Portland was paved as far as Goble with gravel the rest of the way. Tourists loved the luxury of such carefree travel. Unless delayed by overheated motors on the old Rainier curves or flat tires on sharp gravel, they could make the 100-mile trip in one short day. But then where to sleep when they arrived? Whole families pitched their tents on vacant lots and scouted for driftwood for campfires.

"Something's got to be done," neighbors said. The Kiwanis Club agreed. In March 1921, members went to the city council requesting a municipal campground, and then the Chamber of Commerce. The Kiwanians said, "We'll do it ourselves."

THEY CONSIDERED SITES at the outskirts of town, finally selecting a seven-acre tract in the O.W. Taylor Addition which ran west over the hill and around Smith's Point. A news item reported, "The auto campground is situated among the evergreens on a bank above the highway and is reached by a roadway constructed entirely by hard work with pick and shovel on the part of Club members who made many trips to work on the site." The item further explained, "The park is located on the main paved highway from this city to Seaside and points west."



From this description, I couldn't pinpoint the exact location of the park, though I realized that the main road to Seaside was along the bay to what we call the "old" Youngs Bay bridge. I called friends who often help me with history, Sam Lee, retired motel owner, Charles "Chuck" Pactow, retired police chief, and Dick Thompson, Astoria Granite Works.

None was quite sure of the site but believed it to be somewhere west of Tapiola Park. Then Thompson called Lennard Rinell, retired Youngs River log trucker, who said, "Oh yes, I used to play there. The campground faced Youngs Bay across the highway from the old Columbia boat yard near Birdwell Motors."

He said the campground was up on the ledge where houses are located now, and a winding road was one entrance. Thompson surmises that the present roadway now leading up to Garcia's housing development may be a part of another entrance or exit of the park.

THE PROJECT WAS a success from the beginning, for 12,000 tourists pitched their tents on the grounds before that first season closed in November. Kiwanians then took steps to stabilize the operation. They formed a holding company to administer the business. Officers included Fred S.

Bates, Walter T. Eakin, and Judge J.A. Buchanan, Club president. Patronage increased during the summer of 1922 and leaped ahead in the summer of 1923 when many hotel accommodations had been wiped out by the big fire of December 1922.

A news story in the Astorian-Budget, Aug. 27, 1923, gave an update on the progress of the park. "One of the most scenic campgrounds in the Pacific Northwest is located in Astoria and was secured principally through the efforts of the Kiwanis Club three years ago. . . . Now the Kiwanis Auto Camp is one of the best known and most popular of the entire coast region."

"Entering the park by a winding roadway up the hill, one comes into a magnificent, natural camping ground which has been provided with stoves, fuel, a cookhouse, toilets, telephone, gasoline station, and general store. Ample room is afforded for scores of cars coming from every state in the union and several provinces of Canada. Mrs. M.M. Morgan and her son and (his) wife live on the grounds and provide for the comfort of the visitors. Each car is charged 50 cents for the first day and 25 cents thereafter." More than 25,000 names were signed on the guest register that season.

OF COURSE, AS soon as one venture was successful, others

sprang up. Increasingly tourists demanded more comforts, so clusters of tourist cottages replaced the tents that travelers had been accustomed to bringing with them. The early cabins were unfurnished except for bed frames and bare mattresses with the tourists supplying their own bedding. The cost was \$1 per night.

Harding's tourist camp was built about where Johnson's Arco station is now, near Youngs Bay bridge. Nick Kussman developed Bayview campground and the present cottages on West Marine Drive. Another cluster near the electric sub-station was dismantled and moved east on Highway 202 in recent years. Sunnylane Cottages across old Youngs Bay bridge are still in use as rentals.

In 1928 Frank Lystell built four two-unit cabins at Twin Spruce on the Skipanon where the old schoolhouse once stood. The next year he added four more. Twin Spruce cottages are still in use, though now bypassed by the new section of Highway 101.

As tourists patronized the most comfortable and attractive facilities, those comforts increased. In 1939, when Sam Lee and his wife built eight units at Miles Crossing, they offered steam heat and complete furnishing under the elegant name of Lee's Deluxe Motel. This was the finest facility on the highway to Seaside.

Even the name "motel" was an innovation. Owners had tried hard to find an appropriate designation for this brand-new industry. Some created the name "autel" (auto-hotel), then auto court, which became "courtel", but finally "motel" (motor-hotel) survived.

One installation that did not survive was the Kiwanis campground. It became a playground for the children of the area until blackberry vines took over, and later homes were built.

'Tin grasshoppers' prove worth

Correction to last week's column on auto parks:

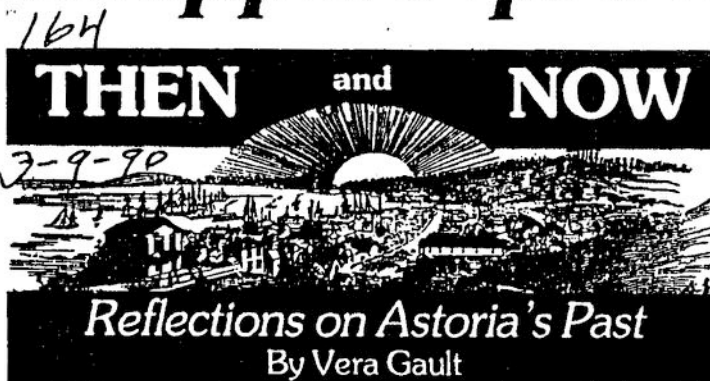
Ericksons' cottages were on West Marine Drive across from Columbia boat yard. The Kiwanis campground was farther along the bay across the highway and up the slope from present KAST radio station.

My apologies to my friends who told me right, but I wrote it wrong!

Most everyone has a vivid recollection of his first car. Stories told by oldtimers often date back to the appearance of the remarkable Ford gas wagon. Roscoe Sheller in his book, "Me and the Model T," credits the "noisy, chatter, putt-putting Model T with revolutionizing life on this planet." He further comments that it was the machine that lifted drudgery from the tired backs of men and their work animals and bridged the gap from horse and buggy transportation to our world of jet planes and space rockets. Sheller, a native of Sunnyside, Wash., and father of well-known Astorian Dorothy Churchill, wrote extensively of early times.

TODAY'S YOUTH CANNOT imagine what life was like in the prehistoric era when students walked miles to school. Now they take for granted the use of a car as their rite of passage into adulthood. But 90 years ago adults could scarcely believe that cars could ever replace horses. At any rate, they said that only the rich could afford them.

Then Henry Ford changed things. In 1896 he mounted a single cylinder motor on bicycle wheels. Later he built a "quadricycle;" then in 1908 he settled on the Model T. The common man could afford it, for it cost no more than a good team and buggy, about \$650. The common man could learn to drive it in a few minutes, and he could repair it in no more time than it took to harness and hitch a team of horses.



That was when adults responded to cars with a youthful urge to own, buying 15 million Model T's from 1908 until the last one rolled off the production line in June 1927.

With all these Fords in running order and a score of other makes tuned up, their owners were eager to travel. It's no wonder that tourism exploded. At first drivers felt venturesome merely heading their miracle machines to town on Saturday afternoon or to visit grandpa and grandma on Sunday. But such temerity soon gave way to trips to the city or to the beach. However, surely no one would dream of driving across the continent.

Yet one man did, Ralph Gugenheim, wealthy New York mine owner. He wanted to promote the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition taking place in Seattle in 1909. So he organized a motor car race from New York, offering a \$3,500 trophy cup and \$2,000 in gold to the first car arriving at the exposition grounds under its own power.

Easterners scoffed. "Gas buggies have a hard time on smooth streets," they said, "so how can they cross rivers and mountains in the uncivilized West where there are no roads at all?" But some automakers bravely seized this opportunity to show what their cars could do.

WHEN THE TIME came to sign up, Henry Ford entered two

Model T's, race numbers 1 and 2. Four other owners promptly paid the \$350 fee. Their models were heavy styles with 45-60 horsepower valued at \$4,500 each. Race entry No. 3 was a Stearns. No. 4 was an Acme; Nos. 5 and 6 a Shawmut and Itala. The crowd at the starting line jeered at the two Fords, calling them tin grasshoppers that would fall apart before they ever left town. At 3 p.m. on June 1, 1909, New York's Mayor McClellan fired a golden pistol to start the first transcontinental motor car race ever attempted.

The two Fords soon took the lead. News stories grew more exciting as the days passed. The Model Ts, fighting sand, mud and mountains, breakdowns, spills and punctures, gained respect and admiration with each tortuous mile. The two were still ahead when they chugged into Pocatello, Idaho, on the 17th day.

Author Sheller in "Me and the Model T" describes the mighty race especially as it related to his first-hand experience. In 1909 he was a 20-year-old clerk-bookkeeper in a Sunnyside hardware store near Yakima, Wash. "When the news came that No. 2 had crossed the Columbia River to Kennewick and was on its way up the valley, excitement swept the community like a brush fire. The crowd gathered at the end of Sixth Street in Sunnyside where wagon tracks followed the high-tension power line. Dust was

sighted far down the pole line.

"'Here she comes!' someone shouted. Soon a fenderless, brass-nosed, mud-smeared Model T skeleton with a front seat for two and a rear platform piled with tires, both worn and new, roared up beside us and chattered to a stop. Two goggled, duster-clad occupants with caps pulled low and plastered with mud sprang out. 'Can we get water?' were their first words."

THE PAIR DRANK deeply, drizzled water into the cooling radiator, then one leaped into the driver's seat, the other cranked up then jumped into the already moving vehicle, and they blasted off toward Seattle and the prize of gold. They suffered a seven-hour delay when they struck a boulder hidden in the snow and mud of the Cascades.

When they came to an impassible stretch, they took to the railroad track, driving for miles on the bumpy ties. At noon on June 23, Model T No. 2 jubilantly rolled to the finish line at the Exposition grounds. The "tin grasshopper" had traveled 4,106 miles across the continent on its own power. The Shalmut arrived 17 hours later, followed shortly by Model T No. 1.

Model T No. 1 had been in first place until Pocatello when it lost 24 hours because of being misdirected. It was in second place when it arrived in Walla Walla but again lost time when given the wrong instructions through Horse Heaven Hills on the way to Prosser, so it was third at the finish line. One week later the Acme arrived in Seattle and the Itala followed later aboard a freight car. The Stearns never made it out of New York.

News stories of the Great Race stirred motorists across the nation. They felt challenged to speed along the prairies and conquer the mountain passes as the heroic race drivers had done. One of these was young Astorian Sam Lee. His story next week.

Across the nation in a tin lizzie

From the beginning of time, youths have had a great yen to see what's beyond the horizon.

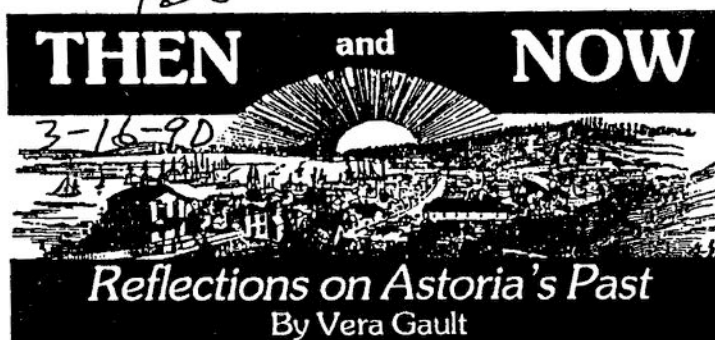
One such youth was Astoria's Sam Lee, who in his teens had a Model T Ford and an unquenchable desire to travel. A strong young man who willingly gave a hard day's work for the going day's pay (usually about \$2), he had saved his money so he could buy his own car and "see the world."

In 1909 a travel event excited the nation, especially car owners. Two daring young men had won the Great Auto Race by driving their Model T Ford all the way from New York to Seattle in 23 days. Every Model T owner in the country envisioned himself doing the same, including Sam Lee.

It seemed that he and other youthful drivers talked of little else as they drove their touring cars and runabouts all over the countryside on the few hard surfaced roads, many graveled roads, planked roads, corduroy roads and just plain mud. All the while they wondered how those two racing cars got across the mountains where there were no roads at all. Sam Lee aimed to find out.

He and Tommy Bruce working together at the Astoria port docks talked about cars and trips over every lunch pail. In a year's time they completed their plan to drive across the continent. If the racers could do it, why not they? Besides, roads had been improved in the 10 years since the Great Race had caused travel to explode.

TO BEGIN, SAM sold his old Model T and the two bought a 1917 used one. They gradually accumulated necessities, a pup tent, a box for frying pans and groceries, a little oil burner, a car repair kit and a two-gallon can for emergency gasoline. They didn't have much money left, but that was no problem, for they planned



to work their way across the country. They packed and repacked until the items fit like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. Then one fine morning in June 1919, they hung their canvas waterbag outside their "tin lizzie," leaped into the seat and shouted "We're off!"

Since to see the sights was the main purpose of their undertaking, the adventurers headed for San Francisco, whose bright lights always drew North Coasters like a magnet. When they arrived crowds waving flags and blowing horns jammed the streets. The boys couldn't understand why they were being given such a joyous welcome until they learned that on that very day, California had voted "dry," and prohibitionists were celebrating.

With a couple of days in the city, the two were itching to get on the road again. After a stop at Lake Tahoe, they headed for Yellowstone Park. But by the time they reached St. Anthony, Idaho, they needed money. The town was putting in new streets, so getting brief work was no problem. Yellowstone was calling, but they found getting there was difficult.

THEY MET UP with the worst road conditions of the trip in Wyoming. The trail was an abandoned railroad grade where torn-out ties had left deep cross-ruts.

Chugging over miles of these ripped out the car's differential. But finally they were reveling in the beauties of the park. They traveled the complete loop, fed the squirrels and watched the bears invade the garbage dumps where armed guards stood on duty in case any animal headed for the crowds of tourists.

On the way to South Dakota, the boys worked in haying fields, then on to Aberdeen, where harvesting was in full swing. Tom pitched wheat bundles for \$4 a day, while Sam got \$4.50 for driving the team. Next came Kenosha, Wis., where Simmons Bed Co. was building a recreational park. The boys worked there with pick, shovel and scraper shaping the baseball diamond.

Chicago was next. All along the way they had pitched their tent and done their cooking along the roadsides, on schoolhouse grounds and farmyards. But in Chicago they took a hotel room to be close to city action.

At last they worked their way into New York. When they saw the lights of Broadway with the street at midnight as bright as noon, all the hardships of the trip melted away. Crowds from the theaters spilled into the streets. The showhouse with the largest sign of all announced performances by the

Gish sisters, but Sam and Tom decided they couldn't afford to go inside. For three days and nights they took in the city, lingering over brightly lighted shop windows with breathtaking displays.

Suddenly it was October. "We've got to head for home," they said. "There'll be snow in the mountains, but just one more thing we gotta see — Niagara Falls." From the falls they headed west. No time now to stop to work. They telegraphed home for \$50 and traveled hard and fast. Their motor ran like a top all the way, but they had to work on the distributor a couple of times and tires were wearing out (they woke one morning to find three were flat.)

THEY GOT TO Denver in good time, stayed overnight with a friend of Tom's then headed over the mountains to Salt Lake City. From then on they suffered wind and snow and temperatures of 22 degrees below zero. One night a family invited them to sleep indoors. Most of the short daylight hours they spent shoveling snow and pushing their valiant little car along whatever trail they could find.

By the time they reached Salt Lake City, they were exhausted. Sam, who had started the trip weighing 150 pounds, now weighed 115. The two had neither energy nor enthusiasm for more travel. Tin Lizzie was weary too, and her tires were worn to shreds. The boys sold her for \$125 and boarded the train for Astoria.

Now 91-year-old Sam Lee, living at 1169 Harrison St. in Astoria, is a retired landowner and former owner and operator of the City Center Motel. He tells lively tales of early automobile days and happily shows his scrapbook as he recalls what he found beyond the horizon 70 years ago.

Father's love affair with the car

In recent columns I have written of the experiences some folks have had with early cars. Now I'd like to share my own memories.

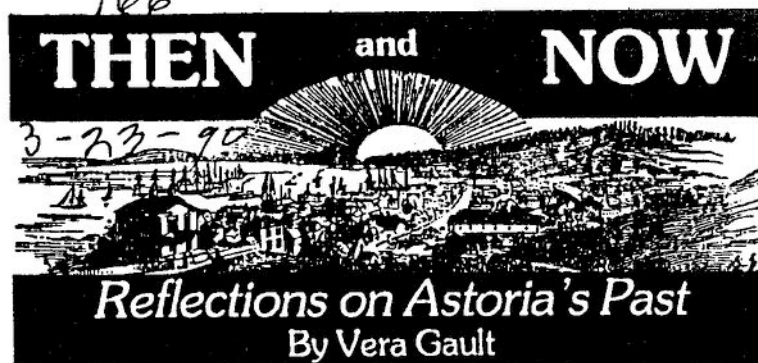
It was the summer of 1912 when I was 8 years old that I first heard my parents discussing automobiles. My father said the new invention must be a wonderful contraption. My mother said it was a rich man's plaything that could never take the place of horses.

Our family lived on a homestead on the prairies of eastern Montana. On June 29, our nearest town (pop. 650), was having a big celebration; Railroad Jubilee Day they called it, for the Northern Pacific Railroad had just completed its line from Glendive 65 miles north to Sidney, "the little jewel of the Yellowstone Valley."

My parents, 4-year-old brother Glenn and I traveled with team and wagon from our farm 30 miles west to share the excitement. Somewhere among the wagons and buggies hitched along the dusty parade street, my father spied his first automobile, starting a love affair which lasted a lifetime. From that day on he talked longingly about buying a "gas buggy."

I vividly recall one conversation which seems amazingly coincidental since now 75 years later I am in this area. We were at the supper table with the kerosene lamp in the center. My mother was reading aloud from the Sidney Herald while my father was finishing a big wedge of custard pie, both parents weary from a hard day's work.

"Charlie," mother said, "that new railroad is offering excursion rates to the Pacific Coast to go to Moclips Beach in Washington and Clatsop Beach in Oregon for only \$52.90 round trip." (I confirmed this recently in an old newspaper.) Then wistfully, "If we get a good crop this fall, let's take that trip. I've never seen the ocean. It must be a grand sight." To which my



father, who'd never seen the ocean either, replied, "Oh, the ocean is just a lot of water. I'd rather buy a new car."

PAPA GOT THE car fever even worse the very next week when the banker drove to our neighborhood in his new car. The Herald reported the event in its locals, "Mr. Thomas Gardner bubbled out to McCone Heights on Saturday to survey the farm loan situation." I was excited. This was the first time a car had ever driven into our barnyard. Papa had just come in from the field for the noonday meal. Mama quickly untied her apron and went to invite Mr. Gardner to come in. What an honor to have a banker eat with us!

Even the animals were excited. Little dog Penny was barking at the car and leaping around it as though to scare this monster away from his family. The team that Papa had left at the water trough ran for the barn dragging their lines and tugs. Papa was so engrossed in the shiny, black Studebaker that Mama had to call him twice to come in to the table, while Mr. Gardner said he would take us for a ride after we ate.

My memory of my first auto ride is one of childish terror as we whizzed down the bumpy road at 12 miles an hour generating a wind which gave me an earache. But Papa couldn't get over talking about that wonderful car. He who

scarcely ever read a newspaper now studied every car ad and reported to Mama, "Bertha, we can get a Ford touring car equipped with two oil lamps and two gas lamps for \$690 f.o.b. Detroit."

The harvest was good that fall. Papa wanted to buy a car, but Mama urged him to buy a tractor instead. "We can farm more land, raise more wheat, and make more money," she said. Time passed. The 1914 harvest was the best ever and prices were high. Papa shook his head in disbelief. "I never thought I'd live to see wheat selling for \$1.04 per bushel. Bertha, I'm going to buy our car." Mother said, "Be sure it's a Studebaker like Mr. Gardner's. That'll make the neighbors take notice. They've got Fords."

WHEN PAPA BROUGHT the new car home, it was too late to go for a ride, but he and Mama sat around the table reading the instructions and I looked at the pictures. Our treasure was a "25 hp, 4-cylinder, 5-passenger Studebaker touring car with laprobe rail, Presto-lite tank, jiffy curtains, \$985."

Next morning when Glenn and I ran but to look, Papa was already there. He had parked the car near the kitchen door headed toward the woodpile. Now he was tenderly wiping the dust from the shiny black hood and folding the top down, but Mama told him to leave

it up because it looked more dignified. After the breakfast dishes were washed, we were ready to climb in, but Papa asked us to wait till he started the motor. He cranked and cranked, finally a sputter and then a roar. Papa leaped into the driver's seat to adjust the spark, but the car jumped ahead, halfway climbing the woodpile. How Mama did laugh at him!

But Papa soon had his turn to laugh, for Mama was determined to drive that car. Papa reluctantly taught her, all the while feeling that the privilege should be only his. He also built a lean-to onto the granary to serve as a garage. (In those days, we pronounced the word garage as in carriage.)

After a few trials around the barnyard, Mama decided she was ready to drive into the garage and park. She entered just fine, but couldn't remember how to stop. Like countless other frustrated drivers making the transition from horses to horsepower, she pulled mightily on the steering wheel shouting, "Whoa, whoa," as she pushed out the entire wall on the other side. That was my father's favorite story for years.

For the next three decades my parents traded up for one shiny black Studebaker after another. But in the 1940s when it was time to update, no black Studebaker was readily available. My father said that with so many colored cars on the road, a black one looked like a hearse anyway, but Mother said that black was more dignified, so they settled on a black Mercury. After my mother's death in 1954, my father came from Walla Walla to share my home in Camas, Wash. During his final illness in 1958, he wanted to be sure that the black Mercury was parked where he could see it from his bedroom window. His love affair with cars had lasted for 45 years.

Astor never saw namesake town

To many people details of Astoria's origins are an old story. However, receptionists at the museums tell me that a frequent question is, "Where in town did the Astors live?"

The answer is that the original Astor family never lived in Astoria. In fact, they never saw the place. The founding of Astoria as a fur trading post on the western edge of the continent was a money-making venture initiated by John Jacob Astor in his office in New York City. The post remained in his ownership for only two and a half years. However, later generations of the Astor family have visited Astoria and by their interest and generosity have enriched the life of the community.

John Jacob Astor (1763-1848), born in Walldorf, Germany, migrated to New York City at age 20. He brought with him musical instruments which his brother had made to sell to gain his start in the New World. He soon found a family who ran a bakery from which he sold pastries on the street for his room and board.

New York in 1803 had a population of 23,000 whose chief occupation was shipping. Astor early learned the best place to sell pelts is on the docks where sailing ships loaded with furs were leaving for faraway ports. He saw Indians and trappers exchanging fine pelts for a pound of beads or a couple of coins. He calculated the shipping merchants were realizing a profit of at least 1,000 percent. Astor decided to go into the fur business.

FIRST HE HIRED out to a furrier who taught him how to grade and bundle pelts. Then with his bedroll and bag of trade goods, he set out on foot for the wilds of northern New York state and Canada to deal directly with the trappers. For months at a time he pitted his life against the rigors of the weather and the hunger of wolves. Always he brought back more and more furs.

In the meantime, John Jacob had



met and married Sarah Todd, daughter of a boarding house matron who let the couple use two rooms for their home. Sarah, as ambitious as her husband, retained one room for living quarters and set up shop in the other for continued sale of music instruments and a few special pelts. And so they lived for 16 years and the birth of eight children, three of whom died young.

During those years, Astor had been closely studying the big fur companies, mainly Hudson's Bay and the North West. They were making astronomical profits in foreign markets. So he stopped going into the woods, hired runners to bring the pelts dockside and supplied full cargoes for departing ships. By 1800, pelts bearing the Astor trademark were being delivered to the ports of the world.

THE NEXT STEP was to outfit his own ships and send them to the most lucrative market of all, China. From there they brought back rich brocades, rare porcelain and tea. Then it was that Sarah persuaded her husband they could afford a large house for the family and farm land where the children could play.

Buying the farm gave Astor a new idea. The city had grown to 50,000 inhabitants. It had expanded a mile to the north in the 17 years he had lived there, so he bought more farm land and still more. He built commercial buildings and apartment houses where New York City with its present population of 14 million now sits on some of the

world's most valuable real estate. Astor carried his records with him and personally collected every rental. The more money he made, the more he wanted to make. By the end of 20 years, the immigrant Astor had become the nation's first millionaire.

Still he wanted more. Seeing the Canadian fur companies breaking through to the West Coast challenged him to do the same. He went to President Jefferson seeking exclusive charter rights to do business across the continent, explaining such commerce would extend American domain and add new states to the Union. The president agreed and pronounced Astor "a most worthy man." Even though Astor's aim was to establish a fur monopoly and make more money in trade with China, 30 years later his venture at the mouth of the Columbia provided one of the nation's chief claims to the Oregon Territory.

AS THE FIRST step, Astor organized the Pacific Fur Trading Company, retaining half the shares and selling the others to partners. He outfitted a merchant ship, the Tonquin, which left New York Sept. 6, 1810, with 33 passengers, including five shareholders, and 21 crew members. The ship entered the Columbia River March 22, 1811. The trip had been a tortuous one, largely because of the brutality of Captain Thorne, who, upon the slightest infraction of his rigid and erratic rules, flogged all members of the party, even the

passengers and shareholders who had paid their passage.

After several days' search, the partners decided upon a suitable location, the spot now marked by Fort Astoria Park on Exchange Street between 15th and 16th. There they established their trading post and called it Astoria in honor of its founder. Captain Thorne hurriedly sailed the Tonquin on to Vancouver Island where, in an altercation with the Indians, the ship was blown up and all perished except one Indian scout who made his way to Astoria with the sad story. Astor sent another ship, the Beaver, which also unloaded supplies and hastened north. A third ship, the Lark, was wrecked near the Sandwich Islands (Hawaii) as it was en route to the Astorians with supplies.

Astor had also commissioned an overland party under the direction of Wilson Price Hunt to explore locations for the chain of fur trading posts he envisioned. But its members got lost in the mountains and finally straggled into the Astoria settlement more dead than alive.

In the meantime, the War of 1812 was in progress. The security of the lonely little outpost named Astoria was threatened when word came that a British sloop-of-war, the Raccoon, was advancing up the coast to capture the installation. The partners, preferring to sell out than be shelled out, hastily sold the post to the British-owned North West Fur Company which Astor had originally hoped to put out of business. The new owners quickly ran up the British flag and renamed the place Fort George.

So in the space of two and a half years, Astor had lost two ships, an investment of nearly a million dollars and his dream of a fur-trading empire. Later he commented, "My plan was right, but my men were weak. The gateway to China will be from the Northwest. Time will vindicate my reasoning."

(More next week)

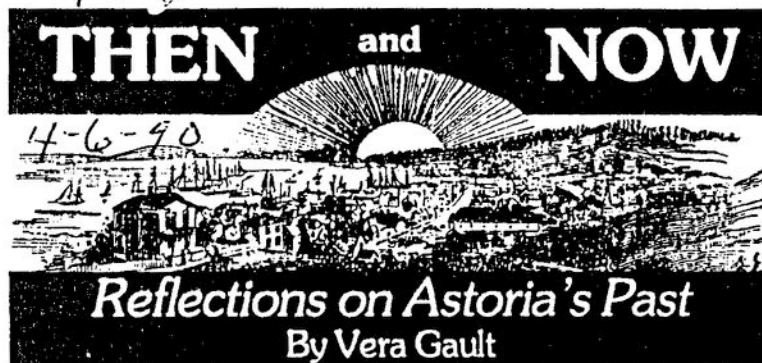
When John Jacob Astor (1763-1848) migrated from Germany to America in 1783, he soon observed furs being shipped to foreign ports at enormous profits. He decided to become a fur merchant.

Before long Astor was the region's top expert on the grading and bundling of furs, much sought after by shippers. Eventually he bought his own ship and then a succession of others. Within 20 years John Jacob Astor had become America's first millionaire.

During those years Astor envisioned a fur trading empire from the Atlantic to the Pacific in which he would have a monopoly on the trade. Accordingly he organized the Pacific Fur Company and sent the ship Tonquin with partners and crew to establish the farthest station. The partners chose a likely spot at the mouth of the Columbia River (now marked by Fort Astoria Park at 15th and Exchange) and started to trade with the Indians. During the War of 1812, the partners, fearing an attack by the British, sold out to the British-owned North West Fur Company, who renamed the place Fort George. Thus Astor's dream of a trading empire came to an end. Then he turned his attention to real estate.

ASTOR REALIZED THAT New York City, with a rapidly growing immigrant population, would have to expand, so he started buying farm land on Manhattan Island north of the city. On it he built office buildings and apartment houses that became crowded tenements, all promptly rented. Or he rented vacant land for others to build on, then increased the rent as the builders improved the sites. Eventually his rental income totaled \$1 million per year. The land itself became some of the world's most valuable real estate.

The older Astor became, the more he guarded his money, often delaying payment to employees, pleading that he was near bankruptcy. He carried a notebook



listing the amount of each rental and its due date, always collecting the last penny. Even in his last illness he worried so much about a delinquent renter that his son, William Backhouse Astor, gave the amount to the collection agent who then reported that the rent was paid.

Even though to the public Astor was a miser, to his family he was a warm and lively father. Upon his death he remembered each member, even the in-laws, with generous bequests. He gave \$50,000 to his hometown of Walldorf, Germany, for a home for the poor. He gave \$400,000 to establish the Astor Library, forerunner of present New York City Library, which newspapers declared was a mere pittance compared to his wealth. The bulk of his \$20 million estate went to his son, William Backhouse Astor (the middle name honored one of John Jacob's early benefactors). William, being as shrewd and frugal as his father, doubled the fortune within a few years, then tripled it.

WILLIAM AND HIS wife, Margaret, had seven children. Two daughters died early. Upon William's death in 1875, the two remaining inherited \$1 million each. A smaller amount went to the youngest son, Henry, who had become a country recluse (he married the gardener's daughter). The bulk of the \$50 million went to the two older sons, John Jacob III and William Backhouse Jr. They were the generation that

began to spend the Astor fortune. Both men indulged in luxury yachts and sports clubs. They didn't like each other much, but they built mansions side by side on Fifth Avenue because to do so freed more land for rentals. They bought cheap land upstate and built 50-room summer "cottages." Their wives excelled in elaborate dinners and debutante balls for their daughters while they greeted their guests so bedecked in diamonds that one columnist observed there was scarcely a need for artificial lighting.

As one might expect, the two women competed mightily in their extravaganzas. However, John's wife, Charlotte, gradually gave more attention to her literary clubs and charities, while William Jr.'s wife, Caroline, was determined to rule New York's "upper crust." She devised a guest list of 400 blue-blooded elite, while others scurried to trace their heritage to some noble source, hoping that they too might eventually qualify. Thus originated the term "The Four Hundred" as the peak of social attainment. Caroline also refused any mail except that addressed only to "Mrs. Astor," implying that no other Astor woman was worthy of recognition.

IN THE MEANTIME, their husbands, the two Astor brothers, died in 1890 and 1892, and the next generation took over. John III and Charlotte had reared one son, William Waldorf. John's brother, William Backhouse Jr., and his wife had three daughters and one

son, John IV. The two male cousins disliked each other even more than their fathers had, but they were bound together by their shared fortunes.

Finally the relations between the two families became too caustic for the older cousin, William Waldorf. He felt that his mother and wife were being overlooked and outdone by his aunt, Caroline Astor. Besides that, he himself had twice failed in bids for political office. So on one fine day in 1890, he gathered his family and moved to London to settle in the rarefied environs of nobility while continuing to tend his share of New York real estate.

Since William Waldorf Astor, living in England, no longer needed his New York mansion, he had it demolished and the Waldorf Hotel, grandest in the country, built in its place; next door, of course, to Aunt Caroline's mansion. This infuriated her and son John IV. She immediately built a more palatial place with gold doorknobs set with diamonds farther uptown, while John said he would build stables next to the Waldorf.

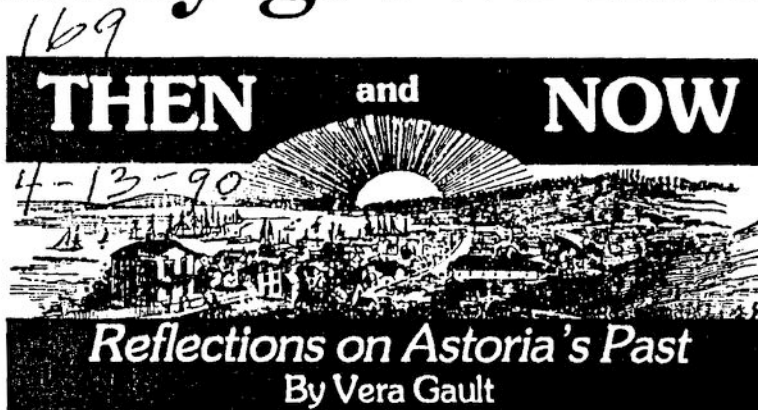
Instead, he built a grander hotel, the Astoria, where his mother's house had stood. The two cousins who could usually agree where profits were concerned connected the two and gave the combined hostelry of 1,000 rooms the hyphenated name Waldorf-Astoria, which the "in" group impartially referred to as "I'll meet you at the hyphen."

The 300-foot marble promenade connecting the two soon garnered the name Peacock Alley, where as many as 25,000 elite strolled each day to see and be seen arrayed in their finery. In 1930 both hotels were torn down to make way for the Empire State Building, 1,414 feet tall with 102 stories.

Thus came about the division of the Astor family, one branch in England, the other in the United States. Both sections have contributed to the life of Astoria, the settlement the original John Jacob Astor started nearly 200 years ago.

(More next week.)

Astor family grows in Europe



In 1811 John Jacob Astor, New York fur merchant, sent two expeditions, one by land and one by sea, to establish a trading post at the mouth of the Columbia River. Though the Astoria venture was a financial failure for Astor, it must surely be one of his most enduring landmarks, for the isolated little settlement provided a significant claim in securing the Oregon country for the United States. Astor's fortune in New York investments continued to grow until by the time of his death in 1848, his estate was an estimated \$20 million.

Astor's son, William Backhouse, doubled and tripled the family holdings. Astor's grandsons, John Jacob III and William Backhouse Jr. began to spend their inheritance. In the 1850s they built marble mansions which in the 1890s were demolished to build the 1,000-room Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, which in 1930 gave way to the Empire State Building. Meanwhile, they and their families were building and occupying various other palatial residences and vacationing on yachts requiring at least 30 crewmen.

Then came the grandchildren. John Jacob III had a son, William Waldorf. His brother, William Jr., had four daughters and a son, John Jacob IV. The two male cousins continued to increase the family fortune (including the building of the famous hotel). They enjoyed their sports clubs while their wives competed in social extravaganzas.

In 1890, feeling unappreciated in the United States, William Waldorf Astor took his family to England. There the Golden Age of the British Astors began. William Waldorf soon purchased the Cliveden mansion on the Thames River for \$1.5 million, then spent \$6 million refurbishing it. There he entertained King Edward VII, son of Queen Victoria, and other members of royalty. Within the next few years he gave hundreds of thousands of dollars to Oxford and

Cambridge universities. Similar amounts went to hospitals and orphanages, causing one news account to refer to him as "that most generous American gentleman."

Astors in England have attended English universities, been elected to Parliament, and molded public opinion by ownership of the London Times and other influential publications.

IN 1903, WILLIAM Waldorf established the family even more firmly in their adopted home. He bought the 13th-century Haver Castle near London, parental home of the tragic Anne Boleyn, second wife of Henry VIII. The place had been vacant for years except for the portion occupied by a farm family and their animals. William Waldorf proceeded to turn the establishment into a modern baronial estate at a cost of \$10 million. In 1905 he made the adoption of his new country complete by becoming a British citizen. In 1916 King George bestowed upon William Waldorf Astor the title of baron. The next year he was elevated to viscount, a hereditary title now carried by his great-grandson, Waldorf VIII, born

in 1952.

After the death of his wife, William Waldorf moved to a house in London. He gave the Cliveden mansion to his older son, Waldorf, who had married the American divorcee, Nancy Langhorne Shaw, who later became the first female member of Parliament. He gave Haver Castle to his second son, John Jacob Astor V, who lived there with his wife, Violet, and sons Gavin, Hugh and John. This is the branch of the family that has visited Astoria (more of that later).

Throughout their five generations in England the Astor family has grown as sons carry on the name and have more sons. They have attended English universities, been elected to Parliament, and molded public opinion by ownership of the London Times and other influential publications. They have created the Astor Foundation which gives generous support to numerous philanthropies. Altogether, the name Astor in England denotes nobility and public service.

BUT WHAT ABOUT the Astors who remained in the United States? With her competition moved to England, Caroline Astor (known as the Mrs. Astor) reigned supreme in New York society. Husband William Backhouse Jr. continued to count his rentals and enjoy his clubs, while their one son, John Jacob IV, grew up as "the poor little rich boy" who

seldom saw his parents. In due time he married a debutante who ambitiously joined her mother-in-law in the social scene. The marriage produced a son, William Vincent, whose mother displayed only an intense dislike for the hapless child. After 19 years of marital bitterness, his father got a divorce from "the social butterfly who flitted from New York Europe and back again, always surrounded by adoring young men."

During those 19 years, John Jacob IV, who became known as Jack, had busied himself with his yachts and that new-fangled invention, the automobile, stocking his garage with 18 cars at one time. He contributed funds and loaned his yacht to the Navy in support of the Spanish-American War. He entered the Army a fully equipped and manned artillery battery thereby gaining the rank of lieutenant colonel; he carried the title of colonel and wore the uniform with immense pride.

Within a year after his divorce Col. Jack Astor was married again. Because he was divorced, he had to pay a clergyman \$1,000 before he found one who would perform the ceremony. His bride, younger than his son, Vincent, was a small-town girl whom he had met at Bar Harbor, Maine. They departed immediately for a European honeymoon. When they returned, they were cruelly snubbed by the socialites, so they promptly went back for a second honeymoon. In the spring of 1912, they took passage again for New York this time on the ill-fated Titanic.

On April 16, 1912, (78 years ago next Wednesday) newspapers screamed the news of the worst maritime disaster in history. The British luxury ship Titanic had slammed into an iceberg off Newfoundland. Only 675 of its 2,000 passengers had survived.

(More about the Astors next week.)

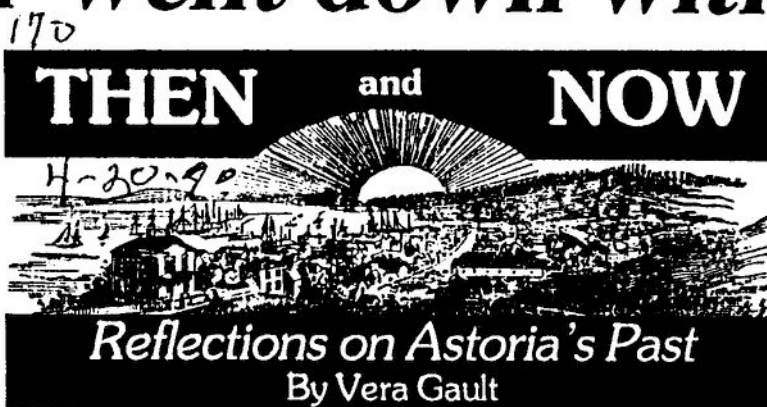
An Astor went down with 'Titanic'

John Jacob Astor, the New York fur merchant whose company in 1811 established Astoria as the first permanent American settlement west of the Rockies, has always been a fascinating subject for Astorians. So too have been the names and doings of successive members of the Astor family. This week's column continues the series with the fourth generation.

In 1909 John Jacob Astor IV, whose friends called him Colonel Jack, divorced Ava, his socialite wife, after 18 years of marital misery. In 1911 Jack remarried. His bride, Madeleine, was the 18-year-old daughter of a Brooklyn shipping clerk, two years younger than Astor's son, William Vincent. Astor tried to introduce his young wife to the fashionable world, but society turned its back.

After spending a year's honeymoon in Europe, Colonel Jack decided to brave a return to New York, for Madeleine was in a "delicate condition." Accordingly they booked passage with 2,000 others on the British liner the Titanic, the "most elegant vessel ever put to sea." After midnight on its fourth day out, the mammoth ship jammed into an iceberg and sank two and a half hours later. Inadequate lifeboats took on only women and children. Madeleine Astor was among the 622 rescued, while John Jacob IV went down with the ship, bravely waving goodbye as the lifeboats drifted away.

FRONT PAGE NEWS stories in the days that followed reported many acts of heroism. A copy of an old Sacramento, Calif., newspaper brought to me recently by my friends Steven and Ann Farley featured two such accounts about the Astors. "When Colonel Astor had assisted his tearful young wife and her maid into a lifeboat, he tried to put in a young boy, but the sailors refused to let him in, saying the room left was only for girl children. The colonel then picked up a woman's hat lying on the deck and pulled it down on the little boy's head saying, 'Here, little girl, jump in.' The officers let



the boy go through while Astor stood on the deck waving goodbye."

Another report given by a survivor: "Colonel Astor assisted his wife into a lifeboat, then seeing no other woman waiting got into the boat with her . . . The boat was about to be lowered when a woman came running out of the companionway. Col. Astor stepped out and assisted her into the space he had occupied. Mrs. Astor tried to get out of the boat to stay with her husband, but he patted her on the back and said, 'Ladies must go first.'"

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This shocking tragedy rocked the world. Even out on the barren prairies of eastern Montana, I as an 8-year-old child felt its impact. My mother regularly ordered books and sheet music from Sears Roebuck. That summer a sales sheet touted the newest hits, one being the song "The Wreck of the Titanic."

MY MOTHER LOVED its dramatic quality, playing it on our parlor organ and singing with great feeling. The song began in waltz time indicating the happy evening on shipboard. Then came a soft

slumber song followed by a crash of chords, ending with the hymn "Nearer, My God, to Thee," which grew fainter as the ship sank to its watery grave — and I sat by the organ weeping.

All this happened 78 years ago, Thursday, April 16, 1912. Through the years various search teams tried to locate the Titanic. Five years ago Nova Scotian and French researchers discovered the vessel, mostly intact, resting on the ocean floor.

Now back to the Astors. According to family tradition, Colonel Jack had made William Vincent, son of his first marriage, prime heir to his \$87 million fortune with a \$5 million trust fund for second wife Madeleine and \$3 million for their unborn child. Thus 21-year-old Vincent became the youngest administrator of the U.S. Astor fortune.

Young Vincent was also the first U.S. Astor to display a keen social conscience. He really wanted to help people. He abolished the disgraceful tenements that had fed the family coffers for four generations, replacing them with respectable apartments. He founded a home near his country place for emotionally disturbed children and built a playground in the Bronx for inner-city children. He added 3,000 acres to his country holdings, turning a third of it over to the government for agricultural experimentation. He bought and took great pride in publishing the trustworthy Newsweek magazine.

VINCENT ASTOR BECAME

close friends with Hyde Park neighbor Franklin Delano Roosevelt, then assistant secretary of the Navy. He was also close friends with a neighbor family, the Huntingdons, eventually marrying daughter Helen. It seemed an unsuitable union, but they stayed together for 25 years. In 1940 they got a friendly divorce and he married Minnie Cushing who divorced him 12 years later.

Vincent Astor described himself first of all as a "true-blood" American. During World War I, he and wife Helen both served overseas. In World War II, he was in uniform the day after Pearl Harbor with the hush-hush task of recruiting and supervising fishing craft all along the Atlantic Coast to report movements of suspicious craft, a highly successful operation. At the war's end, Vincent was promoted to the rank of Navy captain and awarded the Victory Medal.

In 1953 Vincent Astor married for the third time. His bride was the charming 50-year-old widow Brooke Marshall, whose husband had been president of the Brook Club and Vincent's close friend. The two had six years of happy marriage before Vincent died in 1959 at age 68.

William Vincent Astor had almost equaled his great-grandfather, William Backhouse Astor, who had doubled the family fortune. By wise investment Vincent had increased his fortune to \$129 million. There was great speculation about his will. The original John Jacob Astor had decreed that the family millions should always remain in family control, each generation passing it on to the next in trust.

But patriarch John Jacob I never envisioned that five generations down the line an Astor would die without children. So what did Vincent do? He gave half the estate to his wife, Brooke, and gave the other half to the Vincent Astor Foundation "for the alleviation of human suffering."

(The Astors and Astoria next week.)

How Astors benefited Astoria

The name Astor has carried an aura of wealth ever since 1800, when immigrant John Jacob Astor became America's first millionaire. When the family split in 1890, the branch moving to England soon gained the status of nobility with an increasing number of male offspring earning notice in public service. In New York the prominence of the family name faded when William Vincent Astor died childless in 1959.

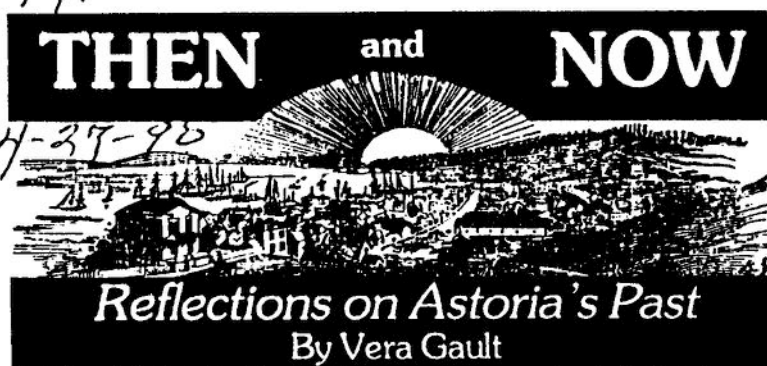
Both branches (of the Astor family) have discarded the miserly practices of the original John Jacob Astor seven generations ago, for they have distributed their wealth with generosity on both sides of the Atlantic. In fact, because of their support of charities and enormous taxes paid to both U.S. and British governments, the Astor family is no longer among the world's richest, though as one member expressed it, "We are comfortable." This to most of us, I'm sure, would seem a vast understatement.

Both branches of the family are aware of Astoria. They realize the significance of their forefather's contribution to the nation when the fur trading post he established entered history as the first permanent American settlement west of the Rockies.

As one Astor has said, "If it were not for the post of Astoria, California might now be a part of Canada." Even though the settlement operated briefly as Fort George under British ownership, it maintained continuous activity as a trading post and ships' landing, then sprang into rapid growth with the coming of the pioneers in the 1840s.

The next recorded contact with the Astors came in 1911 when Astoria was planning a big centennial celebration. Among the nationally famous names on the guest list was that of John Jacob Astor IV, great-grandson of Astoria's founder.

At first John Jacob IV accepted the invitation, but later sent regrets.



Now in reading the family history, I observe that was the time when Astor had married his second wife and was setting out on a European honeymoon. However, his letter graciously expressed his good wishes for the success of the event and enclosed a check for \$10,000 to help with expenses. Eight months later (April 1912) John Jacob IV lost his life in the tragic sinking of the Titanic while returning from his honeymoon.

Both branches (of the Astor family) have discarded the miserly practices of the original John Jacob seven generations ago.

THE NEXT CONTACT Astoria had with a member of the Astor family was in 1922. Just a week after the big fire which demolished much of downtown Astoria, a check for \$5,000 came from the Astor office in New York. It was sent by William Vincent, the young son of the deceased John Jacob IV then in charge of his father's fortune. The check marked "fire relief" was accompanied by a letter expressing sympathy for the people of Astoria.

Two years later, the Astorian-Budget carried 3-inch headlines excitedly announcing that the Great

Northern Railway Company and Vincent Astor of New York City were collaborating in the building of a "gigantic, \$150,000 monument on Coxcomb Hill. This will commemorate the discovery of the Columbia River by Robert Gray, the exploration of the Pacific Northwest by Lewis and Clark and the funding of Astoria by John Jacob Astor."

More than 150 public figures from across the nation came by special train to attend the dedication ceremonies on July 21, 1926, but Vincent Astor was not among them. A family member, Mrs. Richard Aldrich, represented the Astors.

In 1925 a new school building in Uppertown replaced the old Adair building. It was given the new name of John Jacob Astor School, thus completing the plan of giving a historical name to each Astoria school. A letter was sent to Vincent Astor telling him of this recognition of his family and that the city park surrounding the column on Coxcomb Hill henceforth would be known as the John Jacob Astor Memorial Park.

IN 1932, WHEN the Great Depression was depriving many worthy students of higher education, Lord Waldorf Astor of London, through contact with Gov. A.W. Norbald, hometown Astoria, established a trust fund of \$5,000. Interest was to be made available

to worthy students of Clatsop County and administered in part by the Presbyterian Church. The fund, still in operation, has provided welcome supplemental funds for almost 60 years.

The next year, 1933, Astoria school children were trying to raise money for a silver plaque for the new cruiser Astoria. Mayor J.C. Ten Brook wrote Vincent Astor telling of their endeavor. In reply Astor sent a check for \$200 along with his best wishes for successful launching. In 1935 the English Astors sent \$2,000 to restore the frieze on the Astoria Column.

In 1960 John Jacob Astor V, Baron of Hever, and his wife, Lady Violet, came to Astoria for the bi-centennial celebration (150 years since the establishment of Astoria). Also as guests came their son, Gavin, and his wife, Lady Irene, with 14-year-old Johnny (John Astor VIII).

At that time and in the years following, the family gave checks totaling \$100,000 to be used as a living memorial (no marble statue to their forebear, the original John Jacob Astor).

Naturally most every group in town had its favorite suggestion for the use of the money. Mayor Harry Steinbock astutely formed a local committee to consider the feasibility of the ideas. Finally the list was narrowed to three: a scenic park along the waterfront, a combination community-senior center and public library. The library was chosen. With the Astor money as nucleus, government grants and generous community support provided additional funds to build the \$379,000 structure on 10th Street now in its 23rd year as Astoria's public library. Once again the Astors came from London to participate in a public event — the dedication ceremonies in September 1967.

(Conclusion next week.)

Astor descendants visited city

5-4-90

(Conclusion of series on the Astors)

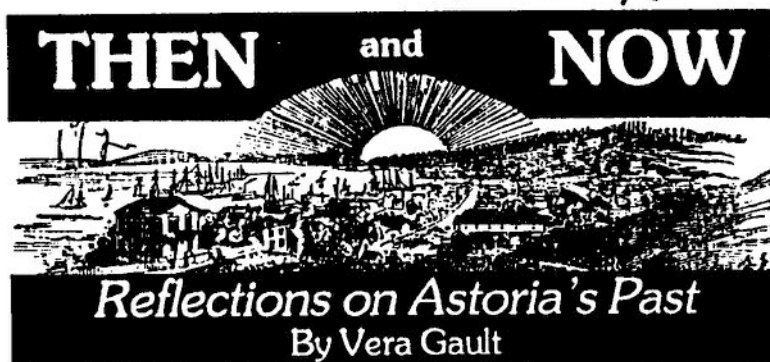
When the Astors came from London to Astoria for the sesquicentennial celebration in 1961, they later said they were overwhelmed by the warmth of their reception. Lord John Jacob V and Lady Violet with their 14-year-old grandson, Johnny (JJA VIII) arrived in Portland in late afternoon.

Mayor Harry Steinbock, his wife, Mary, and other local and state officials were on hand to greet them. And so was a bevy of reporters giving the arrival nationwide news coverage. Photos showed Lady Violet receiving flowers at the airport and the Steinbocks with the Astors in the lobby of the Benson Hotel. The Steinbocks didn't get much sleep that night for they drove to the airport at 2:30 a.m. to meet the Hon. Gavin Astor and Lady Irene who for reasons of family security had not traveled with their parents and son.

The next day more photos, more flowers and the trip by motorcade to Astoria. The Astors were established in the guest quarters of Bumble Bee administration building at the foot of Sixth Street with a housekeeper to care for their needs.

For the duration of the celebration they delighted in the river view and participated enthusiastically in the festivities. Various host couples took them sightseeing. The men got in some golfing while the ladies were honored at tea at the Steinbock home and various luncheons.

YOUNG JOHN WAS excited about all the new surroundings and activities and local teen-agers were excited about him. During one program he was given special attention for his presence and was invited to be sure to attend the city's 200th celebration 50 years in the future (2011) to which he might bring his own grandchildren. All in all, it was a week of friendship and fun. The Astors said they felt right at home in the community their ancestor had



established 150 years earlier.

During the Astors' visit, Mayor Steinbock remarked to Lord Astor that Astorians were wishing for a living memorial by which to honor the city's founder. To which Lord Astor replied, "That's a splendid ideal!" Consequently, during that time and the year following, the family gave checks totaling \$100,000 to provide a memorial which would be of ongoing service to the city of Astoria.

The 200-year saga of the Astor family is the foundation of the history of Astoria. Knowledge of it adds to the significance of our roots.

From the many suggestions for the use of the Astor money, committees finally chose the building of the public library as rendering the greatest service to the most people. The Veterans' Memorial Fund and gifts from the American Legion, Clatsop Post 12, generous citizens and federal and city grants added to the Astor nucleus made a total of \$379,000.

THIS PAID FOR the building of the library which was ready for dedication six years later, so the Astors were invited again. However, for this occasion only the Hon. Gavin and Lady Irene came.

The dedication program was held on Sunday afternoon, Oct. 8, 1967, in the main expanse of the library. Dr. Robert Neikes, chairman of the library board,

welcomed the standing-room-only crowd. The Hon. Gavin Astor spoke briefly and Thomas McCall, governor of Oregon, gave the address, after which Ernest Brown, architect, made the presentation of the building to Mayor Steinbock and Librarian Bruce Berney who accepted for the city of Astoria.

Since that occasion some younger members of the Astor family have visited here, always with requests for no publicity. On such brief visits they contact the Steinbocks who have remained warm family friends; they pay their respects to Mayor Edith Henningsgaard and stop at the library. When young John VIII and his wife, Fiona, came in 1970, he remarked that he felt like he was making a pilgrimage and that the family thinks of Astoria with a great deal of sentiment.

On the other hand, some Astorians in Europe have contacted the Astors. In 1963, Mayor Steinbock and his wife and Councilman Frank Thorsness and his wife, Nancy, journeyed to Walldorf, Germany, for the celebration of the 200th birthday of the original John Jacob Astor and to make Walldorf, birthplace of Astor, become Astoria's sister city. Gavin Astor came from London to represent the family and to visit family members living there. Following the ceremonies, the four Astorians were invited to visit the Astors at Hever Castle south of London.

IN 1970 A group of 23 Astorians led by Mayor Steinbock visited Walldorf and again went on

to England where they were guests at Hever Castle. Four years later Gavin Astor, because of looming taxes and cost of upkeep, could no longer support the castle. It is now public property open as a tourist attraction.

In 1971 Astoria felt a sense of loss when Lord Astor died at age 85; then again in 1984 when Gavin Astor, age 66, died of cancer at his home in Scotland. To Astoria the Astors have been warm and generous friends. To England they are highly respected citizens now engaged in farming and various business enterprises. As one Astor recently was quoted, "My children are not going to be able to sit around and live off their inheritance."

In the United States the prominence of the Astor name faded when Vincent Astor died in 1959. His half-brother Jack (JJA VI), born after his father perished with the Titanic, spent most of his inheritance on cars and alimony and now lives a secluded life in Florida. Jack's son is a financial consultant in Vermont; his daughter works in the real estate department of Sotheby, Parke, Bernet in Manhattan.

Vincent Astor's widow, Brooke, is administrator for the Vincent Astor Foundation, dispensing funds mostly to schools, hospitals and playgrounds in New York City, believing the money should benefit the area where it was made.

The 200-year saga of the Astor family is the foundation of the history of Astoria. Knowledge of it adds to the significance of our roots. One Astor has summed up the family thus: "The first generations made the money. The next generations spent it and recent generations have given it away." Astoria is a part of that history.

(Readers wishing to know more about the Astors may consult sources at the Astoria Public Library from which much of the information for these columns has been gained, especially the following: *The Astors, Cowles, 1979; and Dynasty, The Astors and Their Times, Sinclair, 1984.*)

Memories of brother Glenn

DAILY ASTORIAN, 5-11-90

THEN and NOW



Reflections on Astoria's Past By Vera Gault

repaid Mamma for her extra effort.

When Glenn was 9 months old, my parents decided the new homestead land of eastern Montana offered a brighter future. We traveled with other settlers in one of James Hill's immigrant trains which delivered families, farm equipment and livestock, all on the same run. We lived first in an abandoned log cabin while Papa did the spring plowing and built us a small house.

**When Glenn first
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Thus at age 5 I became Glenn's caretaker while Mamma planted garden and tended chickens and pigs. As he grew out of babyhood, one of his chief delights was for me to pull him around the yard in his little red wagon or play "horsy" with him using my two long braids as reins. Whenever we rode in the buggy, he laid his sleepy head on my shoulder while Mamma drove.

ON THE FARM Glenn and I shared every experience in a little brother-big sister fashion. I remember one poignant time. Midwinter temperatures were dropping that morning when Papa decided he should make the overnight trip to Savage to get a load of coal. In midafternoon Mamma, knowing that darkness

would settle early, went out to start the evening chores. She told me to take care of Glenn and keep the fire burning in the kitchen range, but not to strike any match to light the lamp.

I dragged two chairs in front of the window so we could watch Mamma in the barmyard. But snowflakes, sparse at first, thickened so rapidly that soon we could see only the deep black of night and snow piling on the windowsill. Glenn began to whimper and then to cry. I took him on my lap to try to comfort him, though the sturdy little 4-year-old was almost as big as I.

The clock ticked slowly and loudly as an hour dragged by. Finally the door opened and Mamma collapsed onto a kitchen chair sobbing. She had tried with all her might to chase the colts and yearling calves into the barn, but they had run to the strawstacks for shelter. Then with snow thickly whirling and no light in the window, she couldn't find her way to the house, always ending up back at the barn again.

Finally she had stumbled against a corner of the pump platform and regained her bearings. Then with her sobs subsiding, she thanked me for taking care of Glenn and said I was a good sister. I felt very proud.

WHEN I WAS ready for high school, we moved to Sidney with Mamma dividing her time between town and farm. When Glenn first heard the high school band, he fell in love with music. Though only in the fifth grade, he began private lessons with the bandmaster who started him on the mellophone with the trombone eventually becoming

his favorite wind instrument. When we later moved to Walla Walla for me to attend Whitman College, Glenn excelled in high school music and was chosen from his senior class to be commencement soloist.

In Whitman Glenn was involved in many music programs, band, pep band, orchestra, glee club and varsity quartet. As a senior he was on the spring concert tour when he was vastly relieved to get word that he was hired to become music director for the high school in Whitefish, Mont. The year was 1930. With the great Depression deepening, only eight of the 110 seniors had secured jobs by the time they graduated.

In the meantime, I had taken time out from Whitman to teach in rural schools and to get married. By taking correspondence courses and summer school, I too was ready to graduate in 1930. Glenn used to tease me about taking nine years to finish Whitman when he had done it in four. But I pointed out that nevertheless I graduated before he did, for my married name of Berney put me near the head of the alphabetical commencement procession while his name as Whitney placed him at the very end.

THROUGH THE YEARS

Glenn was busy with his profession and with his family of two sons and a daughter, and I with my work and my three sons. After his retirement and the death of his wife, Glenn came to Astoria each summer to visit me. He was interested in my writing and insisted that I send him a copy of each of these weekly columns.

Son Bruce and I went to Spokane for the funeral. I was deeply touched when during the coffee hour after the service, many of his church and school friends said they felt like they knew me because Glenn had often distributed my columns for them to read, especially those which described episodes of our childhood.

So Glenn was not only a faithful brother but a loyal fan. I wish he were here right now to read this column. He'd love it.

In my occasional columns about childhood days, I have mentioned my brother, Glenn Whitney. Glenn died suddenly from a heart attack weeks ago. I miss him deeply. He had been part of my life for 82 years.

Before retirement, Glenn was a public school music instructor in the Spokane area. He continued to teach a full roster of private students until the day of his death. He brought out the best in his young aspirants with many of them going on to achieve excellence in the music profession.

Some of my friends in extending their sympathy have remarked, "I feel like I knew Glenn because you have written about him." Now in response to that kindly interest, I'd like to share some memories.

One of my earliest recollections is the night Glenn was born, May 19, 1908. My parents lived on a farm in eastern Kansas. My mother, knowing her time was near, went out in the heat of the day to pick strawberries. She wanted to have shortcake ready for the doctor whenever he made his three-mile drive from town. Then she phoned Mrs. Smith who lived down by Willow Creek to tell her she would soon be needed. By Mrs. Smith told my father, "I better call the doctor, 'and carry Vera out of the house so she won't be scared when she hears Bertha's agonies.'"

I remembered waking when my father lifted me from my bed and snuggled me against his shoulder. I remember the balmy night air against my bare feet, the twinkle of the stars against the dark sky and my father's pacing back and forth by the gate as though his anxiety would hasten the doctor's horse.

JUST AS WE heard the rattle of the buggy in the distance, Mrs. Smith stepped out on the porch announcing, "it's a boy!" So Glenn Virgil Whitney arrived to live with his parents and 4-year-old sister — me.

The doctor, of course, was a mite late, but he assured Mamma her baby was perfect. Later he told her the shortcake was the best he'd ever eaten; in fact he'd had a second helping, all of which fully

Honoring Astoria's 1st barmaid

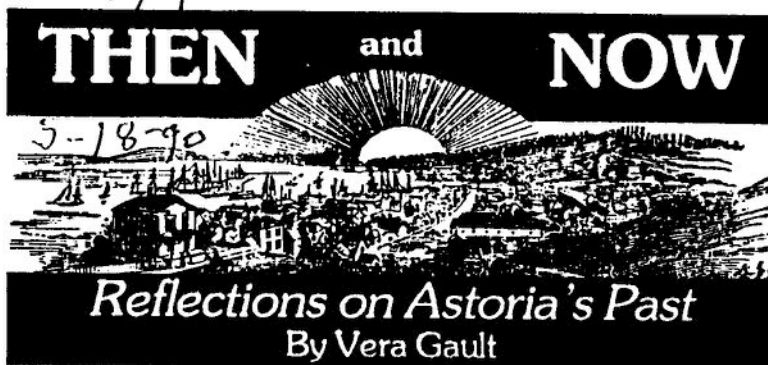
Saturday is Jane Barnes Day — fun time for local folks and the chance to learn more about our history. Several events will take a lighthearted look at the golden-haired English barmaid. Jane gained her place in legend when in 1813 she was the first white woman to set her dainty feet on these primeval shores 30 years before the esteemed ladies of the pioneers.

The gala day is sponsored by the Clatsop County Historical Society. Fraternal clubs, cocktail lounges and taverns in Astoria and Warrenton are joining in the spirit of this novel bit of history by running a contest. The barmaid whose supporters buy the most \$1 tickets will be crowned Miss Jane Barnes at an 11:30 p.m. ceremony at the American Legion Club tomorrow evening.

In 1892 the Young Women's Christian Temperance League established Astoria's public library to offer an alternative to spending time in saloons. Likewise, tomorrow the Astoria Library Friends Association offers a family-oriented alternative, an ice cream social at the social hall of the Methodist Church, 11th and Front streets.

From 6 to 8 p.m. folks can eat ice cream, enjoy a cake auction and view videos on early life in the area. These are recent, professionally produced stories, "Steam Whistle Logging," "Remembering Uniontown" and "Work Is Our Joy," depicting gillnetting days. Admission is \$1 at the door or the wearing of a Jane Barnes button. This will support a "temperance" candidate.

OTHER EVENTS OF the day are a walking tour of historic sites in downtown Astoria leaving the library at 3 p.m., a ceremony at Fort Astoria Park, 15th and Exchange at 4 p.m. and historic displays at the library from 1 to 4 p.m., and at the Flavel House and Heritage Museum from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. So the activities of Jane



Barnes Day offer interesting events for all.

Why, you may be wondering, should Jane Barnes have her own special day? Well, history doesn't always have to be pompous stuff. Sometimes small events make history too. Thus it was when the 28-year-old barmaid left her pub and sailed thousands of miles to an unknown land. One historian has said that even with her show of courage, her character was "more interesting than inspirational." Nevertheless, she was the first white woman to grace these parts.

Why, you may be wondering, should Jane Barnes have her own special day? Well, history doesn't always have to be pompous stuff. Sometimes small events make history too.

It happened this way. In the seafaring town of Portsmouth, England, the beautiful Jane caught the fancy of the aging, portly Donald McTavish, about to sail on the Isaac Todd to become chief factor of Fort George (the Astoria fur trading post which the British had recently purchased.) McTavish had provided for the long tedious journey by stocking "bottled

porter, excellent cheeses and prime, tinned English beef."

NOW HE ADDED Jane Barnes to provide all the comforts of home. He evidently gave her ship's credit to go shopping for "necessary clothing suitable for the country." That Jane made good use of her shopping assignment was attested to by the awesome variety of ruffles and ribbons and picture hats with plumes which she later displayed when taking her daily strolls along the banks of the Columbia River. So we may indeed grant that Miss Barnes was a lady of courage to brave the dangers of rough seas and uncharted lands in the company of a benefactor whom she had met only four days earlier.

Upon the ship's arrival at Fort Astoria, the waterfront was lined with a burly assortment of fur traders and Indians eager to see the new factor. They couldn't believe their eyes when the flaxen-haired Jane disembarked with him, the first white woman they had seen in years, the first the Indians had ever seen.

Sadly, a few days later Jane was bereft of her benefactor. McTavish and five crew members were drowned as they rowed out to the Isaac Todd. The body of McTavish washed ashore two days later and was buried in the northeast corner of the grounds of the fort. A weathered headstone which marked the spot for years now rests in Gallery 1 of the Heritage Museum, probably very near the location of

the original grave.

Jane remained at Fort George for that summer, during which she doubtless had many admirers. History records that one such was Cassakas, son of the great Chinook Chief Comcomly. The crown prince came from the Chinook headquarters across the river to offer his heart and hand to the lovely Jane, promising her that as his bride she would never have to dig for roots, for his four other wives would be her servants.

AFTER SHE HAD refused this princely offer several times, word came to the fort that a kidnap plan was afoot, so Jane was put aboard the Isaac Todd when it set sail for Portsmouth by way of China. Two years later fur company offices in Montreal received a request from Jane for wages for the time she had been away from her job at the pub. No reply is on record.

Through the years Jane Barnes has gained a surprising amount of attention from numerous historians considering that she graced these shores for no more than six months 177 years ago. But such is the spice of history.

Two items among Saturday's events hold special interest because of people involved. At the 4 p.m. ceremony at Fort Astoria Park, the 19 contestants for the Jane Barnes crown will be presented, and Sen. Joan Dukes will speak.

At the cake auction at the Methodist Church, the Grannies will play and auctioneer Bruce Berney will award cakes to the highest bidders. These he says should not be called cakes, but works of art, for they are being created by some of the area's most notable food specialists — Anne Morden, Phyllis Reuter, Mary Stickney, Marcia McMullin, Carol Moore, Kristina Berney, Tiah Van Dusen, Stephanie Miller, Barbara Barrons, Elizabeth Martin and Pamela DeLong.

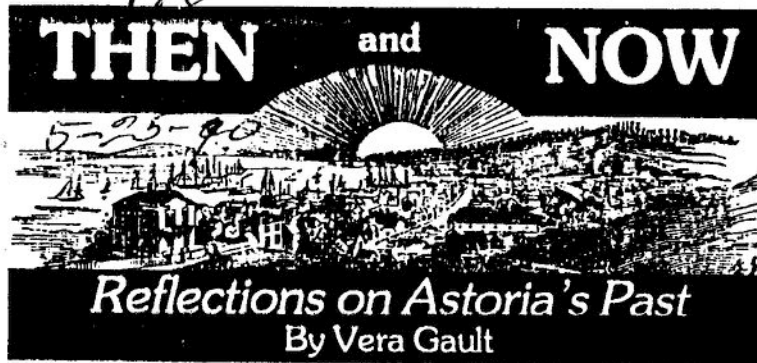
And so Saturday, just for fun and a smidgen of history, we remember Jane Barnes.

Cemetery a remarkable place

With Memorial Day approaching, thoughts turn to loved ones of an earlier day, to myriads of graves and visits to cemeteries. I went out to Ocean View Cemetery by the other day. What a remarkable area, serene with the lights and shadows of various trees and the rich, rosy clusters of rhododendrons and gravestones row on row, with new expanses opening up. I learned that the populations of Ocean View and the city of Astoria are about the same, each over 10,000 inhabitants.

The project for developing public burial grounds was first mentioned in the news in 1883 when lots were offered for sale. The original plot of 3½ acres was purchased by the city in the 1880s and was named Clatsop Cemetery. In 1897 the City Council changed the name to the present usage of Ocean View. In 1913 the Cemetery Commission, operating under the City Council, enlarged the site by buying 90 acres from Astoria businessman E.M. Cherry. Included in this tract were the grounds of the old pauper cemetery, long neglected and overgrown. That is the area lying north and east of the mausoleum.

In 1914, the city pursued a plan with a Portland company to build a mausoleum and chapel. Ellis F. Lawrence, founder of the School of Architecture at the University of Oregon, designed the structure. Lawrence won wide recognition for his designing many of the structures on U of O campus, at Whitman College, Walla Walla, Wash., the present governor's mansion in Salem, the Tillamook County Courthouse and many outstanding Portland buildings. The Ocean View mausoleum is listed among his accomplishments. The mausoleum and chapel were built by a private developer with Charles Houston, Astoria, as contractor. The facility has been filled to capacity since the 1930s so no crypt space is now available.



THROUGH THE YEARS the improved areas have been gradually expanded. A more recent section named Angels Plot is reserved for infants. The little graves are 2 feet by 3 feet. Nearby is the lot for cremated remains. Changes in our culture show increasing favor for the process of cremation. In the past only six or seven urns a year were implanted. This last year, 36 were placed. These burial plots are the same size as those of the Angel section.

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During my visit I especially noticed the veterans' section along Cemetery Lake. Marking the approach to this area is a stone dedicated to "Gold Star Mothers of our American Wars." It was provided in 1955 by the local American Legion Auxiliary. Rising above the veterans' section is a large mound topped by the flagpole dedicated on Memorial Day 1931. The inscription there reads, "In memory of our fathers and all U.S. war veterans. Dedicated July 4, 1937, by Astoria Sons and Daughters of Union Veterans of the Civil War 1861-1865." The two early veterans' sections have been filled

and a new section is opened nearer the entrance.

After the cemetery was established in 1887, much care was left to volunteers under the direction of a cemetery commission. Efforts to improve the place were continuous. A unique feature was added when in 1904 the War Department donated 40 15-inch shells to decorate the veterans' plot.

In 1915 a long-term plan for improvement got under way. The south entrance to the grounds was opened. Contracts for the mausoleum and chapel were let. Roads on the grounds were graded, and perpetual care was established. By 1920 when these projects were being completed, the G.A.R. acquired two cannons and cannon balls to add interest to the landscape. Twenty years later these were donated to the scrap metal drive of World War II.

IN 1927 A major landscaping program was initiated. Volunteers led by George Stevens planted dozens of flowering shrubs and trees, especially the towering cypress trees that now grace the grounds.

In February of this year, longtime Ocean View superintendent Don Rummell retired. Beginning work there in 1952, he recalls that 15 acres were then landscaped and under professional care. His first job was to dig graves by hand using shovel and

wheelbarrow. In 1960 handmowers were replaced with a riding mower. Now the total expanse of the cemetery is 100 acres with approximately 50 acres fully developed.

Upon Rummell's retirement, Joe Nichols, crew member for 35 years, became superintendent. I asked Nichols what his staff was doing to prepare for Memorial Day. "Everything," was his quick reply. Two or three additional men are working with the two regulars. They are cleaning the grounds and trimming around each grave.

In 1984 Ocean View Cemetery was placed under the management of Astoria Parks and Recreation Department, Fred Lindstrom director. Lindstrom says the situation is unique in that the city of Astoria owns the 100-acre plot located within the city limits of Warrenton from which it contracts its water supply. The cemetery operation is self-sustaining with no tax dollars involved in its upkeep. "Our long-term plan," Lindstrom says, "is to gradually expand the developed area and to continuously work at beautification."

A visit to Ocean View affords ample proof that the plan is working. The spot must surely be one of the most attractive on the whole North Coast. Shrubs and trees are at their seasonal best. The granite monuments with personalized carvings by the Thompson brothers of Astoria Granite Works make for fascinating browsing. A special display for Memorial Day will be added when the American Legion, Post 12, places small flags or crosses on each grave in the veterans' sections. These symbols may also be borrowed from the Legion, 11th and Exchange, to be placed on veterans' graves in family plots.

Thus added to the park-like grounds this weekend will be hundreds of flags and myriads of flowers memorializing loved ones, making Ocean View Cemetery an expanse of astounding beauty.

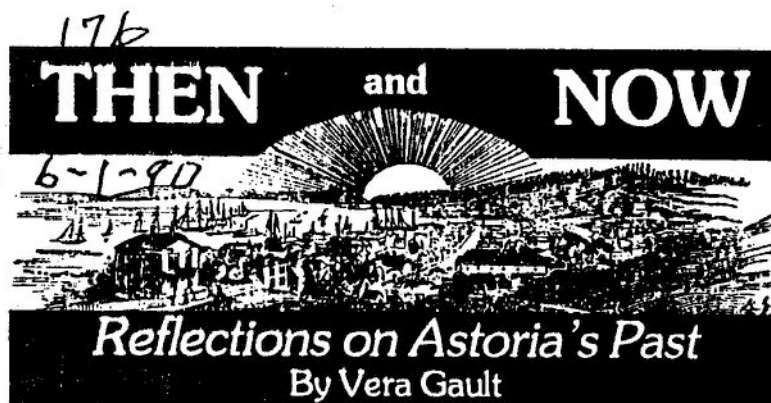
Time to clear off the desk top

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These four corners seem pretty well organized. The middle area is what gets out of control, for it is into the four corners. I never find across an item that I don't have space for in the current column. I stack it in the center along with letters from readers (bless 'em!) who share information that I want to use later. When that center space overflows, I know it's time to clear my desk. That time is now, so here's an offering of assorted tidbits.

Arleen Hesser wrote telling of happy memories of play in the old Kiwanis camping ground after it had served as Astoria's first auto park. She enclosed a fine map she had drawn of its location up the hill from the old power plant on Youngs Bay. She wrote, "The old campground was a large grassy area surrounded by wild blackberry patches where we picked for our mothers. We walked everywhere in those days. There were paths all



through the woods where we children played by the hour."

In 1856, when Astoria's city government was organized, the first ordinance was designed to control the sale and use of liquor. The second prohibited the practice of letting dogs run at large. Police have been working on these matters every since.

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In 1940, the city government undertook a new venture, installing 400 parking meters on the streets. Present number totals 541. Two-hour meters total 446. (Time is restricted even though presently no coins are required.) There are 25 meters with 24-minute limit, coins required, and 70 pay meters allowing up to 10 hours of usage, coins required. The original meters, which had a slot for pennies, were replaced in 1974. They were bought up quickly by collectors.

During the series on early-day women who made a difference in

Astoria, Edna-Ellen Bell, Gearhart, called to talk about "Grandma" Mary Strong Kinney, first woman senator in Oregon. As regent of Oregon Agricultural College, she led the fight to change the name to Oregon State College, for she intensely disliked folks calling it "Cow College." After the change they called it "Stock College." The Kinney farm near Lewis and Clark School was centered by the imposing stone house on the hill, now the home of the Filliger family since 1933. Edna-Ellen Bell was a well-known occupational therapist in local health centers.

More about the Astors: When I listed the various funds the family has given to Astoria projects, I should have included the \$5,000 from the Vincent Astor Foundation awarded in 1986 to help with the restoration of Heritage Museum. Its arrival gave a great boost to the operation.

When the two Astor cousins built the world-famous Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in the 1890s, Oscar, the chef, became world famous, too. In the days when salads were mostly unheard of, hotel guests were entranced by one of his elegant concoctions. It was a creation of equal parts of chopped apples and walnuts mixed with boiled dressing. Now, 100 years later, this popular dish with variations is still known as Waldorf salad.

The English branch of the Astor family has increased rapidly because of sons to carry on the name. In June 1956, Baron Gavin Astor celebrated his 60th birthday with a dinner for 64 guests including Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip. More than one-third of those around the table were Astors. Even then many of the younger set could not attend because they were away at college.

Many streets and business establishments around the world carry the name Astor because of early business ties. One fur trading post other than our town carried the name Astoria. Located in northeast Wisconsin, Astor's mer traded there in the 1800s. The site is now encompassed by the city of Green Bay.

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A personal note: Since writing most of the above, I have learned that I have a health problem which needs attention. So appropriately this desk-clearing exercise is my final column, at least for a while. I thank Editor "Bud" Forrester for his courage in getting me started on a weekly feature in January 1987. Now I shall miss the writing and the kindly comments which have come my way. I am grateful to all my readers for your encouragement and support. I'll be back some day soon — I hope.

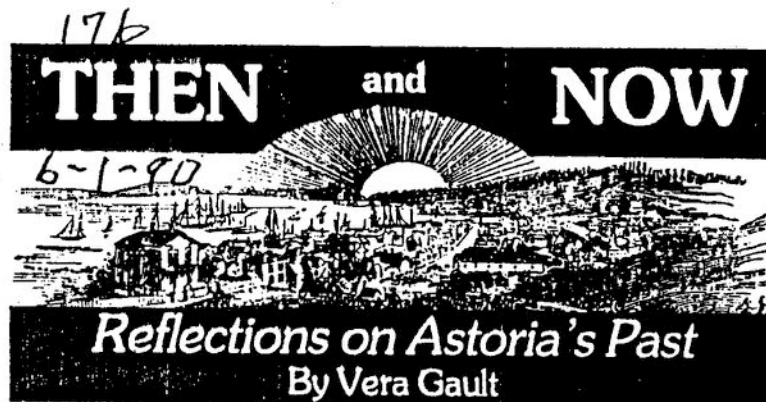
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